

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

AUGUST, 1872.

A SWITCHBACK EXCURSION.



"THE FLAGSTAFF," MAUCH CHUNK.

IT was on a pleasant morning in early spring that I met the Artist and the Railroad-man at the dépôt of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, prepared to take the cars for what the Artist, who is addicted to punning, called "the Switcherland of America." Our object was partly business and partly pleasure; in the proportion of nine parts of the latter to one of the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

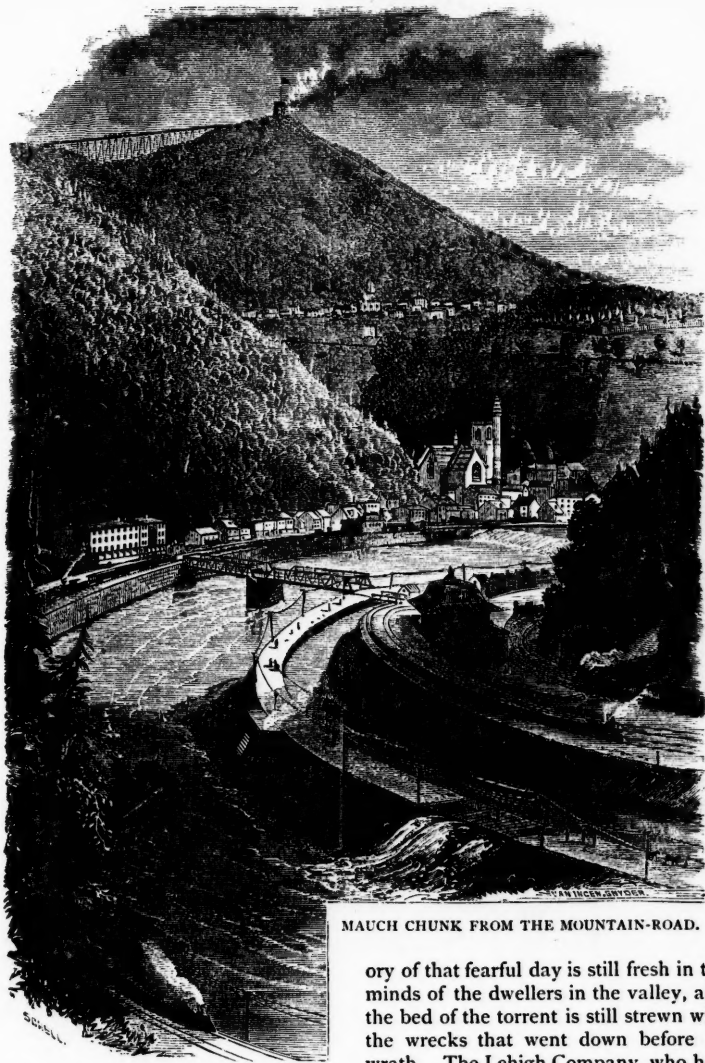


LEHIGH GAP.

former: indeed, to be quite honest about it, we were all glad to have an excuse for a ten days' excursion in a region which promised so much outdoor entertainment. And the promise was kept. Such another ten days of rough-and-tumble experience—climbing mountains, falling over rocks, exploring wild ravines, diving into coal-mines, riding on every description of conveyance which it has entered into the mind of man to invent to run on rail—such enormous eating when we found an inn, and such extravagant sleeping when the day was done,—I doubt if any of the party had ever experienced before.

The direct route from Philadelphia to the Lehigh Valley and the Switchback Railroad is up the North Pennsylvania Road, usually called the "North Penn," for short. This road carries you north-

ward on a smooth, well-ballasted track, through a pleasant farming-country, but shows you few points where you will care to spend much time in sight-seeing. If you are wise, you will elect, as we did, to be a through passenger. It terminates at Bethlehem, and is there met by two roads which run side by side up the narrow valley of the Lehigh, and open to the traveler one of the most delightful short-trip routes in America. Fifty years ago the valley was a wilderness, with one narrow wagon-road crawling at the base of the hills beside a mountain-torrent which defied all attempts to navigate it. Now, the mountain-walls make room for two railroads and a canal, but the tawny waters of the stream are nearly as free as ever. Here and there, indeed, a curb restrains them, and once an elaborate system of dams



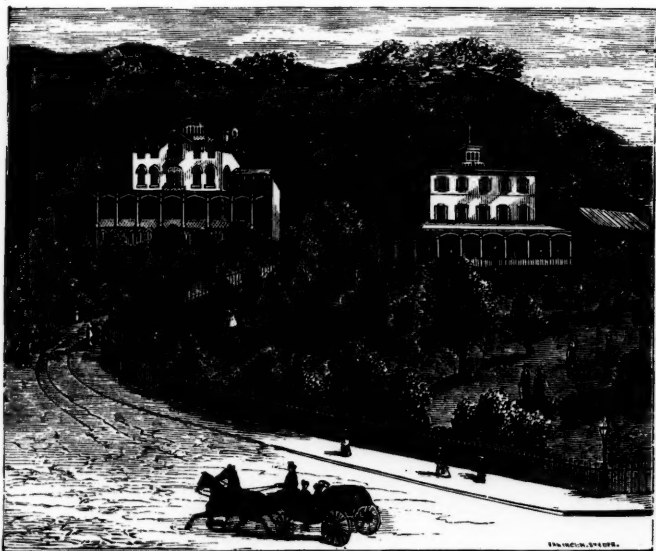
MAUCH CHUNK FROM THE MOUNTAIN-ROAD.

and locks tamed the wild river, and made it from Mauch Chunk to White Haven a succession of deep and tranquil pools. But one day in 1862 the waters rose in their might. Every dam was broken, every restraint swept away, and from White Haven to Mauch Chunk the stream ran free once more. The mem-

ory of that fearful day is still fresh in the minds of the dwellers in the valley, and the bed of the torrent is still strewn with the wrecks that went down before its wrath. The Lehigh Company, who had planned and constructed this magnificent system of slackwater navigation, looked on in silent dismay, saw the labor of years vanish in a moment, shook their heads, and—proceeded to build a railroad. After that day's experience they felt as if they could never trust the river again.

I have said that our trip was partly for business and partly for pleasure. Had it been wholly for pleasure, we should have waited for the 9.45 train from the North Penn dépôt, which would have taken us over the Lehigh and Susque-

hanna Road. As it was, we rose at an uncomfortably early hour and took the eight o'clock train, which connects with the Lehigh Valley Road. In either case, however, the discomfort ends with the traveler's arrival at the dépôt. Thence



RESIDENCES OF HON. ASA PACKER AND HON. JOHN LEISENRING, MAUCH CHUNK.

comfortable cars take him to Bethlehem, and from Bethlehem northward, over either road, through the picturesque Lehigh Gap and up the mountain-valley.

Soon after leaving Bethlehem the mountains approach the bed of the stream, and at the Gap fling themselves directly in its path, leaving it no resource but to go through them; which it has accordingly done, cleaving the mountain from summit to base in its efforts to escape.

But it is not until the vicinity of Mauch Chunk is reached that the peculiar features of the Lehigh Valley appear in perfection. From here northward it is little better than a cañon enclosed between high mountain-walls, at whose bases the narrow stream tumbles and foams, its waters now displaying the rich amber hue which they have distilled

from the roots and plants in the swamps around their source, now white from their encounter with rock or fall. Huge rocks hang directly overhead, and threaten to fall at any moment upon the trains which constantly roll beneath; branches wave and flowers bloom on the hillside, so close to the track of the railroad that the passenger can almost reach them without leaving his seat; here and there a miniature waterfall tumbles over the brow of a mountain, and glances, a ribbon of foam and spray, to the river at its foot; and at frequent intervals ravines cut in the mountain-side present a confusion of rocks and wood and water to the eye of the traveler as he flashes by. Traced back a little way from their mouths, these glens often show a wealth of beauty, a succession of snowy cascades, transparent pools and romantic

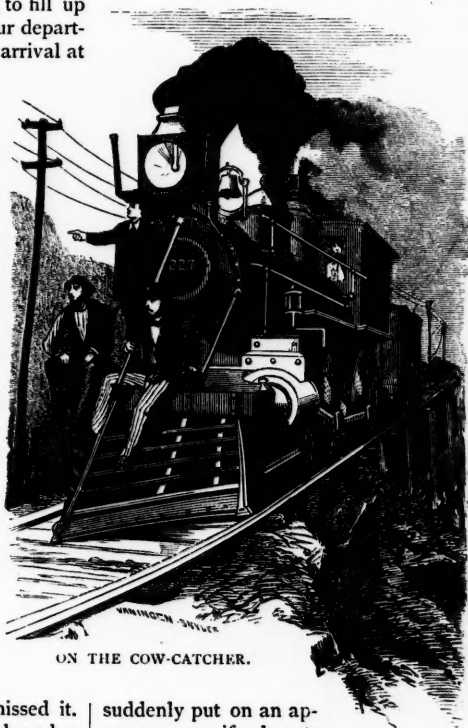
nooks which are an ever fresh surprise to the explorer.

At White Haven both roads leave the valley, cross the intervening mountain and descend into the Wyoming Valley—a land celebrated in song and story, a land famous alike for its beauty and its history. This, by the way, to fill up the gap, as it were, between our departure from Philadelphia and our arrival at Mauch Chunk. Here we were to change cars and run up the Nesquehoning Road to the High Bridge. Half the proposed change was accomplished successfully. We left, the Lehigh Valley train, but while we waited for the Nesquehoning train to draw up in front of the Mansion House, it came and went, and we missed it.

"No matter," said the Railroad-man. "We'll catch it at the dépôt." Now the dépôt was a quarter of a mile away, and the train stopped there about a quarter of a minute. Evidently, there was no time to be lost. We struck into a lively run, the best man ahead, while the Mauch Chunkites looked out from four tiers of houses to see the procession. We made good time in that quarter-mile heat, but the track was curved and the train had the inside. So we missed it. It was the second time I had chased a railroad-train, and I missed the first one. I begin to believe I can't catch one.

When we arrived at the dépôt the Artist and I said we had had enough railroading for one day. We were surprised to find what an appetite our exercise had developed, and proposed to adjourn for dinner; but the Railroad-man wouldn't listen to us. He was bound for the Nesquehoning, train or no train, and he went. In less than five minutes he had impressed a freight-train, loaded us on it, and we were off. The conductor warned us to "Look out for sparks. She throws cinders pretty

lively, sometimes;" and we soon began to perceive the value of his admonition. "She"—meaning the locomotive—uttered a preliminary whistle, and then began to snort like a porpoise with the whooping-cough, while the atmosphere

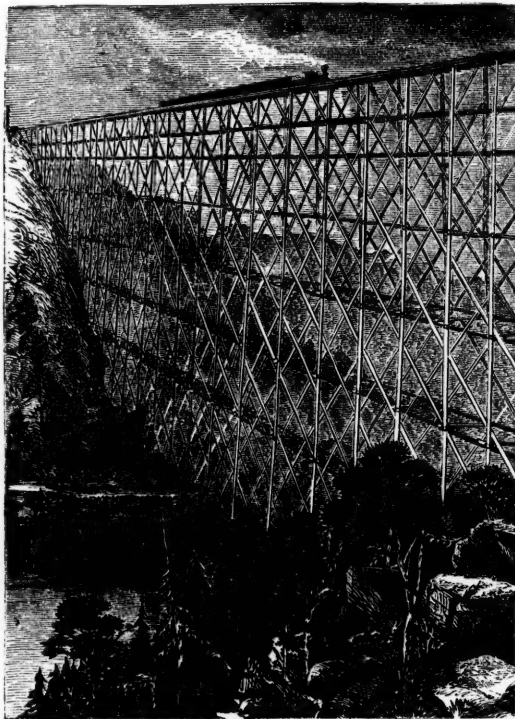


ON THE COW-CATCHER.

suddenly put on an appearance as if a burnt-cork factory was being distributed through it in fine particles. The first rod we traveled we turned our backs on the engine; the second we turned up our coat-collars; the third we crawled behind a pile of sills on an open truck—the same upon which we had at first been seated. But all would not do. The cinders continued to find us. They flew into our mouths and ears and eyes and noses, and down our backs and up under our hats; and wherever they went they burned; and when we presently struck a heavy grade they came faster than ever. Human nature could

not stand it. "See here," said we, "this won't do. We shall all look like convalescent smallpox patients in five minutes more. Let's get out of this."

"Easier said than done. There isn't a covered car on the train, and we're running too fast to jump off. Besides, we're bound to see the bridge if we die for it."



NESQUEHONING BRIDGE.

"Let's get out on the cow-catcher."

"Lucky thought! But have you ever tried it?"

"Often. No cinders there, no smoke, no dust; but a pleasant breeze that will be delightful this warm day; and then you're always the first to arrive."

"Enough! Lead on!"

We went forward and interviewed the engineer. That dignitary was disposed to accommodate us, but recommended "a bright lookout for cows."

"Cows! up here in the woods!"

"Lots of 'em. Run over one every once in a while."

"All right! If we see a cow we'll let you know." We wanted to show that engineer that we were brave men. We never had been afraid of cows, and were not going to be now. Besides, we were

half inclined to believe he was hoaxing us. It didn't look like a good cow-country; and even if it was, and the cows were thick as grasshoppers, it was his business to steer clear of them. That's what he was there for.

So we stepped lightly out on the footboard, took a hard grip on the handrail and cautiously made our way along the iron monster's side, placed a foot on the steam-chest, swung over on the bumper, and there we were. It was a glorious ride. The broad platform on the front of the engine furnished excellent seats, albeit they were a trifle hard, and the bars of the "pilot," as railroadmen term the article known to us as the cow-catcher, seemed made on purpose for foot-rests. We could feel every throb of the engine's fiery heart, every

gasp of its rapid breathing: every joint of the rails sounded as we passed like the tramp of an iron hoof, and the huge machine trembled in every fibre as it flew along like a living creature urged to its utmost speed. The air was balmy, the discomforts of the train all behind us, and before us just enough prospect of danger to add a pleasant thrill of excitement to the attractions of the ride. The sharp nose of the "pilot" skimmed along just above the track, threatening

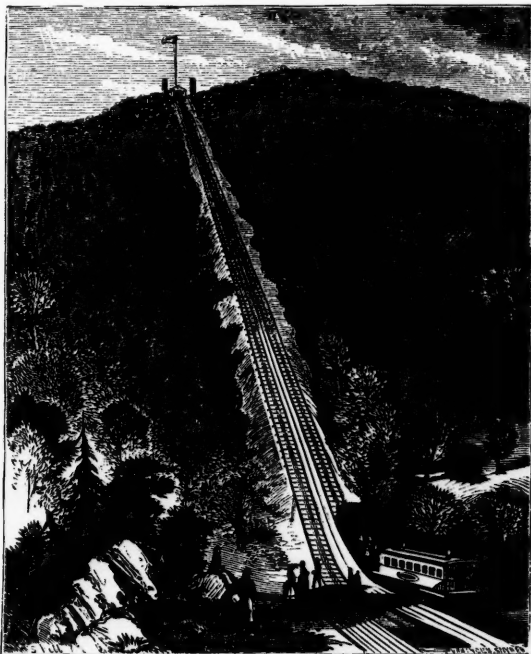
every instant to bury itself in the next stone or sill that showed its head above the dead level, and tumble us all into the ditch, but always clearing the obstacle by an inch or two, and running on without a jar. For pleasant railroad-traveling in warm weather I must recommend the cow-catcher. There's nothing like it. The only drawback is that it is risky. The cars may run off the track and smash all to bits, and you may crawl out from under the ruins perfectly uninjured. I even know an engineer whose engine took him down an embankment, and literally, and without any fiction about it, *rolled over him twice*; and he picked himself up as sound as you are, got another engine and train and went ahead, for it was war-time and he was conveying important orders. But a cow-catcher never does things by halves. You ride safely or you are killed instantly: one or the other is bound to happen.

In our case it was the former. We rushed along in perfect safety, and though the predicted cow appeared in due time, and stood defiantly on the track for a while, she changed her mind before we came within striking-distance and walked quietly away.

The Nesquehoning bridge has great local celebrity as the highest bridge in the country. It is flung from one mountain to another at an elevation of one hundred and sixty-eight feet above the Little Schuylkill, an insignificant stream flowing through a deep gorge. Its length is eleven hundred feet, and the view each way from its platform is one worth

going all the way to see. The Railroad-man inspected it. The Artist made what he called a "rough sketch" of it—it took him ten minutes, and looked like a perspective view of a centipede—and then the Catawissa Express came along, and carried us back to Mauch Chunk and a late dinner.

It was the first day out, and we didn't



MOUNT PISGAH PLANE.

care how hard we traveled. We learned better afterward, but now, when the Railroad-man said, "Shall we go over the Switchback this afternoon?" the question was carried unanimously in the affirmative.

So he sent out and ordered a "special train." That sounds magnificent, does it not? We thought so, and we felt like millionaires as we walked into the Mansion House and ordered our late dinner.

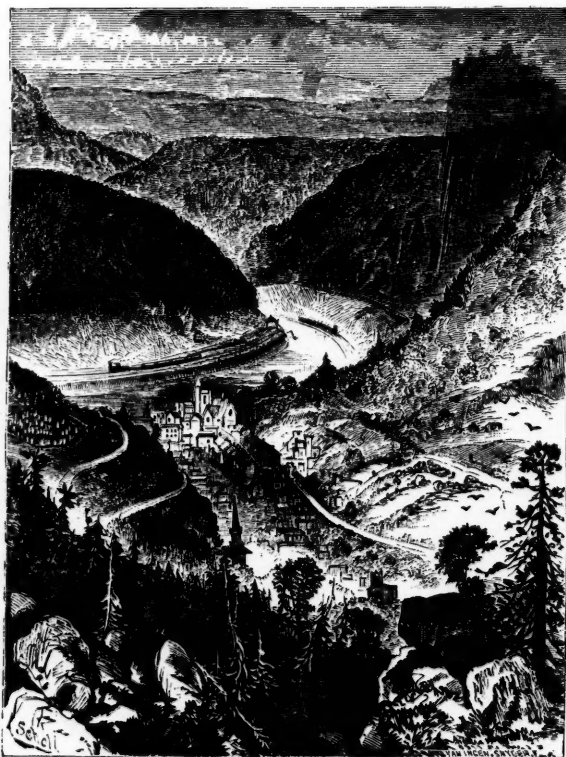
Dinner over, we walked leisurely to "the train"—a stroll which involved the ascent of what, in any other part of the

country, would be called "pretty considerable of a hill." The Gravity Road nominally runs to the foot of Mount Pisgah, but the road gives out some time before the gravity does. Ordinary tourists make the intervening distance in coaches—we aristocrats did it on foot.

Then we took heart again, and got on board, but the Artist looked suspiciously at the track before us, and asked questions enough to fill the Shorter Catechism.

"What's that?"

"Mount Pisgah Plane, two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet long. You are now two hundred and fifteen feet above the river, and the river here is five hundred and twenty feet above tide-water; and when you get to the top of the plane you will be six hundred and sixty-four feet higher still. That iron band hauls up the empty cars on their way back to the mines. It is attached to a 'safety-truck,' which is down in that hole at the foot of the plane. It goes down there, so that the cars can pass over and get in front of it. There it goes now. You see it pushes ten or a dozen cars before it up the plane. The wire rope which it



VIEW SOUTH FROM THE TRESTLING, MOUNT PISGAH.

The special train was in waiting when we arrived. It consisted of one flat car, half the size of a billiard-table, with seats for ten, and no top. A pretty little affair, what there was of it, but it scarcely came up to our expectations of a special train.

"This is the superintendent's car. He has loaned it to us as a special favor. The covered cars will not suit our purpose as well as this."

drags after it runs over a drum-wheel at the foot of the plane—there it is, that uneasy thing which is always trying to haul a cart-load of old iron up the hill, and never succeeding—and the other end of the rope pulls down the safety-truck on the other track. You see that long arm which projects from the side of the safety-truck and counts the teeth of that iron thingumbob between the tracks with such monotonous regularity?

That's the 'safety' part of the arrangement. It is expected to hold the train right there in case the bands happen to break.—Oh, bless you, yes! They break every now and then. Never broke yet with a passenger-train, though—we don't load 'em heavy enough—but if they did the ratchet would hold the cars till the bands were spliced again. This is the last season for coal-trains. We are sending a good deal of our coal through the Nesquehoning tunnel now, and pretty soon shall send it all that way; and then this road will be used for passenger business exclusively."

This connected discourse is the substance of answers to the Artist's catechism. The questions would only take up room to no purpose, and, besides, I like to dispense information in solid chunks.

By the time this exercise was concluded we were on our way up the plane. Our ten or twelve hundred pounds were a mere bagatelle to the big engines accustomed to drawing up fifteen or twenty tons at a time, and we glided lightly and safely to the top, where the catechetical instruction was resumed.

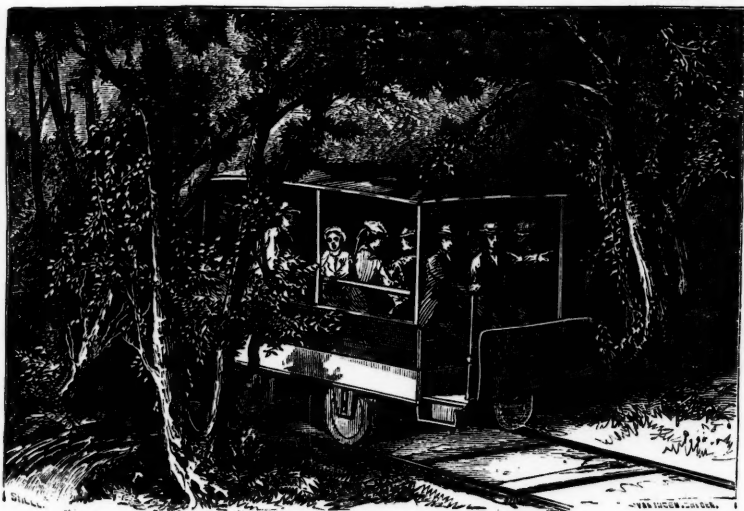
"Angle of plane is about twenty degrees. That is Upper Mauch Chunk on the plateau to the right of the plane, and across the river you see East Mauch Chunk. Better location than the orig-

inal settlement—after you get up to it. No trouble about the drainage, eh? Old town was started in 1818. First child—living still, I believe—was Nicholas Brink, born in 1820, and was named after everybody in the settlement. Had names enough for all his

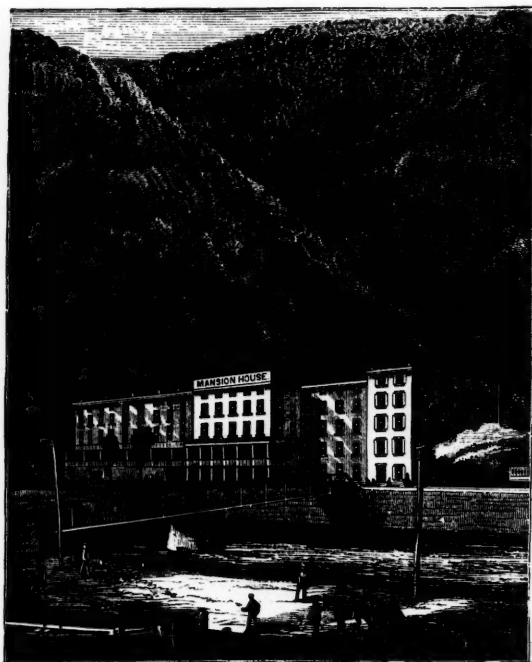


VIEW NORTH FROM THE TRESTLING, MOUNT PISGAH.

descendants to the third generation. It's getting late. All aboard!"—and he hurried us away without giving us half enough time to enjoy the magnificent views from the trestling at the top of the plane. We must keep moving if we would do the whole twenty-five miles of Gravity Road between that time and six o'clock, when the planes would cease working. So we set out without further delay.



ON THE GRADE.



MANSION HOUSE, MAUCH CHUNK.

The Railroad-man sat in front and held the brake, a lever by which he could slow or stop the truck at will; but he seldom had the will to do it. As a general thing, he let it run. The grade from Mount Pisgah to the foot of Mount Jefferson is sixty feet to the mile—just enough to propel a light car at a moderate speed. The ride was through the woods all the way—a pleasant, breezy, cool and *clean* run, with no danger in it that could not be avoided by a judicious use of the brake. At Mount Jefferson we were hauled up another plane, two thousand and seventy feet long, and four hundred and sixty-two feet high; and one

mile from its top we ran into Summit Hill.

Then we ran down into Panther Creek Valley, and traversed the whole course of the Switchback Road, returning late in the evening, and whizzing down the nine miles between Summit Hill and Mauch Chunk in nineteen minutes.

Mine host Booth, at the Mansion House, gave us, as he gives everybody, an excellent supper and splendid beds, and we made his house our headquarters during our stay. We sat on the piazza after supper and smoked cigars and chatted, and watched the fires on the mountains, which drew bands of flame all around the town, and counted the long coal-trains that wound among the hills on either side of the valley; and when we were tired of this we went to bed, and were lulled to sleep by the plash and drowsy tumult of the river under our windows.

We made another trip over the Switchback a few days after, and as this is not a consecutive narrative I may as well tell the whole story here, and have done with it.

To begin at the beginning: "The Switchback" is not a switchback at all, in the technical sense of the word, and has not been for years. Originally, there were several switchbacks along the "Gravity Railroad," which is the proper name for the line under consideration, and they were operated thus: the cars, running smoothly on a down grade, would reach a point where they suddenly found themselves going up hill at such a rate that they were quickly compelled to stop. Then the attraction of gravitation, constantly drawing them down hill, would cause them to reverse their direction and run back; but when they again reached the place where the grade changed, a switch, worked by a spring, threw them on another track, and they continued their journey down the mountain in a direction contrary to that in which they had been running before they came to the switchback. The next interruption would send them in the original direc-



VIEW IN THE "OPEN QUARRY."

tion; and in this zigzag fashion they accomplished the descent into Panther Creek Valley. Later and better engineering has changed the switchbacks into curves, and the descent from Summit Hill to the mines is made without interruption; but the name, which at first was local and applied to a particular point, gradually spread until it included the entire road.

And now, having done away with the switchback business, we will adhere to the proper title, and call our mountain-path the Gravity Road.



THE "OUTCROP" OF A COAL VEIN.



COAL-BREAKER, AND ENTRANCE TO MINE.

This is next to the oldest railroad in the United States. Its only predecessor was a road three miles long connected with the Quincy stone-quarries in Massachusetts. That was built in the fall of 1826—this went into operation in May, 1827.

At first the road extended only from Summit Hill to Mauch Chunk. There was no return track, and consequently no planes, the empty cars being hauled back to the mines by gangs of mules, which, in turn, were transported to Mauch Chunk in cars designed expressly for their use—a ride which they learned to value so much that no amount of persuasion could induce them to make the journey on foot. Subsequently, the Panther Creek mines were opened, the

Switchback proper made to reach them, and planes built to assist gravitation in transporting the cars.

We visited the spot where, in 1791, Philip Ginther stumbled over a fortune that was not for him, and where the famous "Open Quarry" was afterward worked. A part of the wide excavation has been filled up with the refuse from other workings, but enough remains to give the visitor an idea of the immense mass of coal originally deposited here. A better idea of the disposition of the strata can be gained, however, at an adjoining opening, where the outcrop of the vein has fallen into the subterranean workings. The solid mass of coal is here seen just as the last earthquake left it—a mass of pure, glittering fuel, forty feet or more in thickness (we did not measure it, for reasons apparent in the illustration), and running, at a steep pitch, far down into the bowels of the earth.

"This fall," said the Railroad-man, "carried part of the track running into 'No. 2' down with it, and we had no end

of bother with it before we got it filled up again and the track relaid. That hole you see at the bottom is some six hundred feet deep, and dumping gravel into it was almost like trying to fill up the bottomless pit itself."

"Why didn't you go round it?"

"Couldn't. You see those alps of coal-dirt all around us. We should have had to move those at any rate, and so we just moved a few of them in here—sent them back where they came from, as it were—and so at last the thing was done."

"Does that thing happen often?"

"What thing?"

"Losing your track suddenly in that fashion. Because, if it is, we prefer some other road. We're not ready to start for China by the underground route just yet."

"Don't alarm yourselves. We keep a lookout for breakdowns, and know just where the ground is weak. You will go through safely enough this trip, and hereafter, if you're fearful, you can confine yourselves to the regular passenger-route from Mauch Chunk to Summit Hill and return. There's no danger there."

So we were comforted, and went on to "No. 2," which is one of the oldest collieries in the region; and enjoyed the fine view of Panther Creek Valley which is seen from the end of its dirt-bank; and looked down the slope, which they told us was fifteen hundred feet deep (we didn't measure it); and then we took a look at Summit Hill, which is dirty and uninteresting in itself, like all mining towns; and then we mounted our truck again and shot down a fearfully steep grade into Panther Creek Valley.

Here one of the first things we were shown was a burning mine, but it was a poor affair, recently kindled and on the verge of being extinguished. The only noticeable thing about it was the process of putting out the fire by forcing carbonic acid gas into the mine, and that we did not see. There is another mine at Summit Hill, which has been burning for thirty years, and is likely to burn for

thirty more: *that*, now, is something to brag of. A greater curiosity was the entrance to the Nesquehoning tunnel, four thousand feet long, a work completed last winter, and one which at one fell swoop claps an extinguisher on the Gravity Road with all its complicated machinery. Hereafter, all the coal of this region, instead of careering wildly



JIM.

over the mountains, drawn by viewless steeds and enveloped in an atmosphere of romance, will be drawn by a commonplace locomotive upon a commonplace track through this tunnel and down the Nesquehoning Road, to Mauch Chunk and a market. But the Gravity Road will remain for the present, and passenger-trains will still run on it for the accommodation of those who wish to enjoy its exhilarating ride, its grand scenery and its many points of interest.

Before our return home, the Railroadman proposed that we should spend a day at Upper Lehigh.

"Where's that?" shouted the chorus.

"Up among the mountains back of White Haven. New place, just chopped out of the woods: splendid scenery—rocks, ravines, cascades, good hotel—"



PROSPECT ROCK AND THE NESCOPEC VALLEY.

"That'll do! When do we start?"

The Railroad-man named a time for rising, somewhere among "the wee, sma' hours;" and with the time came Jim to wake us.

Jim is one of the institutions of Mauch Chunk. He is a colored citizen, the porter of the Mansion House, and his duties are those heterogeneous ones which pertain to porters generally, and to porters in country hotels particularly. To the traveler entering the town by the Lehigh and Susquehanna Road the first sight of Mauch Chunk is Jim standing

in front of the hotel and shouting, "Twenty minutes for dinner! Step right this way, gemmen." And when the twenty minutes have expired, Jim is seen vibrating like an ebony shuttlecock between the train and the hotel, gesticulating excitedly and urging the travelers to an immediate departure. "Time's up, gemmen! Train's a-goin'." All

aboard!" Then to the conductor, "Hi! hold on, dar! Heah's a couple o' ladies yit." This duty fulfilled, Jim retires into his sanctum, where he may be seen at any time between-trains, blacking boots and lecturing on politics to chance hearers.

Well, Jim called us in the early morning—and morning among the Lehigh Mountains is worth getting up to see. We ate our breakfast, went to White Haven, changed cars, and rode up the Nescopec Railroad to Upper Lehigh. The Nescopec Road is nine miles long,

and runs nothing but through trains, by reason of there being no way stations on the route. At the end of it is a coal-breaker, one of the best in the anthracite region, shipping five thousand tons of coal a week; a good hotel—the Railroad-man was right about that; a row of miners' houses and—woods. We walked about half a mile along a wood-road, struck into a footpath, followed it a hundred yards or so, and without warning, walked out on a flat rock from which we could at first see nothing but fog, up, down or around. It was a misty morning, but we made out to understand that we were on the verge of a precipice which fell sheer down into a tremendous abyss; and when the fog lifted, as it did about noon, we looked out upon miles and miles of valleys partly cleared, but principally covered with the primeval forest.

We were on Prospect Rock then. Presently our guide took us, by a round-about way, to Cloud Point, a corresponding projection, on the other side of the glen, and here a still wider view, another yet the same, lay before us.

We gazed on the beautiful landscape until we thought we could afford to leave it for a while, and then descended into Glen Thomas, so called in honor of David Thomas, the pioneer of the iron



CLOUD POINT, UPPER LEHIGH.

trade on the Lehigh. It was the first of May, but we found here miniature glaciers formed by the water falling over the rocks, the ice three feet and more in thickness, and so solid that a pistol-ball fired at it point-blank rebounded as from a rock, while not a hundred yards away May flowers were blooming in fragrant abundance.

We spent the whole day in rambling over the rocks and through the glen, and at evening took the return train to White Haven, the Artist and the Photographer—who had joined us at Mauch Chunk—vowing to return soon and often.

Another long-to-be-remembered excursion was to Moore's Ravine, a wrinkle

in the mountain-side two miles above Mauch Chunk, filled with tall hemlocks, and at their feet a stream tumbling, in a continual succession of cascades, from the top of a mountain to its base. In little more than a quarter of a mile the stream makes a sheer descent of at least three hundred feet, distributing it in twenty-one cascades and waterfalls. Two of these, which are so close together as almost to make one continuous fall and are named Moore's Falls, are over a hundred feet in total height. The others are smaller, but no



MOORE'S FALLS.

less beautiful, while the limpid pools of still water among them are by no means the least attractions of the place.

have scrawled their names in white paint. I hope I may be forgiven for wishing they had tumbled over the highest fall.

But the glen is as wild as it is picturesque, and to see it requires a good supply of both muscle and perseverance. It has never been "improved," even to the extent of a footpath, and the visitor might fancy himself the first that had ever entered it if it were not for the evidences to the contrary borne by prominent places where a couple of idiots

But the growing length of this article warns me to "cut it short." I may not tell of our carriage-ride into the Ma-honing Valley, with its pleasant views and drives; nor of mountain-climbing at Mauch Chunk; nor of the flying visit we paid to Wilkesbarre and Scranton in the beautiful Wyoming Valley; nor of the day we spent in the pleasant Moravian town of Bethlehem, where we put up at an ancient hostelry which was called the "Sun Tavern" a hundred and odd years ago, and which, under the more modern title of the "Sun Hotel," is now, as it was then, one of the best inns in the interior of the State. All these things must remain untold, but the reader can enjoy them all for himself at small cost of time or money. He can see the Lehigh Valley, Switchback and all, in a single day, returning to Philadelphia the same evening, or he can spend a whole summer in exploring its woods and mountains.

His best plan, however, for a short trip, is to leave Philadelphia or New York on one of the early trains, timing himself so that he can be at the Mansion House, Mauch Chunk, in time for dinner. This is the best hotel in the valley above Allentown, and for that reason he will do well to make it his stopping-

place for the night. After dinner he will have plenty of time to go over the Gravity Road and return in time for

supper. Next morning an early train will take him to White Haven, where he can change cars and run up the Nescopec Road to Upper Lehigh, which he will reach about noon. Here he will have ample time to dine and explore Glen Thomas, but not to see all the fine views from this singular mountain-top if he would return by the afternoon train. This train makes connections for both Philadelphia and New York, either of which can be reached the same evening; but a third day can be profitably spent at Upper Lehigh, and part of a fourth in exploring Moore's Ravine—to me one of the greatest attractions about Mauch Chunk, but, unfortunately, accessible from that place only on foot. It demands a hard walk and a hard climb, but offers in return a scene of wild and rugged magnificence which in all my mountain-climbing I have never seen excelled.

H. C. SHEAFER.



"AMBER CASCADE," GLEN THOMAS.

TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

CONCLUDING PAPER.



CALAIS AS SEEN THROUGH THE CLOUD FROM THE BALLOON.

AN instinctive tendency to fly, foiled and baffled by the lack of wings, may be supposed to characterize the predestined *aéronaut*, who watches the first balloon that goes soaring above his head not with the simple curiosity of an ordinary spectator, but with a yearning like that of the unfledged bird when it sees its parent rising from the nest. With such a feeling did M. Tissandier, now one of the most distinguished of French *aéronauts*, witness an ascent of the *Giant* from the Champs de Mars, and the aspirations thus called into activity never slumbered until he made his own début in *aërostation*, of which he has given the following account.

On the 12th of August, 1868, I was at Calais, when I saw the announcement of an ascent (on the occasion of the emperor's fête on the 15th) fixed to take place on Sunday, the 16th. This voyage was to be undertaken by an *aéronaut*, M. J. Duruof, of whom I had never before heard. On the same day some regattas were announced, but they

had little interest for me. Not so the balloon ascent, which I continued to think about all day. Next morning I made my way early to the Hôtel de Dunkerque and inquired for M. Duruof, when I was ushered into the presence of a young man, the captain of the expedition. After a quarter of an hour's conversation we were the best friends in the world, and he was kind enough to offer me a place in the car of his balloon, and thus enable me to make my first ascent.

I was transported with joy on leaving him; but how great was my stupefaction when I found that my friends heard of this intended ascent with marks of the most profound indifference, and even regretted to see me engaged in such a miserable adventure! They informed me that Duruof had already attempted to make an ascent at Calais, and that he had purposely caused his balloon to burst just upon starting; that he would not start this time either; and for the first, but not the last, time I perceived that certain people were prejudiced. Some members of my family were also

at Calais, and manifested great uneasiness, reminding me of the danger of an ascent on the sea-coast between the English Channel and the Northern Ocean. "This part of the world," they said, "is particularly fatal to balloons and aeronauts. Pilâtre de Rozier lost his life not far from here, and Deschamps was nearly killed on the same coast; the wind is always violent and uncertain along the shore, and it is pure folly on the part of any one to undertake such an adventure."

Nevertheless, I held firm to my resolution, and passed the 15th in assisting M. Duruof to discover and mend the small holes in the tissue of our balloon. In the next place I ran to the Humane Society's office to get some life-belts and floaters, for I did not forget that our excursion lay over the sea-coast, not far from the "great basin," as my friend expressed it. At night I dreamt the most extraordinary dreams about balloons. I saw one burst just as it was starting, and every one turning to laugh at and ridicule me. In another I found myself soaring rapidly into the air, and a little later precipitated violently into the waves below. In fact, a thousand fantastic images floated in my brain, when I felt myself shaken by a vigorous hand:

"You must get up, sir: it is half-past five, and you told me to be sure not to let you sleep any longer."

It was the waiter of the hotel calling me back to reality. I rose hastily, and proceeded to the Place d'Armes. Duruof and his assistant, Barret, were already there; the *Neptune* lay miserably along the ground, and the rain was falling in torrents. It was a sad, disheartening spectacle, and filled my mind with confused ideas, for it might be impossible to inflate the balloon. How could I imagine, indeed, that this muddy tissue lying at our feet would soon carry us up into the clouds?

"Do you think," I asked anxiously of Duruof, "that it will be possible to inflate the balloon in such weather as this?"

The captain of the *Neptune* fixed his eyes upon me as he replied: "I see that

you do not know me. I was unfortunate on this very spot last time—the wind prevented our departure—but I have a revenge to take, and I do not fear the rain: we will make our ascent, whatever may happen."

By this time the gaspipe was placed in contact with the *Neptune*, and what with lifting up the valve, widening out the net and moving the ballast-bags, the head of the balloon began to rise from the ground. The passers-by stopped to look on, and soon the smile of incredulity and mockery was replaced by marks of serious attention. At twelve o'clock the rain ceased, and the aërostat stood majestically up in the Place d'Armes, in presence of the bust of the duc de Guise, which seemed to look down upon the operations with astonishment.

The crowd increased rapidly as Duruof attached the car to the ropes of the hoop. The soldiers who lent a hand at the ropes were now and then pulled off their feet and suspended like bunches of grapes in the air, so impatient did the balloon seem to soar up above. A small trial balloon was then sent up and its course followed by a thousand eyes. In one bound it flew against the bell-tower of the town-house, then rose again and made directly for the Northern Ocean.

At four o'clock, Duruof, Barret and myself get into the car. The men at the ropes, in obedience to the orders of the captain, draw us along to the angle of the square which is farthest from the tower of the town-house, and the "excellent music" mentioned on the placards begins to make its melodious chords heard. The signal "let go" is given; and here we are, soaring in space amidst the hurrahs of the astonished crowd of spectators.

In one bound the *Neptune* rises to the crest of the clouds, which we pass through rapidly: we are already near 4000 feet high, and the sea foams beneath our car. Duruof looks at the compass. "We are making for the coast of England," he exclaims. But our joy at this announcement is of short duration. By noticing more carefully the motion of

the balloon we find that our direction lies north-east: it is toward the middle of the Northern Ocean that the wind is carrying us.

I turn again to Duruof. His eyes are animated, and he appears plunged in thought.

"What are we doing?" he murmurs, with visible emotion. "I said I would follow you anywhere," I replied calmly. "Well, let happen what may, we cannot stop. The Calais people won't say I'm a coward this time!" I could not help thinking of Deschamps, the poor *aéronaut* of whom I had heard, who was placed in circumstances very similar to ours at Calais itself. To prevent himself soaring away over the sea, he had opened the valve of his balloon and fallen heavily on to the shore, when he was nearly killed.

But the splendid panorama which unrolls itself before our eyes is sufficient to dispel all sense of danger, and we scarcely dream of the rapidity with which we are being carried out to sea. To our left we perceive the town of Calais, like a city in miniature placed upon a liliputian shore; we distinctly see the jetties of the port, and a crowd of microscopic spectators running along them like a family of ants. At our feet spreads the transparent sea, like a vast field of emerald brilliantly lit up by the solar rays. The entire scene is separated from us by a legion of fleecy clouds sailing along in a horizontal plane, and apparently formed at one side of our horizon to be dispersed at the other. Looking upward toward the sky, we see other violet-colored clouds, which appear to be suspended at a great height in the air, for they are at an immense distance from us, and we are 5900 feet high. The temperature is 59°.6 Fahr., and we feel very comfortable in our car, plunged in the undisturbed serenity of cloudland.

I had scarcely taken my eyes from the clouds when we perceived a very unexpected phenomenon of mirage, which added to our astonishment. We turned to look for the coast of England, but it was hidden by an immense veil of lead-colored cloud. Raising our eyes to

discover where this cloud-wall terminated, we perceived above it a greenish layer like that of the surface of the sea, and soon we descried upon it a little black point the size of a walnut-shell. Fixing our eyes upon it intently, this little moving spot turned out to be a ship sailing upside down upon an ocean in the sky. In a few moments a steamer made its appearance: it was the image of the boat from Calais to Dover, and by the aid of my telescope I could distinguish the smoke coming out of the funnel. Then two or three other vessels came upon the scene, and added to the wonders of this magic sea projected into the air by a fantastic effect of mirage.

The jetty at Calais is no larger than a lucifer match, but I can still see the crowd of spectators upon it and those upon the shore, and I remember that I have friends and relatives anxiously watching our course. This causes me to reflect upon the unfortunate direction our balloon is taking. The lighthouse of Gravelines can be faintly distinguished already. Dunkerque is not far distant. As we sail over the immense Northern Ocean I feel that our balloon is a mere grain of sand which the waves would devour in a few instants!

But we now cast our eyes toward the lower clouds, and, to our utter astonishment, find that they are all moving toward Calais. Whilst we, at a height of 5249 feet, are sailing toward the north-east, those *cumuli* which we passed through at the height of 1969 feet are traveling in an opposite direction, toward the south-west. It is therefore evident that if we allow the balloon to sink into this layer of air below it will carry us over Calais again, along with those welcome clouds which act as guides toward us and point out the way to reach the land.

"We can continue our excursion over the sea," said Duruof: "we can return to shore again whenever we like."

Thus we allowed ourselves to be carried away, without any apprehension, by the higher breeze; for we knew that nearer the surface of the water the wind was blowing toward the land. We had

MIRAGE IN THE SKY, AS SEEN FROM THE BALLOON.



left the port about an hour, and had accomplished seven leagues over the sea, when we began to think that our excursion had lasted long enough. We ceased to throw out any more ballast, and the balloon soon sank toward the ocean's surface. We passed a second time through the clouds, and came within four hundred yards of the water. It is now five o'clock. We see some boats coming to our rescue, and one of them tacks straight toward us. However, we soon perceive that we shall not require their assistance. The lower breeze wafts us along rapidly above the waves, and Calais gets larger and larger as we approach it: the wind seems to be bringing us back to the spot whence we started.

In about a quarter of an hour we gain the shore, and the *Neptune* soars over Calais amidst the enthusiastic applause of the people assembled. Whilst passing over the jetty I looked down at the spectators, and in the crowd I recognized my brother, who sees me also and waves his hand. Is it a strange coincidence or a sympathetic influence that causes my glance to meet his among those of ten thousand others? The Place d'Armes is again beneath us, but quite deserted, for every one is on the shore. There is the bust of the duc de Guise once more, the only figure that does not raise its head toward us.

The crew of the *Neptune* cannot contain itself for joy. We all shake hands, and congratulate ourselves on having made a trip over the ocean without experiencing the slightest effects of seasickness. A handful of ballast thrown out causes us to ascend a little, and now we can admire the country which extends below. I notice the guide-rope which hangs from our car.

"Take care, Duruof," I exclaim: "the end of our rope seemed to touch the ground."

"Are you mad?" he replies: "we are more than 4500 feet above the earth."

Now, our guide-rope was only 430 feet long, and I fancied I saw the extremity of it touching the ground: my eyes had actually deceived me to the extent of more than 4000 feet! This is a com-

mon error to which those who are not accustomed to see things from a great height in the air are liable. At 5h. 35m. we come nearer to the earth, and our guide-rope runs along a field, overturning some small stacks of hay. A few peasants run toward us, and we ask where we are. "On the road to Boulogne," they reply.

One of them endeavors to catch at the rope, but as we do not wish to come down, Duruof tells me to throw out some ballast. In my inexperience I empty an entire sack, or nearly so, and the consequence is that we rise rapidly to a height of 5900 feet, and find ourselves suddenly enveloped in clouds so dense and so opaque that we can no longer see the balloon and can scarcely recognize each other. We appear to be buoyed up by the thick fog around us, which produces in my mind a series of vague and strange ideas: it seems like a dream. Our view is arrested suddenly by the dense heavy mist in which the *Neptune* is completely hidden, and our wicker car appears quite still. Reflection alone enables us to feel assured that we are some 6500 feet above the level of human passions.

Since early morning, when we had worked hard at the inflation of the balloon, nothing had passed our lips. We were now hungry; so, opening one of the boxes in the car, I took out a bottle of wine and a chicken, which we ate with a good appetite whilst enveloped in the mist. I threw one of the bones overboard, but Duruof remarked that this was an act of imprudence, for no ballast should be thrown out without orders. I believed he was joking, but on consulting the barometer I was bound to admit the fact upon the clearest evidence. The bone had certainly caused us to rise from twenty to thirty yards, so delicately is the balloon equipoised in the air.

The clouds seem to be getting thinner; they still hide the earth from sight: we see the sun disappear below the western horizon, red as a disk of fire. A thousand brilliant rays illuminate the sky, and throw our shadow upon the distant val-

ley of clouds which spread around us. They are formed of immense white heaps, no longer like light vapor, but rather mountains of snow. Dark shades lie among their mysterious ravines, and give an imposing aspect to the vast undulations of this fairy world. Where can we be now? Has the wind carried us on toward the interior or driven us a second time out to sea? It is seven o'clock. Our companion Barret draws our attention to a kind of vague murmur which he hears below the clouds. A continuous and melodious sound reaches our ears, but it is both menacing and terrible. . . . Can it be the ocean?

By allowing a little gas to escape we soon sink through the clouds, and we perceive below, not the earth and green country, but an immense expanse of sea. The sun is about to sink into the waves, which he illumines with a thousand splendid tints, and Night is about to spread her mantle over the dark ocean. . . . How imprudent we have been! Are we not trying fortune too hard, and soliciting adversity, by coming a second time over the ocean depths from which we have escaped so miraculously just before? But it is useless to philosophize: we must act. . . . The powerful breeze that reigns along the ground carries us in toward the shore, and it has already saved us once. Soon we see a cape, which spreads itself out before us like a narrow promontory, and becomes wider as we near it. But will the *Neptune* reach its side, or will it rush past its extreme point and carry us on over the vast ocean?

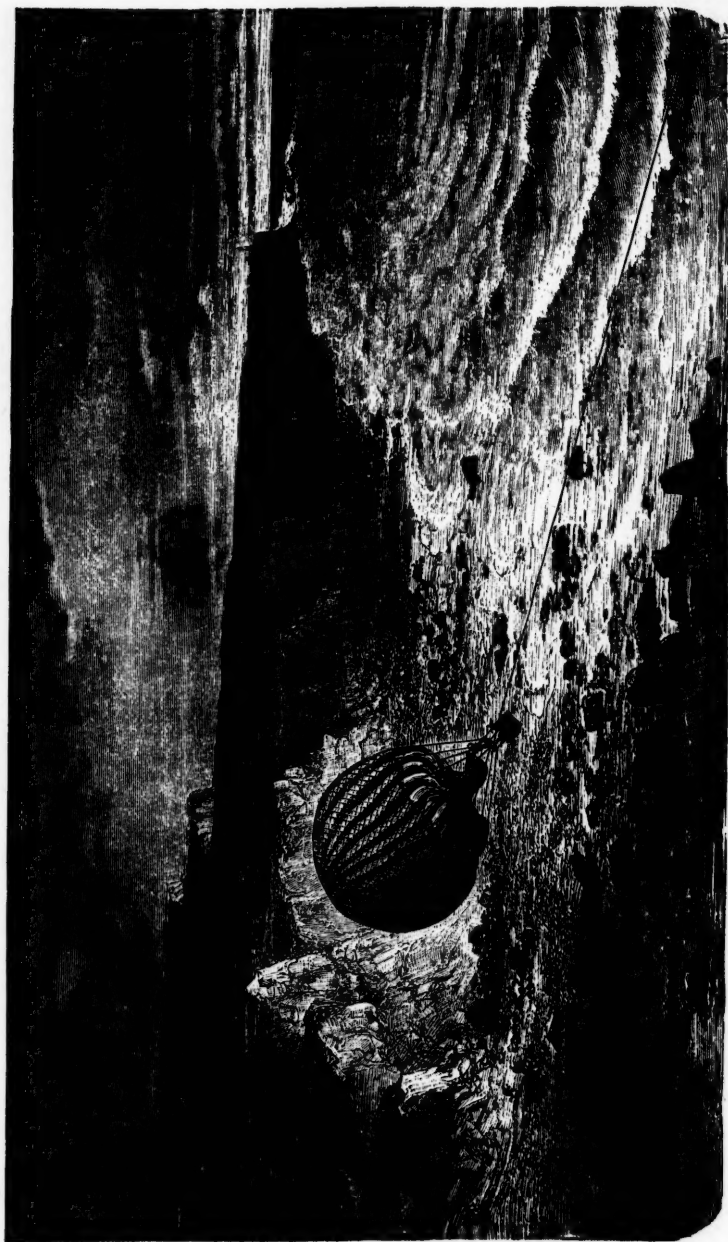
Night is falling fast, the sky is overcast, and every second of hesitation may now prove dangerous to us. We were all three silent during this solemn moment, and kept our eyes fixed upon the lighthouse which rises on the point of the cape. Suddenly, Duruof allows a cry of joy to escape from his lips; and this time there can be no doubt whatever that the wind is really carrying us upon the coast. The moment of action has arrived, and courage animates our crew. Duruof pulls the valve-rope, and the balloon soon sails nearly upon the sur-

face of the waves. At the same moment Barret throws the grapnel out, and as soon as we reach the shore I let go the anchor also. It soon strikes in a sandhill, and the *Neptune* rolls over on its side with the rapidity of lightning. A flock of sheep grazing at the summit of the grassy hillock fly off in alarm, whilst the young peasants who are tending them are likewise seized with fright, and tumble one over the other in their terror.

Fortunately, some men come up to help us, among whom is the brave Mailard, the sub-guardian of the Gris-Nez lighthouse, who has already done good service on the coast. He imagines that we have heard of him, and his feet are bleeding from the effects of his hasty descent along the rocks. He seizes upon the rope which Duruof throws to him, and two fishermen imitate his generous enthusiasm. In spite of this help the *Neptune* still bounds upward, and is ready, with the stiff breeze that blows, to carry us and the men over the hill into the sea. Duruof perceives the danger, pulls lustily at the valve-rope and brings down the balloon upon our heads as the gas escapes.

Our veteran companion, who has helped us bravely out of our difficulties, tells us that he saw us far away over the briny deep, like a little black pear above the horizon: he watched us through his telescope, and could not help believing at first that it was a mere child's balloon he saw, but when he noticed our movements in the car below he knew he was mistaken, and imagined that, like Blanchard and Green, we had crossed over the Straits of Dover. In spite of our safe arrival, the lion-hearted Mailard declared that, although he would not mind risking his life upon a safety raft upon the wide Atlantic Ocean, he would never ascend in a balloon, were it the finest *aërostat* ever constructed.

He also told us that on the other side of the hills, a few hundred yards from this *mont-aigu* where we had landed, rises the tomb of the first *aéronaut*—that of the illustrious Pilâtre de Rozier—who was smashed to pieces on the rocks here

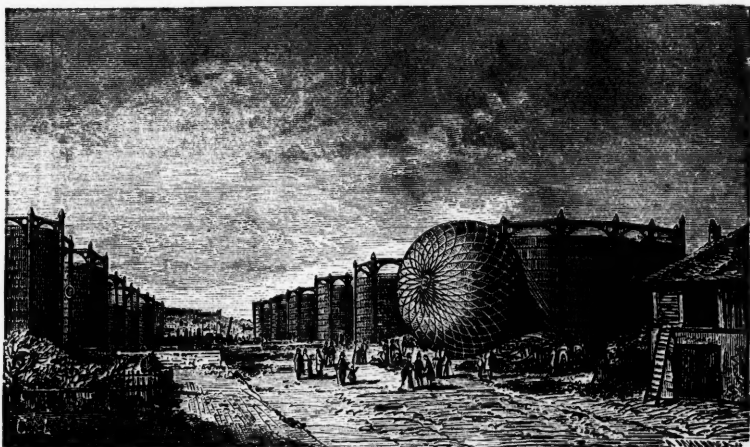


DESCENT OF THE "NEPTUNE" AT CAPE GRIS-NEZ.

about a century ago. The next day we visited this celebrated tomb, and I shall never forget the humble stone that marks the spot where this most courageous and learned man met so premature a death, carried away by his enthusiasm for scientific research and love of adventure.

His ambition whetted by this adventure, M. de Tissandier now aspired to

the perilous honor of managing an ascent in person. M. de Fonvielle, a novice like himself and equally enthusiastic, was anxious to join him, and in February, 1869, the two friends, after many vain attempts, succeeded in procuring a small balloon called the *Swallow*, and made an ascent which appears from the description to have more than realized their anticipations.



"THE 'SWALLOW' BALLOON, WHEN INFLATED, LAY DOWN UPON ITS SIDE."

The capacity of this little balloon was only 23,000 cubic feet, and we were not sure that it would carry us both. In order to make certain, every article to be taken with us was carefully weighed and the specific gravity of the gas ascertained with accuracy. We were thus convinced that the anchor and the guide-rope were far too heavy, if we wished to take even a moderate allowance of ballast. In this dilemma we hastened to M. Duruof, who supplied us with the smallest anchor that could be had, and we reduced the proportions of our guide-rope to those of a weak cable. We knew that such rigging would not protect us from danger in case of a violent wind, but there was nothing else to be done, the minister having refused us the use of the *Imperial* balloon.

The next day Chavoutier superintended the inflation most successfully, though

the wind blew in great gusts. The *Swallow* balloon, when inflated, lay down upon its side, and the men who hung on to the car had much difficulty in preventing its escape. When we told them to let go, we glided upward with such rapidity that it quite startled the lookers-on.

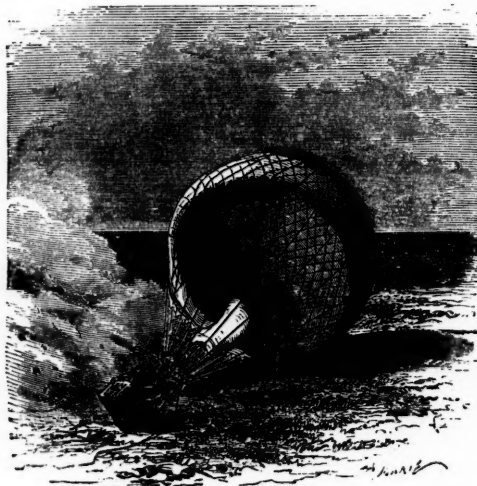
It was the first time that Fonvielle and myself had been alone in the car of an *aérostat*: we might be said, therefore, to be transformed, at last, into *aéronauts* properly so called. We were obliged to arrange the ballast so as to keep the car horizontal, and by some accident the guide-rope had got tangled. Having straightened it, we also let out the anchor, to be ready for our descent.

We reach an altitude of 3280 feet, and the heat is unbearable: on the ground before starting we had only 55°.4 Fahr., and here the thermometer stands at no

less than $82^{\circ}.4$ Fahr. The weather is heavy, suffocating, and the perspiration rushes from our foreheads. The balloon revolves constantly—a consequence, no doubt, of the law that no rapid motion of translation can occur without a corresponding amount of rotation. The sky is clear, and we notice above the

atmosphere which we cannot account for at all. At five minutes past twelve the balloon sinks with great rapidity, and we observe that our course lies toward some quarries, ravines and precipices. We seize upon our last bag of ballast, and a gust of wind carries us, in one bound, over a wide plain, at the extremity of which we see a considerable extent of forest.

This is the spot to descend upon. The *Swallow* approaches the ground, and the car comes down with a terrible bump. Tissandier hangs to the valve-rope, and observes that Fonvielle is covered with blood. The hoop of the balloon has struck him upon the head and caused a deep wound. The car had come to the ground like a bullet, but we rose again immediately, and had to undergo several similar concussions. Our anchor fled over the ground and would not take hold of anything: it was like a cork at the end of a piece of string. We seemed to be the sport of some invisible



DRAGGING.

country over which we are sailing a few fleecy clouds, that blend into the landscape over which they are suspended. Along the horizon we notice some silvery groups of cloud which present a marvelous aspect. However, we have no time to observe Nature, for there is something about the balloon which causes us considerable uneasiness.

The neck is quite flat, and appears to be emptying itself of gas. We are obliged to throw out ballast every moment, and no less than four bags of it have been emptied, one immediately after the other. We started at 11h. 35m.: it is not yet twelve o'clock, and our resources are already expended. A cracking noise is heard several times over our heads: the balloon revolves abruptly, and sometimes oscillates no less suddenly. There is certainly something extraordinary in the state of the

power, that first raised us into the air and then bumped us against the earth.

We were being dragged along by the force of a furious gale. So rapid was our flight that we could not distinguish the various objects which we passed by, and in less than a second we found ourselves thrown on the tops of the trees at the extremity of the plain. We hoped that the branches would split open the balloon and put an end to our furious course. The anchor was broken, and nothing but its ring remained at the end of the rope: our only hope was thus dashed to pieces.

Holding on to the valve-rope with all his strength, and squatting down at the bottom of the car, Tissandier pulled away lustily, whilst the *Swallow* jumped about from one tree to the other. The branches of the trees bent beneath the car, the wind whistled in our ears: the

balloon appeared to have lost some gas, but a sudden gust carried it from the wood again, and down it came with a hard bump upon the open plain beyond. The wind now hollowed the balloon into a kind of cup, or basin, and carried us vigorously across the ploughed land, until finally some men ran up and caught hold of the guide-rope.

We get out of the car, not without difficulty. Tissandier is covered with bruises and more or less stunned. Fonvielle, besides his wound on the head, has his foot sprained and can scarcely stand. We inquire where we are, and the peasants inform us that we have landed at Neuilly St. Front, which is about forty-eight miles from Paris as the crow flies, and about fifty-one by railway. We look at our watches with astonishment. It is only thirty-five minutes since we left the gasworks in Paris! We have therefore traveled at the rate of ninety miles per hour! No balloon ever rushed through the air with such rapidity as this.

Tissandier emptied the balloon, folded it up and packed it into the car: the whole was safely deposited upon a cart which had been sent for, and we pro-

ceeded toward the village, escorted by a considerable crowd of country people. The cart loaded with the *Swallow* headed the procession: we followed close behind. Fonvielle could hardly walk; he was obliged to lean on the shoulder of his companion and take the arm of one of the peasants. The crowd got greater as we proceeded.

At Neuilly St. Front we were received by the mayor, M. Charpentier, with the greatest kindness; and whilst a medical man examined the extent of Fonvielle's wounds, we gave an account of our rough adventure. We were anxious to see what distance we had been pushed along the ground by the wind, so returned with some of our new companions to the fields. The traces of our bumping and dragging were perfectly visible, and we saw the summits of the trees that had been broken in our furious course. The country people said that they saw us playing at leap-frog over these oaks some twenty yards high, and that they were astonished at the rate at which we were going—much quicker than an express train, they said. This must have been the case, for our furious gallop only lasted five minutes.

ECCENTRIC ENGLISHMEN.

BY THE LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

WHEN a Frenchman wishes to express astonishment at the recklessness of a friend or neighbor, he has no better way of doing it than a significant shrug and a hint that "it is like an Englishman." Richard Doyle, in his delightful caricatures of the adventures of "Brown, Jones and Robinson" in foreign lands, has hit off to a nicety the traveling species of the Anglo-Saxon family. Eccentricity has come to be synonymous with Englishman, and not even the proverbial extravagance of that

magnificent barbarian, the Russian nobleman, can efface from the Italian mind the impression made by the representative "Milor Inglese."

One of the chief points of British eccentricity is, of course, costume, but this flourishes most among the female part of the traveling community. One would think that these specimens of humanity were a cross between an English sportsman and a good scarecrow. The latter is represented by the blue veil tied over a huge basin-shaped brown hat, the former

by the fully-revealed boots of abnormal thickness, the scarlet petticoat no less fully exposed, and the gray tweed or waterproof that connects the upper and the lower portions of the whole. Add to this a pair of spectacles and the inevitable "Murray," and you will have a faultless specimen of that race of women of whom the French say with untranslatable expressiveness: "Elles ne s'habillent pas; elles se fagotent."

But although England is too often thus disgraced by her traveling representatives, there are among them persons whose eccentricity is of a very different kind. We have personally come in contact with a few, and trust that our readers, after having made their acquaintance, will take as hearty a liking to them as we did.

Venice is certainly a fitting home for queer and out-of-the-way characters, and was peculiarly so at the time we knew it, when it lay dormant under the rule of Austria. The Englishman Rawdon Brown was as well known there as the four bronze horses of St. Mark's. He had lived in Venice for thirty years, more than half his lifetime, and for the last ten years had never been known to sleep out of his own house. He had grown to consider it a settled thing that he never should, and it was in vain that any one asked him to depart so far from this law of the Medes and Persians as to pay him a day or two's visit in the country. His daily exercise had consisted for nearly thirty years in a row from the city to the Lido, a narrow tongue of sand which separates the lagoon from the Adriatic. Brown's rowing, however, was of a quite different kind from the scientific pursuit known by that name among his countrymen. In Venice all craft are propelled by standing oarsmen working the oars backward and forward. The gondolas generally have two, the rear one acting as steersman. But Brown's conveyance was less romantic: it was a small shell named a "sandalo," being indeed little more than a sandal stepping daintily over the quiet, sluggish water of the lagoon. Brown's lanky body, and large hands encased in his well-known

white rowing-gloves, were a sight to be always met with about two o'clock in the afternoon; and to show the remoteness of this modern tradition of Venice, we may refer the reader to Madame Craven's *Récit d'une Sœur*, where Brown and his sandalo are jestingly mentioned as far back as 1842 or '3. Both Austrians and Venetians were glad to see him, and the English visitors simply delighted in him. But much as his society was courted, he rarely visited any one, or if by special favor he consented to do so, a quarter of an hour was the longest time he ever gave to civility. Was Brown unsociable? By no means, but he abhorred stoves, and as every house in Venice has adopted that mode of heating its wide halls and passages, he found his enemy lurking everywhere, and consequently abjured all such society as he could not gather in his own house.

One day, having heard of a famous entertainment once given by him, some English ladies asked him, with that filial audacity which his good-nature made it impossible not to assume toward him, to give a "tea."

"A tea, my dear friend!" he exclaimed, horrified: "I have no lady to play hostess."

"Oh, we will do that for you," was the rejoinder; "and in fact we will ask just a few people, not more than a dozen, and the thing will be as cozy as possible."

Brown submitted, invitations were issued (not by him), and an evening was fixed for the entertainment. The gondolas crowded to his door, and the occupants looked in vain for any signs of welcome. The bare stone floor and walls of a desolate hall stared them in the face, and no attendant appeared. A voice called from the top of the stairs, "Come this way," and the party began the ascent. Three pairs of stairs without any visible opening on either side had been climbed, when at the last turning a lady and gentleman in mask and domino appeared, standing behind a simple trellis that half screened their figures. The *vraisemblance* was so startling that it took the party two or three minutes to

find out that these gay welcomers were fixtures on Brown's wall. A door opened, and there was the host, a perfectly congruous inhabitant of his antiquarian domain. Doors of massive cedar; old armor scattered about the ample hall, which in all Venetian houses cuts each floor in two, having windows at both its ends; the drawing-room full of historical furniture and curious old pictures of domestic scenes in Venice when Venice was Queen of the Adriatic,—such were Brown's surroundings. Mural paintings were a passion with him, and on raising your eyes to the ceiling you saw a huge eagle with wings outspread against a faint background of clouds, carrying in its beak a branch of the victor's laurel. But the oddest thing was yet to come. After a desultory chat by the large fireplace (no stove here, at least), the guests were ushered into the dining-room, where a goodly company seemed already to be assembled. They turned out to be of the same mute and stationary nature as the warders of the stairway. A vine-trellis was cleverly painted all around the room, giving the idea of a verandah, and beneath it were life-sized figures of Venetian masqueraders in wonderfully natural attitudes. The feast was ample and the host most entertaining. The conversation flitted here and there; with him it could not be commonplace. At last the myth of the Wandering Jew was mentioned. Brown got excitedly interested over this, and launched forth into the wildest suppositions. He was known to be a firm believer in the wanderer's existence, and proceeded to give his history.

"You know," he said, "that he was supposed to have been last seen in Belgium by some bishops in the thirteenth century; but I tell you he has been seen in Venice once in every hundred years since that time: in fact, I have seen him myself."

The company curiously asked what he was like.

"An elderly man, very polished, very charming," he answered, "who came no one knew whence, and disappeared

as mysteriously. No banker here had any dealings with him, yet he always had plenty of money. He had a wonderful collection of family pictures—of his ancestors, as he said, but the likeness was so uniform and so exactly his own that they seemed to me portraits of the same person in different costumes. The last was by Titian, and painted more than two hundred years ago. This man, who called himself Count Gualterio, never heard a subject mentioned with which he was not more familiar than the speaker, and in the heat of conversation was often heard to say, speaking of historical events of several centuries ago, 'Oh yes, I remember—' suddenly checking himself with a smile, and adding, 'at least, I mean I have read it, for I read so much that it all seems present and real to me.' He once indicated the precise spot where one of the missing marbles from the Parthenon might be found. It had been lost during the sacking and burning of Athens by the Venetians in the sixteenth century; and when Lord Elgin collected the famous remains now known by his name, this one remained unaccounted for. Gualterio, who to all appearance had no means of knowing, pointed out the place where it might be found, and he turned out to be right. He had the most curious old books, too, one of which—here it is—"Brown continued as he rose to fetch it, "contains the receipt for eternal youth—the elixir of life, in fact."

One of the party begged to be allowed to borrow this curious little volume, and as a mark of great friendship the request was granted. It was written in rather old French, and was chiefly medical in tone. It recounted marvelous stories of men who had lived from two to three hundred years, and gave sundry hints about health and sobriety which Nature herself points out. The great receipt was at the end, and covered many pages: it was full of big words, and was too intricate to follow, but the common ingredients of gold and infant's blood and other horrors were not mentioned.

Brown's fond belief in the Wandering

Jew did not prevent his being a trustworthy searcher among the "back doors and hidden closets" of history. His works, drawn from the Venetian archives, on Queen Elizabeth's time, throw valuable light on that sovereign's character, and have many things in them which Mr. Froude himself would hardly be able to explain away. *Don Quixote* and his own "Key" to it is another of Brown's innocent hobbies, but who shall say that his eccentricities are not at the root of his charm, or that they do not worthily fill the place which people who boast of their practical common sense allow to be filled by uncharitableness and idle curiosity? Brown's good-nature was as proverbial as his oddity, and remains to this day one of our most delightful traveling reminiscences.

Another wonderful foreigner of whom the Venetians tell tales that rival Sinbad the Sailor's narrative, was an Irishman whose name we forget, a gigantic and powerful man, who was said to feed exclusively on raw meat. One day he rode down the Grand Canal, his restive English horse careering beneath him, on a raft. Another time he traveled from Trieste to Venice (a distance traversed in ten hours by the steamer) across the bay, standing upright with each foot in a small sandalo, and guiding himself by the single oar used only on the calm lagoons. We will not vouch for the exact truth of these tales, as we never happened to witness his feats, but this much may be said: his personal appearance went far to establish a belief in his daring and recklessness. He was over six feet, splendidly proportioned, with the limbs of an ox and a complexion fresh as an infant's.

Before leaving the Continent we must not forget to mention a harmless and charming personage whose eccentricity, it is true, was of so mild a character that it became more pathetic than amusing. There lived at Geneva a retired diplomatist of Scotch descent, Mr. Forbes. He was infirm and paralyzed, and this misfortune it was which late in life had obliged him to leave the post of English minister at Dresden—one that he had

satisfactorily occupied for nearly fifty years. China was his passion, and his position had naturally both fostered and satisfied it. His rare collection—chiefly of Dresden, but containing also Sèvres, Limoges, Wedgwood and Majolica—was a real treasure, and the greatest pleasure the poor collector had was to take strangers over it and descant for two or three hours on its merits. But he had another passion: he was an epicure of the first water, and delighted in giving little dinners of twelve and fourteen. His guests were always well chosen, sprightly and agreeable, for he was artistic in his social arrangements, as in everything else. He was supposed to keep twelve servants, some of whom were especially entrusted with the sole care of the china.

Dinner being announced, he would gallantly offer his arm to his principal lady-guest, and with the help of his stick get quietly over the ground. As soon as the soup was served, "My dear Mrs. —," he would say, "I hope you like this *potage*: it is a receipt I got at Dresden from the king's cook."

Of course his companion assented, though it might have been mutton-broth so far as she could tell. (By the by, Mr. Forbes was very fond of mutton-broth, and once sent a quantity over to an invalid friend and compatriot in a priceless bowl of Dresden china. You may imagine the commotion produced in the house by the onerous responsibility of this momentary possession.)

When the soup had disappeared, so as to leave the pattern of the soup-plate visible, Mr. Forbes began again: "My dear friend, did you happen to notice this exquisite little picture after Watteau—the shepherd at the well, and the half-naked little peasant riding the shaggy sheep-dog, while two dainty ladies watch them from under that tree?"

This design having been duly praised, the first course was brought in, and though he himself might be arguing a political question with the Russian *attaché* on his left, or his guest might be deep in a musical criticism with the young Genevese dilettante next to her,

he would be sure gently to draw off his own and her attention in order to concentrate it on the "marvelous *entrée* that was quite a *spécialité* of the Tuileries" (and of his). So the dinner went on, the talk now becoming louder as some one would dispute the date of a certain make of china, now drifting with pleasant commendations of the agate-handled "Apostle spoons" or of the perfection of the *soufflé*. In all this there was no vulgar ostentation, but gentle eccentricity that sat well on the innocent-minded old man. He had English singing-birds in large wicker cages outside his windows, and two or three overfed and half-blind lap-dogs lazily dozing in special baskets on the rug. Sometimes two old maiden ladies, his cousins, would come and stay a month or six weeks with him. Miss Christina was fifty, mild, good-tempered, and not ill-looking. Her sister was a little sour, and not quite so presentable. A friend once asked him why he did not marry the former: it would make things more comfortable for him. He answered very simply: "I could not marry both, and Christina would never part with her sister." Then after a while he said he was comfortable enough as he was: he had had the dogs so long that they might not like a change, and the china was already well looked after. "Besides, I tried to be married once, and I did not succeed," he added.

His story was rather curious, and certainly enough to make a bachelor of him. When quite young he was one of the gay circle at old-fashioned Bath. He was paying his addresses to a young heiress who seemed favorably disposed, and though he had not yet made her a formal offer, he was treated in all respects like an accepted suitor. One night there was to be a ball, and of course it was an understood thing that Mr. Forbes should ask his almost *fiancée* for the first dance. And so he meant to do, when suddenly the prince regent and several of the princesses (the daughters of George III.) arrived from a neighboring castle, where they had been staying on a visit. The attendants upon the royal party immediately began providing

them with partners suitable in rank and position, and as an invitation to dance with a royal personage is equivalent to a command, poor young Forbes, when designated for this distressing honor, saw no means of escape from his predicament save in the common sense of his betrothed. He had no time to excuse himself and go and explain the matter to her, and with agony in his soul he watched her thunderous looks, while he was obliged to overflow with amiability toward his royal partner. When the dance was over he hastened to the young lady's side to apologize and explain. She turned from him in silence, and refused him a dance the whole evening. He called the next morning at her mother's house, thinking the storm must have subsided on reflection, but the heiress was "not at home." And she never was "at home" again, so far as his hopes were concerned: she slighted him in public and refused to see him in private, and not long after married her purse to another. So ended poor Forbes' romance, but he remained true to royalty, while he vented his revenge only on marriageable women. China no doubt consoled him, and there at least, among his smiling and numerous harem of shepherdesses, flower-girls and marquises, he found no inconstancy.

Although eccentricity is said to be a plant of island growth, we occasionally see it cropping out in Continental households, and sometimes even in royal palaces. For instance, the queen of Naples and her sister, the empress of Austria, two of the most beautiful women in Europe, were brought up by their father, a Bavarian prince of a collateral branch, in the strangest manner possible. Fond of low society, he would take them with him incognito to the taverns of Munich and the tents of the gypsies. He taught them to ride, row, shoot, drive and swim, and no one else thought of supplementing this very defective education. Their mother, a hypochondriac rather than an invalid, used to sit all day reading novels in a darkened room and feeding her precious lap-dogs. Her children were now and then ceremoniously brought in to see their

mother, who had nothing to say to them when they were come. They hated the dogs, naturally enough, and were given to slyly pinching their ears in consequence. The dogs yelped, and the mother querulously complained of her head. Thus ended the interview, and the girls went back to their father and their sports. It was *de rigueur* that they should receive religious instruction, and the archbishop of Munich chose among his clergy one whom he thought most competent to the post of teacher to the princesses. After a month the unhappy chaplain was sure to ask as a favor to be relieved of this duty. The girls would laugh and talk to each other, utterly unheeding of any remonstrance, and generally managed to tease their poor preceptor beyond all patience. When the archbishop himself, with infinite pains, had instructed them for confirmation, they laughed in his face during the ceremony. All these facts we learnt from his own lips during his stay in Rome, where he has since died. The empress of Austria, however, improved very much after her marriage, learnt French and Hungarian and many other useful things, and became very popular both with the court and the people, especially in Hungary. Her sister's career, less fortunate, has been also more romantic, but one cannot help deploring that in her so much energy, misdirected or rather lying waste, has led to much domestic unhappiness.

The stirring debates in the House of Lords three years ago in England, on the occasion of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, brought to light many curious human fossils of whom "eccentric" is the best descriptive term—some with straight iron-gray hair falling picturesquely on the shoulders; others, like Lord R——, with the old costume of bygone days, the blue cut-away coat and brass buttons, the riding boots and voluminous cravat; some again as rustic as their own farmers: they looked a strange group fringing the knot of more civilized politicians round the woollack. But among the number of this most dignified and truly Roman Senate there is

one whose name is well known for cleverness, kindness and justice, and who, socially speaking, is as eccentric as any of the wearers of frilled shirts and blue coats. This has been proved by his whole life, and by the opinion of all who know him. His whole family, of which he is the eldest, is equally remarkable for its intellectuality, its contempt of the world's opinions, and its tendency to strike out in new modes of thought and action. One of its members, married to the son of the most renowned politician of his day, then Lord John Russell, is a steady champion of the Woman's Rights movement, and an avowed disciple of John Stuart Mill. But in her brother nothing of this modern thirst for notoriety appears. His eccentricity is purely personal, and is perhaps half attributable to an infirmity which makes social intercourse in the usual sense of the word painfully difficult to him. Three years ago, on the death of his father, and his own accession to the title and property, his family was electrified by the following paragraph in the *Times* newspaper: "We are requested to state that Lord S—— of A—— has been married for seven years to a Spanish lady." His parents had tried to make up many matches for him, but he had always upset their arrangements: on the other hand, they had often feared he was about to make an unsuitable one, for he, with the liberty of a married man (as he alone knew himself to be), had many friends among women whom his family would scarcely have liked to welcome into their bosom. His mother, who had never thoroughly understood him, was furious at the secrecy he had preserved; his brother, who was considered his heir, trembled for his succession; and his whole family treated him in the coldest manner imaginable. They gradually began to throw doubts on the legality of the marriage and the character of the lady; and the circumstances, so far as they were known, certainly had a strange look. Lord S—— was a great traveler, and had explored a large part of the East: entirely free from religious prejudices, he had honestly said that he

found much to admire in the Mohammedan creed and practice, and, being of a persevering and curious turn of mind, had contrived to penetrate into the great mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople by counterfeiting Mohammedan convictions. This gave rise to an idea, still adhered to by some, that he had actually embraced Islamism. When, therefore, his family heard that his marriage had been performed according to the Mohammedan rite at Tunis, they thought they had some claim to make further investigations. The truth was this: Lord S——, then only the heir to the title, had met at a French hotel—we believe at Marseilles—a Spanish lady and her father, with whom he soon made acquaintance. The young people quickly understood each other, and Lord S—— asked her father's consent to their marriage, having already given him an account of his family, circumstances and expectations. For some unknown reason, the old man raised objections to the union, and Lord S—— and his intended bride took matters into their own hands, started from Marseilles, crossed over to Algeria, and were married according to the Mohammedan law at Tunis. The lady was a Catholic. After a while, having understood that there might possibly be some doubt about this marriage, they had the ceremony performed anew at Constantinople, still under the Turkish civil law. Lord S—— then took his wife to Geneva, where he settled her in a suitable manner. The papers relative to and corroborative of his marriage were placed in a sealed packet in the hands of the Catholic bishop of Geneva, who, however, was unaware of their contents. Later on, when the secret became common property, it was thus that the bishop's chaplain pithily described the situation: "During seven years," he said, "every one knew that when Monsieur S—— was in Geneva he lived in this lady's house: no one knew that she was his wife." It strikes one as most commendable on her part to have kept her husband's secret so faithfully while unworthy suspicions must necessarily have

Vol. X.—11

often annoyed and disturbed her. Her family, it was said, though not illustrious in point of position, was better than was supposed, but some mystery seemed to attach to it, which to this day has never been cleared up, at least to our knowledge. When her husband brought her to England none of his female relatives would receive her: they insisted upon hearing all about her antecedents. He proudly kept silence, merely declaring that it was enough that she was his wife. He was both too sensitive and too eccentric to bear being doubted, much less questioned, and the proud obstinacy on both sides thus widened the breach every day. At last he took her down to the family seat, Q——, in Cheshire. The more important among the county people refused to call; the lesser neighbors left their cards under protest, and did not pursue the acquaintance. Lady S—— seemed anxious to be popular with all classes, but was quite indifferent to their approval. She at once propitiated the poor by her liberality and kindness. A cousin of Lord S——, a maiden lady of great independence of mind and largeness of nature, at last visited the couple at Q——, which she had only been prevented from doing before by the family feeling so unnaturally excited. She found the husband and wife perfectly devoted to each other, and forming sufficient society in themselves to be able to laugh at the world. Lady S——, she said, was not handsome, nor even highly educated, but naturally shrewd and clever, and blessed with that rarest of gifts, an unusual power of sympathy. They had no children, which went far to restore Lord S——'s brother in his peaceful security of heirship, and eventually reconciled him to the match. A friend of Lord S——, Mrs. B——, the wife of a celebrated African traveler, and herself a daughter of one of the oldest families in England, at last succeeded in persuading the couple to be remarried before a registrar according to the orthodox English fashion, and after this the breach closed gradually, though perhaps too superficially.

With this really interesting specimen of eccentricity, which, though thoroughly English, was yet so little indicative of a narrow mind, and indeed so intimately connected with principles of mediæval

honor and Quixotic reverence for women (we use the phrase in its best sense), we will take leave of the reader, whom we hope not to have wearied.

THE SACRIFICE.

O BITTER day, wherefrom the light hath fled
Before the sunset, what dost thou require
Further from these void hands, this aching head,
This dull heart widowed of its dear desire?
Art thou not satisfied to see
A broken spirit rendered up to thee?

My frequent dreams have shadowed forth this grief,
Yet something harder to be borne, unguessed,
Comes with the living presence: no relief
Craves the sick heart, that, sinking in the breast
Beneath its doom, with blank despair
Spurns the sweet comforts of the light and air.

Yet more, yet more—for this will not suffice—
Thou hast restored unwilling what was lent,
But offer up thy grief in sacrifice,
Confront with equal spirit the event,
Self-poised, invincible, serene,
Steadfast to look on what thou hast foreseen.

Old are the trouble, weariness and strife,
Neither is sudden darkness a strange thing:
If ever thou hast dared rejoice in life,
In all the boundless pleasure it can bring,
With patience fill thy heart to-day,
While Fate her world-old laws doth but obey.

Either thy joy was sinful when thine eyes
Noted the shadows settled elsewhere,
Glad in the face of a world's agonies,
Or evil now it is to hug despair,
Seeing the gracious spring renew
Unto the earth her freshness, light and dew.

Most wise is he who hath the measure told
Of the real, hideous, certain misery,
And the perpetual sunshine—who can hold
Within his soul a vast serenity,
If the new grief be his own guest,
Or lodged within his stricken brother's breast.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WHITE OWLS OF GARSTANG.

As she fled fast through sun and shade,
 The happy winds upon her played,
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
 She looked so lovely, as she swayed
 The rein with dainty finger-tips,
 A man had given all other bliss,
 And all his worldly wealth for this,
 To waste his whole heart in one kiss
 Upon her perfect lips.

THIS state of affairs could not last.

"Look here," I say to Queen Tita, "we must cut the lieutenant adrift."

"As you please," she remarks, with a sudden coldness coming over her manner.

"Why should we be embarrassed by the freaks of these two young creatures? All the sunshine has gone out of the party since Bell has begun to sit mute and constrained, her only wish apparently being to show a superhuman courtesy to this perplexing young Prussian."

"You very quickly throw over any one who interferes with your own comfort," says my lady calmly.

"I miss my morning ballad. When one reaches a certain age, one expects to be studied and tended—except by one's wife."

"Well," says Tita, driven to desperation by this picture of the effect of Von Rosen's departure, "I warned you at our setting-out that these two would fall in love with each other and cause us a great deal of trouble."

Who can say that this little woman is wanting in courage? The audacity with which she made this statement was marvelous. She never flinched, and the brown, clear, dark eyes looked as bravely unconscious as if she had been announcing her faith in the multiplication table. There was no use in arguing the point. How could you seek to thwart or influence the firm belief that shone clearly and steadily in those tell-tale eyes?

"Come," I say to her, "is Von Rosen

to go, or is he to hang on in the hope of altering Bell's decision? I think the young man would himself prefer to leave us: I don't think he is in a comfortable position."

My lady appeared a trifle embarrassed. Was there some dark secret between these two women?

"A young man," she says, with a little hesitation, "is the best judge of his own chances. I have asked Bell; and I really can't quite make her out. Still, you know, a girl sometimes is in a manner frightened into saying 'No' the first time she is asked; and there might be—" She stopped.

"You think the lieutenant should ask her again?"

"No, I don't," says Tita hastily, "but it is impossible to say—she had nothing to urge against Count von Rosen—only that Arthur would consider himself unjustly treated—"

"So-ho! Is that the reason?"

"No, no, no!" cries the small woman in an agony of fright. "Don't you go and put any wrong notions into the young man's head—"

"Madam," I say to her, "recollect yourself. So far from wishing to interfere in the affairs of these two young people, I should like to bundle them both back to London, that we might continue our journey in peace. As for the lieutenant's again proposing to marry Bell, I consider that a man who twice asks a woman to become his wife forgets the dignity of his sex."

My lady looks up with the most beautifully innocent smile in her eyes, and says sweetly, "You did yourself."

"That was different."

"Yes, I dare say."

"I knew your heart would have broken if I hadn't."

"Oh!" she says, with her eyes grown appalled.

"In fact, it was my native generosity

that prompted me to ask you a second time, for I perceived that you were about to ask me."

"How many more?" she asks, but I cannot make out what mysterious things she is secretly counting up. "But no matter. There is little use in recalling these bygone mistakes. Justice is satisfied when a fool repents him of his folly."

At this moment Bell enters the room. She goes up to Tita and takes both her hands: "You are laughing in a vexed way. You must have been quarreling. What shall we do to him?"

"The falling out of faithful friends is generally made up with a kiss, Bell," it is remarked.

"But I am not in the quarrel," says Miss Bell, retreating to the window; and here there is a rumble of wheels outside, and the phaeton stands at the door.

"You two must get up in front," says my lady as we go out into the white glare of Ormskirk. "I can watch you better there."

By this dexterous manœuvre Bell and the lieutenant were again separated. The young lady was never loth to sit in front, under whatever surveillance it placed her, for she liked driving. On this cool morning, that promised a warmer day after the wind had carried away the white fleece of cloud that stretched over the sky, she pulled on her gloves with great alacrity, and having got into her seat assumed the management of the reins as a matter of course.

"Gently!" I say to her as Castor and Pollux make a plunge forward into the narrow thoroughfare. A handbarrow is jutting out from the pavement. She gives a jerk to the left rein, but it is too late: one of our wheels just touches the end of the barrow and over it goes—not with any great crash, however.

"Go on," says the lieutenant from behind with admirable coolness. "There is no harm done, and there is no one in charge of that thing. When he comes he will pick it up."

"Very pretty conduct," remarks my lady as we get out among the green fields and meadows again, "injuring some poor man's property, and quietly

driving away without even offering compensation!"

"It was Bell who did it."

"As usual. The old story repeated from the days of Eden downward: 'The woman thou gavest me'—of course it is she who must bear the blame."

"Madam, your knowledge of Scripture is astounding. Who was the first attorney-general in the Bible?"

"Find out," says Tita; and the lieutenant bursts into a roar of laughter, as if that was a pretty repartee.

"And where do we stop to-night?" says our North-country maid, looking away along the green valley which is watered by the pretty Eller Brook.

"Garstang, on the river of Wyre."

"And to-morrow we shall really be in Westmoreland?"

"To-morrow we shall really be in Westmoreland. Wo-ho, my beauties! Why, Bell, if you try to leap across Lancashire at a bound like that, you'll have us in a canal or transfixed on a telegraph-post."

"I did not intend it," says Bell, "but they are as anxious as I am to get north, and they break into a gallop on no provocation whatever."

Indeed, the whole nature of this mad girl seemed to have a sort of resemblance to a magnetic needle: it was continuously turning to the North Pole, and that in a tremulous, undecided fashion, as if, with all her longing, she did not quite like to let people know. But at this moment she forgot that we were listening. It was really herself she was delighting with her talk about deep valleys and brown streams and the scent of peat-smoke in the air of an evening. All the time she was looking away up to the horizon, to see whether she could not make out some lines of blue mountains, until Tita suddenly said, "My dear!"

"Meaning me, ma'am?"

"No, I mean Bell. Pray keep a firmer hand on the horses: if a train were to come sharply by at present—and you see the road runs parallel with the railway-line for an immense distance."

"And so should we," says Bell lightly. "There is no danger. The poor animals

wouldn't do anything wicked at such a time, just when they are getting near to a long rest."

Under Bell's guidance we do not lose much time by the way. The road leaves the neighborhood of the railway. We drive past the great park of Rufford Hall. The wind blows across to us from the Irish Sea, and at the small village of Much Hoole, where the lieutenant insists on giving the horses a little meal and water as a sort of soothing draught, we come in sight of the long red line of the Ribble, widening out into a sandy channel as it nears the ocean. Bell catches a glimpse of the smoke of a steamer, and the vague knowledge that the plain of salt water is not far away seems to refresh us all as we plunge once more into the green and wooded country by Longton, Hutton and Howick.

"What is the greatest wish of your life, Bell?" I ask, knowing that she is dreaming of living somewhere along the coast of these islands.

"To see mamma pleased," says Bell quite prettily, just as if she were before a schoolmistress.

"You ask for the impossible. Tita's dream of earthly bliss is to have the cross in our little church turned to a crucifix, and it will never be realized. I think she would rather have that than be made a duchess."

"I do miss that dear little church," said Tita, taking no heed of the charge preferred against her. "There is no feeling of homeliness about the churches we go into here. You know that you are a stranger, and all the people are strangers, and you are not accustomed to the clergyman's voice."

"The fact is," I tell her, "you lose the sense of proprietorship which pleases you down at home. There the church is your own. You set out on a quiet Sunday morning, you know all the people coming through the fields and along the roads, and you have an eye on them to mark the absentees. There is a family gathering in the churchyard, and a universal shaking of hands: you are pleased that all the people are coming to your church. You go in, the evergreens ev-

erywhere about you put there yourself. The tall white lilies on the altar you presented to the vicar, though I paid for them. Bell sits down to the organ—probably thinking that her new boots may slip on one of the pedals and produce a discord in the bass—and you know that your family is providing the music too. The vicar and his wife dined with you the night before; you are in secret league with them. You know all the people—Lord ——'s butler, who is the most venerable person in the place; that squint-eyed publican who thrashes his wife on the Saturday so that she can't come on the Sunday; all the other various pensioners you have, who you vainly think are being taught to be independent and economical; and a lot of small boys in knickerbockers and shiny heads of hair, and pretty young ladies with sailors' hats, blue ribbons, white jackets and big wistful eyes. You are the presiding genius of the place; and when Bell begins the music, and the sunlight comes through the small and yellow windows in the southern aisle, and when you see the light shining on the mural tablets with the colored coats-of-arms above, you ask yourself what other place could produce this feeling of homely satisfaction, and what fashionable London church, with all its money, could manufacture these ancient blocks of marble, until you think you could spend all your own money, and all your husband's too, in making the small building a sort of ecclesiastical museum."

"I hope," says Tita, with great severity, "I do not go into church with any such thoughts. It is an auctioneer's view of a morning service."

"It is the business of an auctioneer, my good woman, to estimate the actual value of articles. But I forgot one thing. After you have contemplated the church with profound satisfaction—just as if those old knights and baronets had died in order to adorn the walls for you—your eye wanders up to the altar. It is a pretty altar-cloth: Goodness knows how much time you and Bell spent over it. The flowers on the altar are also beautiful, or ought to be, considering

the price that Benson charges for them. But that plain gilt cross with the three jewels in it—that is rather a blot, is it not?"

"Why don't you go to the zinc chapel?" says Tita with some contempt.

"I would if I dared."

"Who prevents you? I am sure it is not I. I would much rather you went there than come to church merely to calculate the cost of every bit of fern or yew that is placed on the walls, and to complain of the introduction into the sermon of doctrines which you can't understand."

"May I go to chapel, please?"

"Certainly. But you are a good deal fonder of going up to Mickleham Downs than to either church or chapel."

"Will you come to chapel, Bell?"

"I am not going to interfere," says Bell with philosophical indifference, and paying much more attention to her horses.

"I should be sorry to go," I observe calmly, "for I had half resolved to ask Mr. — to let me put in yellow glass in those two windows that are at present white."

"Oh, will you, really?" cries Queen Tita in a piteously eager tone, and quite forgetting all her war of words.

Well, I promise, somewhat sadly. It is not the cost of it that is the matter. But on those Sunday mornings when the sunlight is flooding the church with a solemn glow of yellow, it is something to turn to the two white windows, and there, through the diamond panes, you can see the sunlight shimmering on the breezy branches of an ash tree. This little glimpse of the bright and glowing world outside—when our vicar, who, it must be confessed, is not always in a happy mood, happens to be rather drowsy and even depressing in the monotony of his commonplaceness— But perhaps it will be better to say nothing more on this point.

Why the people of the flourishing town of Preston do not bridge the Ribble in a line running parallel with their chief thoroughfare and the road leading up from Harwich, is inexplicable. A pleas-

ure-party need not mind, for the drive is pleasant enough, but business-folks might be tempted to use bad language over such an unnecessary injury. The road makes a long double along the two banks of the river, the most westerly bridge forming the end of the loop. First, you drive down the left bank of the stream, over fine green meadows, then you cross the bridge and drive back along the right bank between avenues of young trees. Perhaps the notion is to give you as much as possible of the green and pleasant surroundings of Preston before letting you plunge into the streets of the town.

Now, I do not know how it was that from the moment of our entering Preston a vague feeling of satisfaction and hope seemed to get possession of our small party. We had started in the morning under somewhat embarrassing and awkward conditions, not likely to provoke high spirits, but now we seemed to have a nebulous impression that the end of our troubles had come. Was it because we had reached the last of the large manufacturing towns on our journey, and that we should meet with no more of them? Or was it because of that promise of Queen Titania? for that kindly little woman, when she is pleased, has a wonderful power of conveying her gladness to others, and has been known to sweeten a heavy dinner-party as a bunch of woodruff will sweeten a lumber-room. Or was it that we knew, in approaching Kendal, we should probably come to a final settlement of all our difficulties, and have thereafter peace?

As we were walking, after luncheon, through the spacious public gardens that overlook the Ribble, the lieutenant drew me aside and said, "My good friend, here is a favor I will ask of you. We come to-night to Garstang?"

"Yes, we shall reach Garstang to-night."

"A town or a village?"

"I don't know. Probably a village."

"I did hope it was not a town. Well, this is what I ask. You will endeavor to take away madame for a few moments—if we are out walking, you know—and

you will let me say a few words to mademoiselle by herself."

"I thought all your anxiety was to avoid her?"

"There is something I must say to her."

"All right! I will do what you ask, on condition you do not persecute her. When she wishes to rejoin us you must not prevent her."

"Persecute her? Then you do think I will quarrel with her and make her very miserable, merely because she will not marry me? You think it will be as it was at Worcester, when that stupid boy from Twickenham did go along the river? Well, all I ask you is to look at these two days. Has there been any quarrel between us? No, it is quite the opposite."

"Then let it remain that way, my dear fellow. One Arthur is bad enough for a girl to manage, but two would probably send her into a convent for life."

And the truth was as the lieutenant had described it. They had been during these two days more than polite to each other. Somehow, Bell was never done in paying him furtive little attentions, although she did not speak to him. That morning she had somewhere got a few wild flowers, and three tiny bouquets were placed on the breakfast-table. The lieutenant dared not think that one of them was for him. He apologized to mademoiselle for taking her seat. Bell said he had not: the bouquet was for him if he cared to have it, she added with a little diffidence. The lieutenant positively blushed, said nothing, and altogether neglected his own breakfast in offering her things she did not want. The bouquets given to Tita and her husband were pinned into prominent positions, but no human eye saw anything more of the wild blossoms that Bell had given to Von Rosen. Betting on a certainty is considered dishonorable, and so I will not say what odds I would give that these precious flowers were transferred to a book, and that at this moment they could be produced if a certain young man were only willing to reveal their whereabouts.

Everything seemed to favor us on this

fine afternoon as we drove away northward again. The road grew excellent, and we knew that we had finally left behind us that deafening causeway that had haunted our wheels and hoofs for days past. Then the cool breeze of the forenoon and mid-day had died down, and a still, warm sunset began to break over the western country between us and the sea. We could not, of course, get any glimpse of the great plain of water beyond the land; but we knew that this great fire of crimson and yellow was shining down on it too, and on the long curves of the shore.

The western sands could not be much more level than the road that runs up by Broughton and Brockbridge, but it takes one through a sufficiently pleasant country, which is watered by a multitude of brooks and small rivers. It is a rich and well-cultivated country, too, and the far-stretching meadows and copses and fields seemed to grow darker in their green under that smoke of dusky crimson that had filled the sky. It is true, we were still in Lancashire, and there was still present to us a double line of communication with the manufacturing towns we had now left behind. At certain places the road would run by the side of a railway-line, and then again we would find a canal winding itself like a snake through the grassy meadows. But a sunset is a wonderful smoother-down of these artificial features in a landscape, and when the earth-banks of the railway-line burned crimson under the darkening sky, or when an arm of the canal caught a flush of flame on its glassy surface, the picture was rather helped than otherwise, and we bore the engineers of this favored land no deadly grudge.

A sunset, by the way, was always favorable to Bell's appearance. It lent to those fine and wavy masses of hers a sort of glory; and this splendid aureole was about all of his sweetheart that the lieutenant could see as he sat in the hind seat of the phaeton. Bell wears her hair rather loose when she is out in the country, and greatly likes, indeed, to toss it about as if she were a young lion;

so that you may fancy how the warm light of the sunset glowed here and there on those light and silken heaps of golden-brown hair as we drove along in the quiet evening. Sometimes, indeed, he may have caught the outline of her face as she turned to look over the far landscape; and then, I know, the delicate oval was tinted by the generous color of the western skies, so that not alone in the miracle of her hair did she look like some transfigured saint.

Her talk on this evening, however, was far from saintly. It was as worldly as it well could be, for she was confessing to the agony she used to suffer after going home from dinner-parties, balls, and other godless diversions of a like nature.

"I used to dread going up to my room," she said, "for I could get no rest until I had sat down and gone over everything that I had said during the evening. And then all the consequences of my imprudence came rushing down on me until I felt I was scarcely fit to live. What I had been led into saying as a mere piece of merriment now looked terribly like impertinence. Many a time I wrote down on a piece of paper certain things that I resolved to go the next day and make an apology for to the old ladies whom I was sure I had offended. But the next morning things began to look a little better. A little reassurance came with the briskness of the day; and I used to convince myself that nobody would remember the heedless sayings that had been provoked by the general light talk and merriment. I absolved myself for that day, and promised and vowed and made the most desperate resolutions never, never to be thoughtless in the future, but always to watch every word I had to say."

"And in the evening," continued my lady, "you went out to another dance, and enjoyed yourself the same, and said as many wild things as usual, and went home again to do penance. It is quite natural, Bell. Most girls go through that terrible half hour of reaction, until they grow to be women—"

"And then," it is remarked, "they have never anything to be sorry about,

for they are always circumspect, self-possessed and sure about what they mean to say. They never have to spend a dreadful half hour in trying to recollect mistakes and follies."

"As for gentlemen," remarked Titania sweetly, "I have heard that their evil half hour is during the process of dressing, when they endeavor to recall the speech they made at the public dinner of the night before, and wonder how they could have been so stupid as to order a heap of champagne to oblige a friend just gone into that business, and are not very sure how many people they invited to dinner on the following Friday. Count von Rosen—"

"Yes, madame."

"When you observe a husband whispering while his wife is talking, what do you think?"

"That she is saying something he would rather not hear," replies the lieutenant gravely.

"And is not that a confession that what she says is true?"

"Yes, madame," says the lieutenant boldly.

"My dear," I say to her, "your brain has been turned by the last sporting novel you have read. You are a victim of cerebral inflammation. When you pride yourself on your researches into the ways and habits of the sex which you affect to despise, don't take that sort of farthing candle to guide you. As for myself, our young friend from Prussia would scarcely believe the time I spend in helping you to nail up brackens and larch and ivy in that wretched little church; and if he knew the trouble I have to keep Bell's accounts straight, when she is reckoning up what the process of producing paupers in our neighborhood costs us, why, he would look upon you as an unprincipled calumniator."

"Mamma herself is scarcely so big as those two words put together," says Bell; but madame is laughing all this time, quite pleased to see that she has raised a storm in a tea-cup by her ungracious and unwarranted assault.

In the last red rays of the sun we have

got on to a small elevation. Before us the road dips down and crosses the canal; then it makes a twist again and crosses the Wyre; and up in that corner are the scattered gables of Garstang. As we pass over the river, it is running cold and dark between its green banks, and the sunset is finally drawing down to the west as we drive into the silent village and up to the doorstep of the Royal Oak.

'Tis a quaint and ancient hostelry. For aught we know, the earl of Derby's soldiers may have walked over hither for a draught of beer when they were garrisoning Greenhalgh Castle over there, and when the brave countess, away down at Latham, was herself fixing up the royal standard on the tower of the castle, as Mr. Leslie's picture shows us, and bidding defiance to the parliamentary troops. When you tell that story to Queen Titania, you can see her grow pale with pride and admiration, for did not the gallant countess send out word by Fairfax that she would defend the place until she lost her honor or her life, for that she had not forgotten what she owed to the Church of England, to her prince and to her lord? My lady looks as if she, too, could have sent that message; only that she would have stopped at the Church of England and gone no farther.

When we come out again the sunset has gone, and a wonderful pale green twilight lies over the land. We go out from the old-fashioned streets, and find ourselves by the banks of the clear running river. A pale metallic light shines along its surface, and as we walk along between the meadows and the picturesque banks, where there is an abundance of the mighty burdock leaves that are beloved of painters, an occasional splash is heard, whether of a rat or a trout no one can say. Somehow, the lieutenant has drawn Bell away from us. In the clear twilight we can see their figures sharp and black on the dark green slope beside the stream. Queen Tita looks rather wistfully at them, and is perhaps thinking of days long gone by, when she too knew the value of

silence on a beautiful evening by the side of a river.

"I hope it is not wrong," says my lady in a low voice, "but I confess I should like to see the lieutenant marry our Bell."

"Wrong? No. It is only the absent who are in the wrong—Arthur, for example, who is perhaps at Kendal at this moment, waiting for us."

"We cannot all be satisfied in this world," remarks Tita profoundly; "and as one of these two alone can marry Bell, I do hope it may be the lieutenant, in spite of what she says. I think it would be very pleasant for all of us. What nice neighbors they would be for us! for I know Bell would prefer to live down near us in Surrey, and the lieutenant can have no particular preference for any place in England."

"A nice holiday time we should have of it, with these two idle creatures living close by and making continual proposals to go away somewhere!"

"Bell would not be idle."

"She must give up her painting if she marries."

"She won't give it up altogether, I hope; and then there is her music, even if she had no household duties to occupy her time; and I know that she will make an active and thrifty housewife. Indeed, the only idler will be the lieutenant, and he can become a captain of volunteers."

And yet she says she never lays plans! that she has no wish to interfere between Arthur and Von Rosen! that she would rather see Bell relieved from the persecutions of both of them! She had already mapped out the whole affair; and her content was so great that a beautiful gladness and softness lay in her eyes, and she began to prattle about the two boys at school and all she meant to take home to them; and indeed, if she had been at home, she would have gone to the piano and sung to herself some low and gentle melody, as soft and as musical as the crooning of a wood-pigeon hid away among trees.

Then she said: "How odd that Bell should have begun to talk about these unfortunate slips of the tongue that haunt

you afterward! All these two days I haven't been able to get rid of the remembrance of that terrible mistake I made in speaking of Count Von Rosen and Bell as already married. But who knows?—there may be a providence in such things."

"The providence that lies in blunders of speech must be rather erratic; but it is no wonder you spoke by mischance of Bell's marrying the lieutenant, for you think of nothing else."

"But don't you think it would be a very good thing?"

"What I think of it is a different matter. What will Arthur think of it?"

"The whole world can't be expected to move round merely to please Arthur," says my lady with some asperity. "The fact is, those young men are so foolish that they never reflect that a girl can't marry two of them. They are always falling in love with a girl who has a suitor already, and then she is put to the annoyance of refusing one of them, and that one considers her a monster."

"Well, if any one is open to that charge in the present case, it certainly is not Arthur."

My lady did not answer. She was regarding with a tender eye those two young folks strolling through the meadows before us. What were they saying to each other? Would Bell relent? The time was propitious in the quiet of this pale, clear evening, with a star or two beginning to twinkle, and the moon about to creep up from behind the eastern woods. It was a time for lovers to make confessions and give tender pledges. None of us seemed to think of that wretched youth who was blindly driving through England in a dog-cart, and torturing himself in the horrible solitude of inns. Unhappy Arthur!

For mere courtesy's sake these two drew near to us again. We looked at them. Bell turned her face away, and stooped to pick up the white blossom of a campion that lay like a great glow-worm among the dark herbage. The lieutenant seemed a little more confident, and he was anxious to be very courteous and friendly toward Tita. That lady

was quite demure, and suggested that we might return to the village.

We clambered up a steep place that led from the hollow of the river to a higher plain, and here we found ourselves by the side of the canal. It looked like another river. There were grassy borders to it, and by the side of the path a deep wood descending to the fields beyond. The moon had now arisen, and on the clear, still water there were some ripples of gold. Far away, on the other side, the barns and haystacks of a farmhouse were visible in the pale glow of the sky.

"What is that?" said Tita, hurriedly, as a large white object sailed silently through the faint moonlight and swept into the wood.

Only an owl. But the sound of her voice had disturbed several of the great birds in the trees, and across the space between the wood and the distant farmhouse they fled noiselessly, with a brief reflection of their broad wings falling on the still waters as they passed. We remained there an unconscionable time, leaning on the stone parapet of the bridge, and watching the pale line of the canal, the ripples of the moonlight, the dark wood, and the great and dusky birds that floated about like ghosts in the perfect stillness. When we returned to Garstang the broad square in the centre of the place was glimmering gray in the moonlight, and black shadows had fallen along one side of the street.

"My dear friend," said Von Rosen in an excited and urgent way as soon as our two companions had gone up stairs to prepare for supper, "I have great news to tell you!"

"Bell has accepted you, I suppose," said I, the boy talking as if that were a remarkable phenomenon in the world's history.

"Oh no, nothing so good as that—nothing not near so good as that—but something very good indeed. It is not all finally disposed of—there is at least a little chance—one must wait; but is not this a very great hope?"

"And is that all you obtained by your hour's persuasion?"

"Pfui! You do talk as if it did not matter to a young girl whether she marries one man or marries another."

"I don't think it much matters really."

"Then this is what I tell you—"

But here some light footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the lieutenant suddenly ceased and rushed to open the door.

Bell was as rosy as a rose set amid green leaves when she entered. "We are very late," she said, as if she were rather afraid to hazard that startling and profound observation.

"Madame," said the lieutenant, "I give you my word this is the best ale we have drunk since we started: it is clear, bright, very bitter, brisk. It is worth a long journey to drink such ale; and I hope your husband, when he writes of our journey, will give our landlady great credit for this very good beer."

I do so willingly; but lest any ingenious traveler should find the ale of the Royal Oak not quite fulfill the expectations raised by this panegyric, I must remind him that it was pronounced after the lieutenant had been walking for an hour along the banks of the Wyre on a beautiful evening, in the company of a very pretty young lady.

We had abolished *bézique* by this time. It had become too much of a farce. Playing four-handed *bézique* with partners is a clumsy contrivance; and when we had endeavored to play it independently, the audacity of the lieutenant in sacrificing the game to Bell's interests had got beyond a joke. So we had fallen back on whist, and as we made those two ardent young noodle partners, they did their best. It wasn't very good, to tell the truth. The lieutenant was as bad a whist-player as ever perplexed a partner, but Bell could play a weak suit as well as another. My lady was rather pleased to find that the lieutenant was not a skillful card-player. She was deeply interested in the qualities of Bell's future husband. In fact, if she had only known how, she would have examined the young men who came about the house—Bell has had a pretty fair show of suitors in her time—as to

the condition of the inner side of the right thumb. It is a bad sign when that portion of the hand gets rather horny. A man might as well go about with a piece of chalk marked Thurston & Co. in his waistcoat-pocket. But the lieutenant scarcely knew the difference between a cue and a pump-handle.

We played late. The people of the inn, yielding to our entreaties, had long ago gone to bed. When, at length, my lady and Bell also retired, the lieutenant rose from the table, stretched himself up his full length, and said, "My good friend, I have much of a favor to ask from you. I will repay you for it many times again—I will sit up with you and smoke all night as often as you please; which I think is your great notion of enjoyment. But now I have a great many things to tell you, and the room is close: let us go away for a walk."

It was only the strong nervous excitement of the young man that was longing for this outburst into the freedom of the cool air. He would have liked then to have started off at a rate of five miles an hour, and walk himself dead with fatigue. He was so anxious about it that at last we took a candle to the front door, got the bolts undone, and then, leaving the candle and the matches where we knew we should find them, we went out into the night.

By this time the moon had got well down into the south-west, but there was still sufficient light to show us the cottages, the roads and the trees. The night air was fresh and cool. As we started off on our vague ramble a cock crew, and the sound seemed to startle the deep sleep of the landscape. We crossed over the canal-bridge, and plunged boldly out into the still country, whither we knew not.

Then he told me all the story, beginning with the half-forgotten legend of *Fräulein Fallersleben*. I had had no idea that this practical and hard-headed young *Uhlán* had been so deeply struck on either occasion, but now at times there seemed to be a wild cry of ignorance in his confessions, as if he knew not what had happened to him, and

what great mystery of life he was now battling with. He described it as resembling somehow the unutterable sadness caused by the sudden coming of the spring, when, amid all the glory and wonder and delight of this new thing, a vague unrest and longing takes possession of the heart and will not be satisfied. All his life had been changed since his coming to England—turned in another direction, and made to depend for any value that might be left in it on a single chance. When he spoke of Bell perhaps marrying him, all the wild and beautiful possibilities of the future seemed to stretch out before him, until he was fairly at a loss for words. When he spoke of her finally going away from him, it was as of something he could not quite understand. It would alter all his life—how, he did not know; and the new and wonderful consciousness that by such a circumstance the world would grow all different to him seemed to him a mystery beyond explication. He only knew that this strange thing had occurred; that it had brought home to him once more the old puzzles about life that had made him wonder as a boy; that he was drifting on to an irrevocable fate, now that the final decision was near.

He talked rapidly, earnestly, heeding little the blunders and repetitions into which he constantly fell; and not all the vesuvians in the world could have kept his cigar alight. He did not walk very fast, but he cut at the weeds and at the hedges with his stick, and doubtless startled with his blows many a sparrow and wren sleeping peacefully among the leaves. I cannot tell you a tithe of what he said. The story seemed as inexhaustible as the nebulous mystery that he was obviously trying to resolve as it hung around him in impalpable folds. When he came to the actual question whether Bell had given him to understand that she might reconsider her decision, he was more reticent. He would not reveal what she had said. But there was no pride or self-looking in the anxiety about the result which he frankly expressed; and it is probable that if Bell had heard him then, she would have

learned more of his nature and sentiments than during any hour's stroll under the supervision of her guardians.

When at length we turned a shock of wonder struck upon our eyes. The day had begun to break in the east, and a cold wind was stirring. As yet there was only a faint light in the dark sky, but by and by a strange, clear whiteness rose up from behind the still landscape, and then a wild, cold, yellow radiance, against which the tall poplars looked intensely black, overspread the far regions of the east. Wan and unearthly seemed that metallic glare, even when a pale glimmer of red ran up and through it; and as yet it looked like the sunrise of some other world, for neither man nor beast was awake to greet it, and all the woods were as silent as the grave. When we got back to Garstang the wind came chill along the gray stones, the birds were singing, and the glow of the sunrise was creeping over the chimneys and slates of the sleeping houses. We left this wonderful light outside, plunged into the warm and gloomy passage of the inn, and presently tumbled, tired and shivering, into bed.

CHAPTER XX.

CHLOE'S GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose—
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose—
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath—
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Is there any blue half so pure and deep and tender as that of the large crane's-bill, the *Geranium pratense* of the botanists? When Bell saw the beautiful, rich-colored blossoms in the tall hedge-rows she declared we were already in the North country, and must needs descend from the phaeton to gather some of the wild flowers; and lo! all

around there was such a profusion that she stood bewildered before them. Everywhere about were the white stars of the stitchwort glimmering among the green of the goose-grass. The clear red blossoms of the campion shone here and there, and the viscid petals of the ragged robin glimmered a bright crimson as they straggled through the thorny branches of the hawthorn. Here, too, was the beautiful hare-bell—the real “blue-bell of Scotland”—with its slender stem and its pellucid color; and here was its bigger and coarser relative, the great hedge campanula, with its massive bells of azure and its succulent stalk. There were yellow masses of snapdragon, and an abundance of white and pink roses sweetening the air, and all the thousand wonders of a luxuriant vegetation. The lieutenant immediately jumped down. He harried the hedges as if they had been a province of the enemy's country, and he in quest of forage and food. The delight of Bell in these wild flowers was extravagant, and when he had gathered for her every variety of hue that he could see, she chose a few of the blossoms and twisted them, with a laugh of light pleasure, into the breezy masses of her hair. Could a greater compliment have been paid him?

If it was not really the North country which Bell so longed to enter, it was on the confines of it, and already many premonitory signs were visible. These tall hedge-rows with their profusion of wildflowers were a wonder. We crossed dark-brown streams, the picturesque banks of which were smothered in every sort of bush and herb and plant. At last a breath of the morning air brought us a strange, new scent that was far more grateful than that of any wreath of flowers, and at the same moment both Bell and Tita called out, “Oh, there is the peat-smoke at last!”

Peat-smoke it was, and presently we came upon the cottages which were sending abroad this fragrance into the air. They were hidden down in a dell by the side of a small river, and they were surrounded by low and thick elder

trees. Bell was driving. She would not even stop to look at this picturesque little nook: it was but an outpost, and the promised land was nigh.

The day, meanwhile, is gray and showery, but sometimes a sudden burst of sunshine springs down on the far, flat landscape, and causes it to shine in the distance. We pass by many a stately hall and noble park—Bell, with the wild flowers in her hair, still driving—until we reach the top of a certain height and find a great prospect lying before us. The windy day has cleared away the light clouds in the west, and there, under a belt of blue, lies a glimmer of the blue sea. The plain of the landscape leading down to it is divided by the estuary of the Lune, and as you trace the course of the river, up through the country that lies gray under the gray portion of the heavens, some tall buildings are seen in the distance and a fortress upon a height resembling some smaller Edinburgh Castle. We drive on through the gusty day, the tail of a shower sometimes overtaking us from the south and causing a hurried clamor for waterproofs, which have immediately to be set aside as the sun bursts forth again, and then we dive into a clean, bright, picturesque town, and find ourselves in front of the King's Arms at Lancaster.

Bell has taken the flowers from her hair in nearing the abodes of men, but she has placed them tenderly by the side of the bouquet that the lieutenant gathered for her, and now she gently asks a waiter for a tumbler of water, into which the blossoms are put. The lieutenant watches her every movement as anxiously as ever a Roman watched the skimmings and dippings of the bird whose flight was to predict ruin or fortune to him. He had no opportunities to lose. Time was pressing on. That night we were to reach Kendal, and there the enemy was lying in wait.

Bell, at least, did not seem much to fear that meeting with Arthur. When she spoke of him to Tita she was grave and thoughtful, but when she spoke of Westmoreland there was no qualification of her unbounded hope and delight.

She would scarce look at Lancaster, although, when we went up to the castle, and had a walk round to admire the magnificent view from the walls, an unwonted stir in front of the great gate told us that something unusual had happened. The lieutenant went down and mixed with the crowd. We saw him—a head and shoulder taller than the assemblage of men and women—speaking now to one and now to another; and then at length he came back. "Madame," he says, "there is something wonderful to be seen in the castle. All these people are pressing to get in."

"Is it some soup-plate of Henry VIII. that has been disinterred?" she asked with a slight show of scorn. Indeed, she seldom loses an opportunity of sticking another needle into her mental image of that poor monarch.

"Oh no: it is something much more interesting. It is a murderer."

"A murderer!"

"Yes, madame, but you need not feel alarmed. He is caged—he will not bite. All these good people are going in to look at him."

"I would not look at the horrid creature for worlds."

"He is not a monster of iniquity," I tell her. "On the contrary, he is a harmless creature and deserves your pity. All he did was to kill his wife."

"And I suppose they will punish him with three months' imprisonment," says Queen Tita, "whereas they would give him seven years if he had stolen a purse with half a crown in it."

"Naturally. I consider three months a great deal too much, however. Doubtless she contradicted him."

"But it is not true, Tita," says Bell: "none of us knew that the murderer was in the castle until this moment. How can you believe that he killed his wife?"

"There may be a secret sympathy between these two," says my lady with a wicked laugh in her eyes, "which establishes a communication between them which we don't understand. You know the theory of brain-waves. But it is hard that the one should be within the prison and the other without."

"Yes, it's very hard for the one without. The one inside the prison has got rid of his torment and escaped into comparative quiet."

She is a dutiful wife. She never retorts—when she hasn't a retort ready. She takes my arm just as if nothing had happened, and we go down from the castle square into the town. And behold! as we enter the gray thoroughfares a wonderful sight comes into view. Down the far white street, where occasional glimpses of sunlight are blown across by the wind, a gorgeous procession is seen to advance—glittering in silver, and colored plumes, and all the pomp and circumstance of a tournament. There is a cry of amazement throughout Lancaster, and from all points of the compass people hurry up. It is just two, and men from the factories, come out for their dinner, stand amazed on the pavement. The procession comes along through the shadow and the sunlight like some gleaming and gigantic serpent with scales of silver and gold. There are noble knights dressed in complete armor and seated on splendid chargers. They bring with them spears and banners and other accessories of war, and their horses are shining with the magnificence of their trappings. There are ladies wearing the historical costumes which are familiar to us in picture-galleries, and they are seated on cream-white palfreys with flowing manes and tails that sweep the ground. Then a resplendent palanquin appears in view drawn by six yellow horses, and waving and trembling with plumes of pink and white. Inside this great and gilded carriage the Queen of Beauty sits enthroned, attended by ladies whose trains of silk and satin shine like the neck of a dove. And the while our eyes are still dazzled with the glory of this slowly-passing pageant, the end of it appears in the shape of a smart and natty little trap driven by the proprietor of the circus in plain clothes. The anti-climax is too much. The crowd regard this wretched fellow with disdain. When an historical play is produced, and we are introduced to the majesty of war, and even shown

the king's tent on the battle-field, the common sutler is hidden out of sight. This wretched man's obtrusion of himself was properly resented, for the spectacle of the brilliant procession coming along the gray and white thoroughfares, with a breezy sky overshadowing or lighting it up, was sufficiently imposing, and ought not to have been destroyed by the vanity of a person in plain clothes who wanted to let us know that he was the owner of all this splendor, and who thought he ought to come last, as Noah did on going into the ark.

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds!"—that was the wish I knew lay deep down in Bell's heart as we went away from Lancaster. If Castor and Pollux did their work gallantly, we should sleep to-night in Kendal, and thereafter there would be abundant rest. This last day's journey consisted of thirty-three miles—considerably above our average day's distance—and we had accordingly cut it up into three portions. From Garstang to Lancaster is eleven miles; from Lancaster to Burton is eleven miles; from Burton to Kendal is eleven miles. Now, Burton is in Westmoreland, and once within her own county Bell knew she was at home.

'Twas a perilous sort of day in which to approach the region of northern lakes. In the best of weather the great mass of mountains that stand on the margin of the sea, ready to condense any moist vapors that may float in from the west and south, play sudden tricks sometimes and drown the holiday-makers whom the sun has drawn out of the cottages, houses and hotels up in the deep valleys. But here there were abundant clouds racing and chasing each other like the folks who sped over Cannobie Lea to overtake the bride of young Lochinvar; and now and again the wind would drive down on us the flying fringes of one of these masses of vapor, producing a temporary fear. Bell cared least for these premonitions. She would not even cover herself with a cloak. Many a time we could see raindrops glimmering in her brown hair and dripping from the flowers that she had again

twisted in the folds; but she sat erect and glad, with a fine color in her face that the wet breeze only heightened. When we got up to Slyne and Bolton-le-sands, and came in sight of the long sweep of Morecambe Bay, she paid no attention to the fact that all along the far margin of the sea the clouds had melted into a white belt of rain. It was enough for her that the sun was out there too, sometimes striking with a pale silvery light on the plain of the sea, sometimes throwing a stronger color on the long curve of level sand. A wetter or windier sight never met the view of an apprehensive traveler than that great stretch of sea and sky. The glimmer of the sun only made the moisture in the air more apparent as the gray clouds were sent flying up from the south-west. We could not tell whether the sea was breaking white or not, but the fierce blowing of the wind was apparent in the hurrying trails of cloud and the rapidly-shifting shafts of sunlight that now and again shot down on the sands.

"Bell," said Tita with a little anxiety, "you used to pride yourself on being able to forecast the weather when you lived up among the hills. Don't you think we shall have a wet afternoon?—and we have nearly twenty miles to go yet!"

The girl laughed.

"Mademoiselle acknowledges we shall have a little rain," said the lieutenant with a grim smile. If Bell was good at studying the appearances of the sky, he had acquired some skill in reading the language of her eloquent face.

"Why," says one of the party, "a deaf man down in a coal-pit could tell what sort of afternoon we shall have. The wind is driving the clouds up. The hills are stopping them on the way. When we enter Westmoreland we shall find the whole forces of the rain-fiends drawn out in array against us. But that is nothing to Bell, so long as we enter Westmoreland."

"Ah, you shall see," remarks Bell: "we may have a little rain this evening."

"Yes, that is very likely," said the lieutenant, who seemed greatly tickled by this frank admission.

"But to-morrow, if this strong wind keeps up all right, would you be astonished to find Kendal with its stone houses all shining white in the sun?"

"Yes, I should be astonished."

"You must not provoke the proph-
etess," says my lady, who is rather nervous about rainy weather, "or she will turn round on you and predict all sorts of evil."

We could not exactly tell when we crossed the border line of Westmoreland, or doubtless Bell would have jumped down from the phaeton to kneel and kiss her native soil; but at all events when we reached the curious little village of Burton we knew we were then in Westmoreland, and Bell ushered us into the ancient hostelry of the Royal Oak as if she had been the proprietress of that and all the surrounding country. In former days Burton was doubtless a place of importance, when the stage-coaches stopped here before plunging into the wild mountain-country, and in the inn, which remains pretty much what it was in the last generation, were abundant relics of the past. When the lieutenant and I returned from the stables to the old-fashioned little parlor and the museum of the place, we found Bell endeavoring to get some quivering, trembling, metallic notes out of the piano, that was doubtless a fine piece of furniture at one time. A piece of yellow ivory informed the beholder that this venerable instrument had been made by "Thomas Tomkison, Dean street, Soho, Manufacturer to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent." And what was this that Bell was hammering out?—

The standard on the braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely!
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
Is sounding lang and clearly!
The Highlandmen, from hill and glen,
In martial hue, wi' bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades,
Are coming late and early.

How the faded old instrument groaned and quivered as if it were struggling to get up some martial sentiment of its half-forgotten youth! It did its best to pant after that rapid and stirring air, and labored and jangled in a pathetic

fashion through the chords. It seemed like some poor old pensioner, decrepit and feeble-eyed, who sees a regiment passing with their band playing, and who tries to straighten himself up as he hears the tread of the men, and would fain step out to the sound of the music, but that his thin legs tremble beneath him. The wretched old piano struggled hard to keep up with the "Gathering of the Clans" as they hastened on to the braes o' Mar:

Wha wouldna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry;
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure and gallant Harry:
Macdonald's men,
Clan Ranald's men,
M'Kenzie's men,
MacGilvray's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowland men
Of Callender and Airlie?—

until my lady put her hand gently on Bell's shoulder and said, "My dear, this is worse than eating green apples."

Bell shut down the lid. "It is time for this old thing to be quiet," she said. "The people who sang with it when it was in its prime, they cannot sing any more now, and it has earned its rest."

Bell uttered these melancholy words as she turned to look out of the window. It was rather a gloomy afternoon. There was less wind visible in the motion of the clouds, but in place of the flying and hurrying masses of vapor, an ominous pall of gray was visible, and the main thoroughfare of Burton-in-Kendal was gradually growing moister under a slow rain. Suddenly Bell said, "Is it possible for Arthur to have reached Kendal?"

The lieutenant looked up with something of a frown on his face.

"Yes," I say to her, "if he keeps up the pace with which he started. Thirty miles a day in a light dog-cart will not seriously damage the major's cob, if only he gets a day's rest now and again."

"Then perhaps Arthur may be coming along this road just now?"

"He may, but it is hardly likely. He would come over by Kirkby Lonsdale."

"I think we should be none the worse for his company if he were to arrive,"

says Tita with a little apprehension, "for it will be dark long before we get to Kendal; and on such a night, too, as we are likely to have!"

"Then let us start at once, madame," said the lieutenant. "The horses will be ready to be put in harness now, I think, and they must have as much time for the rest of the journey as we can give them. Then the waterproofs—I will have them all taken out, and the rugs. We shall want much more than we have, I can assure you of that. And the lamps—we shall want them too."

The lieutenant walked off to the stables with these weighty affairs of state possessing his mind. He was as anxious to preserve these two women from suffering a shower of rain as if he thought they were made of bride-cake. Out in the yard we found him planning the disposal of the rugs with the eye of a practiced campaigner, and taking every boy and man in the place into his confidence. Whatever embarrassment his imperfect English might cause him in a drawing-room, there was no need to guard his speech in a stable-yard. But sometimes our Uhlan was puzzled. What could he make, for example, of the following sentence, addressed to him by a worthy ostler at Garstang: "Yaas, an ah gied'n a aff booket o' chilled watter after ah'd weshen 'n'?" Of the relations of the lieutenant with the people whom he thus casually encountered, it may be said generally that he was "hail-fellow-well-met" with any man who seemed of a frank and communicable disposition. With a good-natured landlord or groom he would stand for any length of time talking about horses, their food, their ways and the best methods of doctoring them. But when he encountered a sulky ostler the unfortunate man had an evil time of it. His temper was not likely to be improved by the presence of this lounging young soldier, who stood whistling at the door of the stable and watching that every bit of the grooming was performed to a nicety, who examined the quality of the oats and was not content with the hay, and who calmly stood by the horses' heads until he had seen

the animals eat every grain of corn that had been put in the manger.

A vague proposition that we should remain at Burton for that night was unanimously rejected. Come what might, we should start in Kendal with a clear day before us; and what mattered this running through our final stage in rain? A more feasible proposition, that both the women should sit in front, so as to get the benefit of the hood, was rejected, because neither of them would assume the responsibility of driving in the dark. But here a new and strange difficulty occurred. Of late, Bell and the lieutenant had never sat together in the phaeton. Now the lieutenant declared it was much more safe that the horses should be driven by their lawful owner, who was accustomed to them. Accordingly, my post was in front. Thereupon, Bell, with many protestations of endearment, insisted on Queen Tita having the shelter of the hood. Bell, in fact, would not get up until she had seen my lady safely ensconced there and swathed up like a mummy: it followed, accordingly, that Bell and her companion were hidden from us by the hood; and the last of our setting-out arrangements was simply this—that the lieutenant absolutely and firmly refused to wear his waterproof, because, as he said, it would only have the effect of making the water run in streams on to Bell's tartan plaid. The girl put forward all manner of entreaties in vain. The foolish young man—he was on the headstrong side of thirty—would not hear of it.

So we turned the horses' heads to the north. Alas! over the mountainous country before us there lay an ominous darkness of sky. As we skirted Curwen Woods and drove by within sight of Clawthorpe Fell, the road became more hilly and more lonely, and it seemed as if we were to plunge into an unknown region inhabited only by mountains and hanging clouds. But it was at such gloomy moments we found that our spirits invariably rose to their highest pitch. We could hear Bell laughing and chatting to the lieutenant about what we should have to endure before

we got to Kendal. As the wind rose slightly and blew the light waves of her laughter about, Tita called through to her and asked her to sing again that "Gathering of the Clans" on the breezy braes o' Mar. But what would the wild mountain-spirits have done to us had they heard the twanging of a guitar up in this dismal region, to say nothing of the rain that would have destroyed the precious instrument for ever? For it was now pattering considerably on the top of the hood, and the wind had once more begun to blow. The darkness grew apace. The winding gray thread of the road took us up hill and down dale, twisting through a variegated country, of which we could see little but the tall hedges each side of us. The rain increased. The wind blew it about, and moaned through the trees, and made a sound in the telegraph-wires overhead. These tall gray poles were destined to be an excellent guide to us. As the gloom gathered over us we grew accustomed to the monotonous rising and falling of the pale road, while here and there we encountered a great pool of water, which made the younger of the horses swerve from time to time. By and by we knew it would be impossible to make out any finger-post, so that the murmuring of the telegraph-wires in the wind promised to tell us if we were still keeping the correct route to Kendal.

So we plunged on in the deepening twilight, splashing into the shallow pools and listening to the whistling of the wind and the hissing of the rain. Bell had made no attempt to call out the clans on this wild night, and both of the young folks had for the most part relapsed into silence, unless when they called to us some consolatory message or assurance that on the whole they rather enjoyed getting wet. But at last the lieutenant proposed that he should get down and light the lamps; and, indeed, it was high time.

He got down. He came round to the front. Why the strange delay of his movements? He went round again to his seat, kept searching about for what seemed an unconscionable time, and

then coming back, said rather diffidently, "Do you happen to have a match with you?"

"No," said I; and at the same moment Tita broke into a bright laugh.

She knew the shame and mortification that were now on the face of the lieutenant, if only there had been more light to see him as he stood there. To have an old campaigner tricked in this way! He remained irresolute for a second or two, and then he said in accents of profound vexation, "It is such stupidity as I never saw. I did leave my case in the inn. Madame, you must pardon me this ridiculous thing, and we must drive on until we come to a house."

A house! The darkness had now come on so rapidly that twenty houses would scarcely have been visible, unless with yellow lights burning in their windows. There was nothing for it but to urge on our wild career as best we might, while we watched the telegraph-posts to tell us how the road went, and Castor and Pollux, with the wet streaming down them, dragged the four wheels through the water and mud.

Tita had been making merry on our mishap, but this jocularity died away in view of the fact that at every moment there was a chance of our driving into a ditch. She forgot to laugh in her efforts to make out the road before us; and at last when we drove into an avenue of trees under which there was pitch blackness, and as we felt that the horses were going down a hill, she called out to stop, so that one of us should descend and explore the way.

A blacker night has not occurred since the separating of light and darkness at the creation; and when the lieutenant had got to the horses' heads it was with the greatest difficulty he could induce them to go forward and down the hill. He had himself to feel his way in a very cautious fashion; and indeed his man-aging to keep the phaeton somewhere about the middle of the road until we had got from under this black avenue must be regarded as a feat. He had scarcely got back into his seat when the rain, which had been coming down pretty

heavily, now fell in torrents. We could hear it hissing in the pools of the road and all around us on the trees and hedges, while the phaeton seemed to be struggling through a waterfall. No plaids, rugs, mackintoshes or other device of man could keep this deluge out; and Tita, with an air of calm resignation, made the remark that one of her shoes had come off and floated away. To crown all, we suddenly discovered that the telegraph-posts had abandoned us and gone off along another road.

I stopped the horses. To miss one's way in the wilds of Westmoreland on such a night was no joke.

"Now, Bell, what has become of your knowledge of this district? Must we go back and follow the telegraph-wires? Or shall we push on on chance?"

"I can neither see nor speak for the rain," cries Bell out of the darkness. "But I think we ought to follow the telegraph-wires. They are sure to lead to Kendal."

"With your permission, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant, who was once more down in the road, "I think it would be a pity to go back. If we drive on we must come to a village somewhere."

"They don't happen so often in Westmoreland as you might expect," says Bell despondently.

"If you will wait here, then, I will go forward and see if I can find a house," says the lieutenant, at which Queen Tita laughs again, and says we should all be washed away before he returned.

The lieutenant struggles into his seat. We push on blindly. The rain is still thundering down on us, and we wonder whether we are fated to find ourselves in the early dawn somewhere about Wast Water or Coniston.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light in the distance, and privately pointed it out to Queen Titania.

"'Tis a turnpike, as I am a living navigator!" exclaimed the adventurous man.

A gun would have been fired from the deck of the *Pinta* to announce these joyful tidings, only that the rain had washed

away our powder. But now that we were cheered with the sight of land, we pushed ahead gallantly. The light grew in size and intensity: there could be no doubt this wild region was inhabited by human beings; and at last a native appeared, who addressed us in a tongue which we managed with some difficulty to understand, and, having exacted from us a small gift, he allowed us to proceed.

Once more we plunge into darkness and wet, but we know that Kendal is near. Just as we are approaching the foot of the hill, however, on which the town stands a wild shriek from Titania startles the air. The black shadow of a dog-cart is seen to swerve across in front of the horses' heads, and just skims by our wheels. The wrath that dwelt in my lady's heart with regard to the two men in this phantom vehicle need not be expressed; for what with the darkness of the trees, and the roaring of the wind and rain, and the fact of these two travelers coming at a fine pace along the wrong side of the road, we just escaped a catastrophe.

But we survived that danger, too, as we survived the strife of the elements. We drove up into the town. We wheeled round by the archway of still another King's Arms; and presently a half-drowned party of people, with their eyes not yet accustomed to the darkness, wholly bewildered with the light, were standing in the warm and yellow glare of the hotel. There was a fluttering of dripping waterproofs, a pulling asunder of soaked plaids, and a drying of wet and gleaming cheeks that were red with the rain. The commotion raised by our entrance was alarming: you would have thought we had taken possession of this large, warm, comfortable old-fashioned inn. A thousand servants seemed to be scampering about the house to assist us; and by and by, when all those moist garments had been taken away and other and warmer clothing put on, and a steaming and fragrant banquet placed on the table, you should have seen the satisfaction that dwelt on every face. Arthur had not come: at least, no one had been making inquiries for us. There

was nothing for us but to attack the savory feast, and relate with laughter and with gladness all the adventures of the day, until you would have thought that the grave mother of those two boys at Twickenham had grown merry with the champagne, whereas she had not yet tasted the wine that was frothing and creaming in her glass.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALL ABOUT WINDERMERE.

O meekest dove

Of Heaven! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and fair!
From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of tempered light
Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scared.

It is a pleasant thing, especially in holiday-time, when one happens to have gone to bed with the depressing consciousness that outside the house the night is wild and stormy—rain pouring ceaselessly down and the fine weather sped away to the south—to catch a sudden glimmer, just as one opens one's eyes in the morning, of glowing green, where the sunlight is quivering on the waving branches of the trees. The new day is a miracle of freshness. The rain has washed the leaves, and the wind is shaking and rustling them in the warm light. You throw open the window, and the breeze that comes blowing in is sweet with the smell of the country. It is a new, bright, joyous day, and the rain and the black night have fled together.

Bell's audacity in daring to hope we might have a fine morning after that wild evening had almost destroyed our belief in her weather-foresight; but sure enough, when we got up on the following day, the stone houses of Kendal were shining in the sun, and a bright light coloring up the faces of the country-people who had come into the town on early business. And what was this we heard?—a simple and familiar air that carried my lady back to that small church in Surrey over which she presides, sung carelessly and lightly by a young lady who certainly did not know that she could be overheard:

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore.

Bell was at her orisons, but as the hymn only came to us in fitful and uncertain snatches, we concluded that the intervals were filled up by that light-hearted young woman twisting up the splendid folds of her hair. There was no great religious fervor in her singing, to be sure. Sometimes the careless songstress forgot to add the words, and let us have fragments of the pretty air, of which she was particularly fond. But there was no reason at all why this pious hymn should be suddenly forsaken for the "rataplan, rataplan, rataplan—rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan," of the "Daughter of the Regiment."

When we went down stairs Bell was gravely perusing the morning papers. At this time the government were hurrying their ballot bill through the House, and the daily journals were full of clauses, amendments and divisions. Bell wore rather a puzzled look, but she was so deeply interested—whether with the "Parliamentary Summary" or the "Fashionable Intelligence" can only be guessed—that she did not observe our entering the room. My lady went gently forward to her and said,

"Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields—"

The girl looked up with a start, and with a little look of alarm.

"Young ladies," observed Tita, "who have a habit of humming airs during their toilet ought to be sure that their room is not separated by a very thin partition from any other room."

"If it was only you, I don't care."

"It mightn't have been only me."

"There is no great harm in a hymn," says Bell.

"But when one mixes up a hymn with that wicked song which Maria and the sergeant sing together? Bell, we will forgive you everything this morning. You are quite a witch with the weather, and you shall have a kiss for bringing us such a beautiful day."

The morning salutation is performed.

"Isn't there enough of that to go round?" says the third person of the

group. "Bell used to kiss me dutifully every morning. But a French writer has described a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve and begins again at twenty."

"A French writer!" says Tita. "No French writer ever said anything so impertinent and so stupid. The French are a cultivated nation, and their wit never takes the form of rudeness."

A nation or a man—it is all the same—attack either, and my lady is ready with a sort of formal warranty of character.

"But why, Tita," says Bell, with just a trifle of protest in her voice—"why do you always praise the French nation? Other nations are as good as they are."

The laughter that shook the coffee-room of the King's Arms in Kendal when this startling announcement was made cannot be conveyed in words. There was something so audaciously ingenuous in Bell's protest that even Tita laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, and then she kissed Bell and asked her pardon, and remarked that she was ready to acknowledge at any moment that the German nation was as good as the French nation.

"I did not mean anything of the kind," says Bell, looking rather shamefaced. "What does it matter to me what any one thinks of the German nation?"

That was a true observation, at least. It did not matter to her nor to anybody. The anthropomorphic abstractions which we call nations are very good pegs to hang prejudices on, but they do not suffer much or gain much by any opinion we may form of their "characteristics."

"Where is Count von Rosen?" says Tita.

"I do not know," answered Bell with an excellent assumption of indifference. "I have not seen him this morning. Probably he will come in and tell us that he has been to Windermere."

"No, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant, entering the room at the same moment, "I have not been to Windermere,

but I am very anxious to go, for the morning is very fresh and good, and is it possible to say that it will remain fine all the day? We may start directly after breakfast. I have looked at the horses. They are all very well, and have suffered nothing from the rain: they are looking contented and comfortable after the bran-mash of last night, and to-morrow they will start again very well."

"And you have heard nothing of Arthur?" asks my lady.

"No."

Was the lieutenant likely to have been scouring the country in search of that young man?

"It is very strange! If he found himself unable to get here by the time he expected to meet us, it is a wonder he did not send on a message. I hope he has met with no accident."

"No, there is no fear, madame," said the lieutenant: "he will overtake us soon. He may arrive to-night, or to-morrow before we go—he cannot make a mistake about finding us. But you do not propose to wait anywhere for him?"

"No," I say decisively, "we don't. Or if we do wait for him it will not be in Kendal."

The lieutenant seemed to think that Arthur would overtake us soon enough, and need not further concern us. But my lady appeared to be a little anxious about the safety of the young man until it was shown us that, after all, Arthur might have been moved to give the major's cob a day's rest somewhere, in which case he could not possibly have reached Kendal by this time.

We go out into the sunlit and breezy street. We can almost believe Bell that there is a peculiar sweetness in the Westmoreland air. We lounge about the quaint old town, which, perched on the steep slope of a hill, has sometimes those curious juxtapositions of doorstep and chimney-pot which are familiar to the successive terraces of Dartmouth. We go down to the green banks of the river, and the lieutenant is bidden to observe how rapid and clear the brown stream is, even after coming through the dyeing- and bleaching-works. He is walking on

in front with Bell. He does not strive to avoid her now—on the contrary, they are inseparable companions—but my lady puzzles herself in vain to discover what are their actual relations toward each other at this time. They do not seem anxious or dissatisfied. They appear to have drifted back into those ordinary friendly terms of intercourse which had marked their setting-out; but how is this possible after what occurred in Wales? As neither has said anything to us about these things, nothing is known: these confidences have been invariably voluntary, and my lady is quite well pleased that Bell should manage her own affairs.

Certainly if Bell was at this time being pressed to decide between Von Rosen and Arthur, that unfortunate youth from Twickenham was suffering grievously from an evil fortune. Consider what advantages the lieutenant had in accompanying the girl into this dreamland of her youth, when her heart was opening out to all sorts of tender recollections, and when, to confer a great gratification upon her, you had only to say that you were pleased with Westmoreland and its sunlight and its people and scenery. What adjectives that perfervid Uhlan may have been using—and he was rather a good hand at expressing his satisfaction with anything—we did not try to hear; but Bell wore her brightest and happiest looks. Doubtless the lieutenant was telling her that there was no water in the world could turn out such brilliant colors as those we saw bleaching on the meadows, that no river in the world ran half so fast as the Kent, and that no light could compare with the light of a Westmoreland sky in beautifying and clarifying the varied hues of the landscape that lay around. He was greatly surprised with the old-fashioned streets when we had clambered up to the town again. He paid particular attention to the railway-station. When a porter caught a boy back from the edge of the platform and angrily said to him, "Wut's thee doin' theear, an' the traäin a-coomin' oop?" he made as though he understood the man. This was Bell's coun-

try, and everything in it was profoundly interesting.

However, when the train had once got away from the station, and we found ourselves being carried through the fresh and pleasant landscape, with a cool wind blowing in at the window, and all the trees outside bending and rustling in the breeze, it was not merely out of compliment to Bell that he praised the brightness of the day and the beauty of the country around.

"And it is so comforting to think of the horses enjoying a day's thorough rest," said Tita, "for when we start again to-morrow they will have to attack some hard work."

"Only at first," said Bell, who was always ready to show that she knew the road: "the first mile or so is hilly, but after that the road goes down to Windermere and runs along by the lake to Ambleside. It is a beautiful drive through the trees, and if we get a day like this—"

No wonder she turned to look out with pride and delight on the great and glowing picture that lay around us, the background of which had glimpses of blue mountains lying pale and misty under light masses of cloud. The small stations we passed were smothered in green foliage. Here and there we caught sight of a brown rivulet or a long avenue of trees arching over a white road. And then, in an incredibly short space of time, we found ourselves outside the Windermere station, standing in the open glare of the day.

For an instant a look of bewilderment, and even of disappointment, appeared on Bell's face. Evidently, she did not know the way. The houses that had sprung up of late years were strangers to her—strangers that seemed to have no business there. But whereas the new buildings and the cutting of terraces and alterations of gardens were novel and perplexing phenomena, the general features of the neighborhood remained the same, and after a momentary hesitation she hit upon the right path up to Elleray, and thereafter was quite at home.

Now there rests in our Bell's mind a

strange superstition that she can remember, as a child, having sat upon Christopher North's knee. The story is wholly impossible and absurd, for Wilson died in the year in which Bell was born, but she nevertheless preserves the fixed impression of having seen the kingly old man, and wondered at his long hair and great collar, and listened to his talking to her. Out of what circumstance in her childhood this curious belief may have arisen is a psychological conundrum which Tita and I have long ago given up; and Bell herself cannot even suggest any other celebrated person of the neighborhood who may, in her infancy, have produced a profound impression on her imagination, and caused her to construct a confused picture into which the noble figure of the old professor had somehow and subsequently been introduced; but none the less she asks us how it is that she can remember exactly the expression of his face and eyes as he looked down on her, and how even to this day she can recall the sense of awe with which she regarded him, even as he was trying to amuse her.

The lieutenant knew all about this story; and it was with a great interest that he went up to Elleray Cottage and saw the famous chestnut which Christopher North has talked of to the world. It was as if some relative of Bell's had lived in this place—some foster-father or grand-uncle who had watched her youth; and who does not know the strange curiosity with which a lover listens to stories of the childhood of his sweetheart or meets any one who knew her in those old and half-forgotten years? It seems a wonderful thing to him that he should not have known her then—that all the world at that time, so far as he knew, was unconscious of her magical presence; and he seeks to make himself familiar with her earliest years, to nurse the delusion that he has known her always, and that ever since her entrance into the world she has belonged to him. In like manner let two lovers who have known each other for a number of years begin to reveal to each other when the

first notion of love entered their mind: they will insensibly shift the date farther and farther back, as if they would blot out the pallid and colorless time in which they were stupid enough not to have found out their great affection for each other. The lieutenant was quite vexed that he knew little of Professor Wilson's works. He said he would get them all the moment that he went back to London; and when Bell, as we lingered about the grounds of Elleray, told him how that there was a great deal of Scotch in the books, and how the old man whom she vaguely recollected had written about Scotland, and how that she had about as great a longing, when she was buried away down south in the commonplaceness of London and Surrey, to smell the heather and see the lovely glens and the far-reaching sea-lakes of Scotland as to reach her own native Westmoreland, the lieutenant began to nurture thoughts of affection for Scotland, and wondered when we should get there.

I cannot describe in minute detail our day's ramble about Windermere. It was all a dream to us. Many years had come and gone since those of us who were familiar with the place had been there; and somehow, half unconsciously to ourselves, we kept trying to get away from the sight of new people and new houses, and to discover the old familiar features of the neighborhood that we had loved. Once or twice there was in Tita's eyes a moisture she could scarce conceal, and the light of gladness on Bell's bright face was preserved there chiefly through her efforts to instruct the lieutenant, which made her forget old memories. She was happy, too, in hitting on the old paths. When we went down from Elleray through the private grounds that lie along the side of the hill, she found no difficulty whatever in showing us how we were to get to the lake. She took us down through a close and sweet-smelling wood, where the sunlight only struggled at intervals through the innumerable stems and leaves, and lit up the brackens and other ferns and underwood. There was a stream running down close by, that

plashed and gurgled down its stony channel. As we got farther down the slope the darkness of the avenue increased; and then all at once, at the end of the trees, we came in sight of a blinding glare of white—the level waters of the lake.

And then, when we left the wood and stood on the shore, all the fair plain of Windermere lay before us, wind-swept and troubled, with great dashes of blue along its surface, and a breezy sky moving overhead. Near at hand there were soft green hills shining in the sunlight, and farther off long and narrow promontories piercing out into the water with their dark line of trees growing almost black against the silver glory of the lake. But then again the hurrying wind would blow away the shadow of the cloud; a beam of sunlight would run along the line of trees, making them glow green above the blue of the water; and from this moving and shifting and glowing picture we turned to the far and ethereal masses of the Langdale Pikes and the mountains above Ambleside, which changed as the changing clouds were blown over from the west.

We got a boat and went out into the wilderness of water and wind and sky. Now we saw the reedy shores behind us, and the clear and shallow water at the brink of which we had been standing receiving the troubled reflection of the woods. Out here the beautiful islands of Lady Holm, Thompson's Holm and Belle Isle were shimmering in green. Far up there in the north the slopes and gullies of the great mountains were showing a thousand hues of soft velvet-like grays and blues, and even warming up into a pale yellowish-green where a ray of the sunlight struck the lower slopes. Over by Furness Fells the clouds lay in heavier masses and moved slowly, but elsewhere there was a brisk motion over the lake, that changed its beauties even as one looked at them.

"Mademoiselle," observed the lieutenant, as if a new revelation had broken upon him, "all that you have said about your native country is true; and now I understand why that you did weary in

London and think very much of your own home."

Perhaps he thought, too, that there was but one county in England or in the world that could have produced this handsome, courageous, generous and right-minded English girl, for such are the exaggerations that lovers cherish.

We put into Bowness, and went up to the Crown Hotel there. In an instant—as rapidly as Alloway Kirk became dark when Tam o' Shanter called out—the whole romance of the day went clean out and was extinguished. How any of God's creatures could have come to dress themselves in such fashion, amid such scenery, our young Uhlan professed himself unable to tell; but here were men, apparently in their proper senses, wearing such comicalities of jackets and resplendent knickerbockers as would have made a harlequin blush, with young ladies tarred and feathered, as it were, with staring stripes and alarming petticoats and sailors' hats of straw. Why should the borders of a lake be provocative of these mad eccentricities? Who that has wandered about the neighborhood of Zurich, Lucerne and Thun does not know the wild freaks which Englishmen (far more than Englishwomen) will permit to themselves in dress? We should have fancied those gentlemen with the variegated knickerbockers had just come down from the Righi (by rail), if they had had alpenstocks and snow-spectacles with them; and indeed it was a matter for surprise that these familiar appurtenances were absent from the shores of Windermere.

My lady looked at the strange people rather askance.

"My dear," says Bell in an undertone, "they are quite harmless."

"Yes," continued the lieutenant, glancing up at the sign in front of the building, "it *is* a hotel. It is not an institution for the insane."

We had a luncheon in a corner of the great room. Dinner was already laid, and our plain meal seemed to borrow a certain richness from that long array of colored wine-glasses. Bell considered the sight rather pretty, but my lady be-

gan to wonder how much crystal the servants would have broken by the time we got back to Surrey. Then we went down to the lake again, stepped into a small steamer and stood out to sea.

It was now well on in the afternoon, and the masses of cloud that came rolling over from the west and south-west, when they clung to the summits of the mountains, threw a deeper shadow on the landscape beneath. Here and there, too, as the evening wore on, and we had steamed up within sight of the small island that is called Seamew Crag, we occasionally saw one of the great heaps of cloud get melted down into a gray mist that for a few minutes blotted out the side of a mountain. Meanwhile the sun had also got well up to the north-west, and as the clouds came over and swept about the peaks of Langdale a succession of the wildest atmospheric effects became visible. Sometimes a great gloom would overspread the whole landscape, and we began to anticipate a night of rain; then a curious saffron glow would appear behind the clouds; then a great smoke of gray would be seen to creep down the hill; and finally the sunlight would break through, shining on the retreating vapor and on the wet sides of the hills. Once or twice a light trail of cloud passed across the lake and threw a slight shower of rain upon us, but when we got to Ambleside the clouds had been for the most part driven by, and the clear heavens, irradiated by a beautiful twilight, tempted us to walk back to Windermere village by the road.

You may suppose that that was a pleasant walk for those two young folks. Everything had conspired to please Bell during the day, and she was in a dangerously amiable mood. As the dusk fell, and the white water gleamed through the trees by the margin of the lake, we walked along the winding road without meeting a solitary creature, and Queen Titania gently let our young friends get on ahead, so that we could only see the two dark figures pass underneath the dark avenues of trees.

"Did you ever see a girl more happy?" she says.

"Yes, once—at Eastbourne."

Tita laughs in a low, pleased way, for she is never averse to recalling those old days.

"I was very stupid then," she says.

That is a matter upon which she, of course, ought to be able to speak. It would be unbecoming to interfere with the right of private judgment.

"Besides," she remarks, audaciously, "I did not mean half I said. Don't you imagine I meant half what I said. It was all making fun, you know, wasn't it?"

"It has been deadly earnest since."

"Poor thing!" she says in the most sympathetic way; and there is no saying what fatal thunderbolt she might have launched had not her attention been called away just then.

For as we went along in the twilight it seemed to us that the old moss-covered wall was beginning to throw a slight shadow, and that the pale road was growing warmer in hue. Moved by the same impulse, we turned suddenly to the lake, and lo! out there beyond the trees, a great yellow glory was lying on the bosom of Windermere, and somewhere, hidden by the dark branches, the low moon had come into the clear violet sky. We walked on until we came to a clearance in the trees, and there, just over the opposite shore, the golden sickle lay in the heavens, the purple of which was suffused by the soft glow. It was a wonderful twilight. The ripples that broke in among the reeds down at the shore quivered in lines of gold, and a little bit farther out a small boat lay black as night in the path of the moonlight. The shadow cast by the wall grew stronger, and now the trees too cast black bars across the yellow road. The two lovers paid no heed to these things for a long time: they wandered on, engrossed in talk. But at length we saw them stop and turn toward the lake, while Bell looked back at us, with her face getting a faint touch of the glory coming over from the south.

All the jesting had gone out of Bell's face. She was as grave and gentle and thoughtful when we reached the two of

them as Undine was on the day after her marriage, and insensibly she drew near to Tita and took her away from us, and left the lieutenant and myself to follow. That young gentleman was as solemn as though he had swallowed the Longer Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith. He admitted that it was a beautiful evening. He made a remark about the scenery of the district which would have served admirably as a motto for one of those views that stationers put at the head of their note-paper. And then, with some abruptness, he asked what we should do if Arthur did not arrive in Kendal that night or next day.

"If Arthur does not come to-night, we shall probably have some dinner at the King's Arms. If he does not come in the morning, we may be permitted to take some breakfast. And then, if his staying away does not alter the position of Windermere, we shall most likely drive along this very road to-morrow forenoon. But why this solemn importance conferred on Arthur all of a sudden?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you."

"Nobody asked you."

"But I will give you a very good cigar, my dear friend."

"That is a great deal better, but let it be old and dry."

And so we got back to Windermere station and took train to Kendal. By the time we were walking up through the streets of the old town the moon had swam farther up into the heavens, and its light, now a pale silver, was shining along the fronts of the houses.

We went into the inn. No message from Arthur. A little flutter of dismay disturbs the women, until the folly of imagining all manner of accidents merely because an erratic young man takes a day longer to drive to Kendal than they had anticipated, is pointed out to them. Then dinner, and Bell appears in her prettiest dress, so that even Tita, when she comes into the room, kisses her, as if the girl had performed a specially virtuous action in merely choosing out of a milliner's shop a suitable color.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—"I hope I am revealing no secrets, but it would be a great pity if any one thought that Bell was *heartless* or *indifferent*—a mistake that might occur when she is written about by one who makes a jest about *the most serious moments* in one's life. Now it was quite pitiable to see how the poor girl was troubled as we walked home that night by the side of Windermere. She as good as confessed to me—not in words, you know, for between women the least hint is *quite sufficient*, and saves a great deal of embarrassment—that she very much liked the lieutenant and admired his character, and that she was extremely vexed and sorry that she had been compelled to refuse him when he made her an offer. She told me, too, that he had pressed her not to make that decision final, and that she had admitted to him that it was really against her own wish that she had done so. But then she put it to me, as she had put it to him, what she would think of herself if she went and *betrayed* Arthur in this way. Really, I could not see any *betrayal* in the matter; and I asked her whether it would be fair to Arthur to marry him while she secretly would have preferred to marry another. She said she would try all in her power not to marry Arthur, if only he would be reconciled to her breaking with him; but then she immediately added, with an earnestness that I thought very *pathetic*, that if she treated Arthur badly, any other man might fairly expect her to treat him badly too; and if she could not satisfy herself that she had acted rightly throughout, she would not marry at all. It is a great pity I cannot show the readers of these few lines Bell's photograph, or they would see the *down-right absurdity* of such a resolve as that. To think of a girl like her not marrying is simply out of the question; but the danger at this moment was, that in one of these foolish fits of determination she would send the lieutenant away altogether. Then I think there might be a chance of her not marrying at all, for I am *greatly mistaken* if she does not care a good deal more for him than she will

acknowledge. I advised her to tell Arthur frankly how matters stand, but she seems afraid. Under any circumstances, he will be sure to discover the truth; and then it will be far worse for him than

if she made a *full confession* just now, and got rid of all these perplexities and entanglements, which ought not to be throwing a cloud over a young face."]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEINRICH HEINE.

The artist must work from within outward, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality.—GORTHE.

GO out into the garden some summer morning to pluck a rose, and you will perhaps see among the fragrant clusters one superb bud with a faint green mark, like a cicatrice, upon its rounded surface. You may watch that bud from day to day, but you will find that for all its splendid promise it will never open fairly: one side is undeveloped, and a crowd of half-formed petals, in a confused and huddled mass, shows where some insect attacked it in the bud and blighted the perfection of the future blossom.

In reading the poetry, both in prose and verse, of Heinrich Heine, one is haunted often by a discordant tone that betrays something morbid and unhealthy in the writer. The exquisite fancy, the delicate grace of a song is spoiled by the coarse laugh of a satyr in the last line; the tears of tenderness are dried by a flash of scorn; the religious aspiration is stifled by a sneer. It is a renewal of the old struggle of Michael and Satan over the body of Moses. But the more we study Heine's fine and versatile genius, his keen intelligence, his loving heart, his natural aspiration toward the true, the beautiful and the good, the more we become convinced that neither the spirit of the age nor the evil promptings of his own lower nature can alone account for the strange distortion of this noble soul. If this rose, so full, so rich, so fragrant, is so imperfect and so twisted, some blight must have attacked it

in the bud. That disturbing element I believe to have had its origin in a subtle deterioration of the brain, which, commencing perhaps with his very existence, showed itself in various ways throughout his life, until it culminated in the softening of the spinal marrow which, after eight years of intense suffering, resulted in death.

Of Heine's first twenty years we have but little knowledge, the history of those years being covered by an autobiography left in the possession of his family, and as yet unpublished. He was born in Düsseldorf, of Jewish parents, on the 12th of December, 1799. It was a favorite jest of his in after life to say that he was born on the 1st of January, 1800, and must therefore be considered one of the first men of his century. He was sent first to the Franciscan convent of his native place, and here laid the foundations of the intense love for France and Napoleon that inspired him to write at sixteen the spirited ballad of the "Two Grenadiers." In the *Reisebilder* we catch charming glimpses of his childish notions—how, for instance, he wondered what they did with all the old moons; and used to stand before the elector's statue, to whose composition certain silver spoons were fabled to have contributed, and ponder the probable worth of those spoons, and how many apple-tarts they would buy. "Apple-tarts were then my passion," says the poet with a humorous sigh: "now it is love, truth, freedom and crab-soup."

Then came his school-boy troubles with history and arithmetic—studies to

which he, however, confesses his obligation in his usual dry way: "If I had never learned the Roman kings by heart, it might have been a matter of indifference to me in later life whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never really existed. And if I had never learned dates, how should I ever have found my way afterward in that great Berlin, where the houses are as much alike as one drop of water or one grenadier is to another, and where one can't find his acquaintances unless he knows their number? So I associated each of my friends with some historical event whose date corresponded with the number of his house, in order that I might remember the one when I thought of the other; and thus everybody I met suggested to me at once some incident in history. But I had a dreadful time at school with the old numbers; and with regular arithmetic it was still worse. I understood subtraction best, and there was one very practical rule in it: 'Four from three won't go—borrow one;' but I would advise everybody in such cases always to borrow a few dollars more: one never knows what may happen. But as for Latin, you have no idea, madame, what a bother that was. The Romans certainly never would have been able to spare time to conquer the world if they had had to learn Latin first. This fortunate people knew in their very cradles what nouns formed their accusative in *im*. I got on best of all, however, in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnois. Still, I got many a harsh word, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, how much I suffered through *la religion*. At least six times he asked me the question: 'Henri, what is *faith* in French?' And six times, and always with tears, I answered: '*Le crédit*;' and at the seventh time the enraged examiner, fairly black in the face, shouted, 'It is *la religion*!' and blows rained down on me, and all the boys laughed. Madame, since that day I have never heard the word *religion* without feeling my back grow pale with fear and my cheeks red with shame. It just occurs to me that I still owe the landlord

of the 'Lion' at Bologna five thalers. And I should be willing to pledge myself to owe that landlord five thalers more if I might never hear that unhappy word *la religion* again as long as I live."

After some years spent at the Jesuits' College in Düsseldorf, Heine was sent to Hamburg to study commerce. But there was nothing mercantile in the construction of his mind, and he soon left the city of traders to study law in Bonn with A. W. Schlegel. From Bonn he went to Berlin, where he threw himself with great ardor into the study of philosophy under Hegel. "I am by nature a fanatic," writes Heine to his friend Moser, comparing himself with Goethe; "that is, I devote myself passionately to the idea to the point of sacrifice, and something impels me with resistless force to lose myself therein. It is still a great question with me whether the fanatic who abandons his life for the idea is not happier, and does not live more in one instant, than M. Goethe in his egotistical, easy life of sixty-three years."

By this time the young poet was nearly twenty-two, and the correspondence begins that throws occasional glimpses of light upon his personal history. It is in these letters to Moser, Varnhagen and other friends that we trace the progress of the disease that threw an ever-darkening shadow over his life. Again and again he writes of terrible headaches: "*eight days out of seven* I have my headaches," he says with the inevitable jesting turn. Some unfortunate passion also seems to have embittered his youth, for as early as 1820 he writes: "The old sufferings have returned to their old hotel—no other, unfortunately, than my heart;" and in 1823 again: "Having been ill since winter, I have imbibed a larger number of ideas, and my tragedy (to appear in a few years, perhaps) will show if, after having done nothing but reproduce the history of Cupid and Psyche in various forms, I am equal also to singing the war of Troy. Here is the mournful secret of my poetic strength: it is possible also that my physical malady may have imparted something morbid to my last

compositions." And a month after this, writing from Hamburg, he says: "The old passion has broken out again in all its violence. I ought not to have come here."

He was intimate with all the brilliant literary society of Berlin. Hegel, Edward Gans, Varnhagen von Ense and his celebrated wife Rahel, the great philologist Franz Bopp, the poet Chamisso, and many others were among his friends. The spirit of the age was a spirit of revolt, the serene pantheism of Goethe had crumbled into a universal intellectual anarchy. "The century had broken loose from every restraint," says Taillandier: "Germany presented everywhere only images of ruin — noble faiths destroyed, systems at war with each other. She had passed from the most credulous spiritualism to the most terrible intellectual disorder." What wonder, then, if this young poet, with his fiery nature, his morbid brain, his fanatical enthusiasm recoiling from its first contact with the pettiness of life—who sang,

Ich habe die süsse Liebe gesucht,
Und hab' den bittern Hass gefunden;
Ich habe geseufzt, ich habe geflucht,
Ich habe geblutet aus tausend Wunden,—

what wonder that he should grasp eagerly at a philosophy which seemed to recreate the world for him. The first contact of a poetic nature with the world must inevitably produce a recoil: it is only the older and experienced mind that learns to see the real poetry, the tremendous tragedies, that lie beneath the commonplace surface of every-day life.

Heine did not, like Byron, wake one morning to find himself famous. His first book, the *Book of Songs*, published when he was but twenty-three, was received rather coolly—another blow to the enthusiasm of the young poet. The world disappointed him, men delighted him not, women were faithless: in what could he trust, or how reconcile the discordant elements of the intellectual universe so palpably at war all about him? Hegel offered him a solution of the problem that dazzled his vanity and

took his imagination captive. "I never felt a great attraction toward the philosophy of Hegel," he wrote in after life; "and as for an overwhelming conviction of its truth, that I never had at all. I never was a great metaphysician, and I accepted without examination the synthesis of the Hegelian philosophy, whose consequences tickled my vanity. I had never been able to believe that God became man, and I took Hegel at his word when I heard him say that man was God. The idea delighted me: I accepted it in all seriousness, and played my part of divinity to the best of my ability."

In spite of his conviction of his divinity, Heine was none the less disappointed at the quiet reception of his *Book of Songs*, and rushed off to Göttingen, where he threw himself with his usual intensity into his law-studies, and soon obtained his degree of Doctor of Laws. About this time he writes: "The death of Byron has made a great impression upon me. He was the only man to whom I felt a sense of kinship, and we must have been much alike in many things: laugh at me if you choose. I have read him but little for some years: we converse more willingly with those whose character differs from ours. But I always feel at ease with Byron, as with a fellow-soldier with whom one is on a perfect equality." There was, indeed, much that was similar in their natures, although Heine seems the simpler and the sweeter of the two. Byron was bitter to the core: the bad blood of several generations throbbed in his veins, and made his outlook at life dark from the very beginning. A certain necessity of affectation beset him always, as when he quarreled with Thorwaldsen for not making his bust melancholy enough, and insisted on posing with the most tragic expression he could assume. Heine was more sincere: one feels that his grief, as well as his joy, is real, not assumed as becoming the poet. It is not often in these letters to his friends that he says much about himself, but once in a while comes a little revelation, all the more precious because so spon-

taneous and involuntary. Two traits that he notes about this time are like two open doors to let suffering and sorrow into "their old hotel," his heart. "It is not easy for me to tear love from my heart," he writes. "It is this which has caused me so much suffering all my life. What I love I love for ever." He says, "all my life:" he was then twenty-four years old! And then, in a noble discontent, he says: "I am condemned to love only all that is basest and maddest. Do you understand how this must torture a proud and intellectual man?"

In June, 1825, he was baptized into the Lutheran Church at Heiligenstadt—a measure of expediency, for in ceasing to be a Jew he could scarcely be said to become a Christian. Most distinctly all through his life he affirmed and reaffirmed his aversion to any creed, and in a will dated 1848 he says, "By act of baptism I belong to the Christian and Evangelical Church, but my mind has never sympathized with any religious creed; and after having lived as a good pagan, I wish to die without priestly assistance at my funeral." This desire he repeats in his last will, dated 1851, "not as the foolish whim of a skeptic," because for the last four years he had renounced all pride of philosophy, and returned to a simple faith in "one God, the eternal Creator of the world, whose mercy I implore for my immortal soul." The sentiment of religion, the devotional spirit, he finds all-sufficient for the needs of the poetic nature. "The poet, perhaps better than other mortal," he says, "can dispense with positive dogmas, for he is in a state of grace, and before his spirit all symbols are unveiled and all the gates of heaven are opened. To enter therein, I rejoice to say, he has no need of the keys of St. Peter, nor of those of any other church-warden." The poetry of the Roman Catholic worship appealed to his sensibilities as a poet, but he denies (in the notes to the *Romanzero*) ever having been led "into the bosom or over the threshold of any church whatever." His philosophic friends complained bitterly of what they chose

to call "his backsliding into the ancient superstition." "There are certain fanatic priests of unbelief who would willingly have racked me to make me confess my heresies. But fortunately they can command no other instruments of torture *than their own writings*," says the poet with a truly Heinean chuckle.

After his baptism he traveled through Southern Germany and Italy, and the tour bore fruit in the most perfect of Heine's books, the *Reisebilder* (*Pictures of Travel*), published in 1825. It met with an immediate and brilliant success. Full of enthusiasm for France and the French spirit, it was nevertheless strongly tinged with German sentiment—that susceptibility to all the influences of Nature and that peculiar humor abounding in the pages of Jean Paul, which are rarely found in any French writer. The union of German humor and French wit was very remarkable in the *Reisebilder*, and to these Heine added the most airy and delicate grace of fancy and expression in the poems that compose a large and very precious part of the book. Between the publication of the two volumes (1825–1830) he traveled again, and visited England and Italy. The revolution of 1830 seemed to inspire him with a sort of Berserker madness, in which he ran a tilt against all the more conservative ideas of the day. Anything that was endorsed by "Young Germany" was to be approved, everything suspected of Philistinism and respectability to be abolished. Pre-eminently a poet, as he himself confesses, knowing perfectly well the traits of character that unfitted him for a metaphysician or a politician, with his usual eager enthusiasm he rushed into the fray, wrote letters for newspapers and magazines, published articles on France and Germany, and attacked friend and foe with a good deal of impartiality. It was not precisely the case of Don Quixote fighting the windmills: it was rather like the windmill whirling its great vans in furious circles with the chance of at last hitting Don Quixote. His book on France (*Lutetia*) was pronounced by the French critics to be full of both nonsense and

truth, audacity and timid reserve—by turns liberal, St. Simonian, conservative, but always amusing. The worst trait in Heine's character was his savage way of tearing people to pieces. Nothing in the way of personal abuse was too coarse or too severe when the fit was upon him. Even his old master, A. W. Schlegel, was furiously attacked: so was Hegel, whom he had once worshiped. "I have returned like the prodigal son," he says, "after feeding swine a long time with the Hegelians." The worst book he ever wrote was his attack upon Louis Börne, published in 1838—a book which Heine himself afterward regretted, but was too proud to recall.

In 1831 he took up his permanent residence in Paris, which he never left again save for an occasional short visit to some watering-place, or to go to Hamburg once or twice. The trouble in the brain was still creeping on by insidious stages. In March, 1833, he complains of a slight attack of paralysis in the hand, and four years later his eyes begin to fail him. But his indomitable energy still kept him at work. In 1840 he published *Atta Troll*, that brilliant and sparkling satire, wherein an escaped dancing-bear, returned to his native forests, relates to his astonished family and friends the manners and opinions of the world. This was followed by the *Winter-Märchen* and the *Later Poems*; while in 1851 appeared the *Romanzero*, the last thing Heine ever published—a collection of poems full of traces of the terrible sufferings which for more than three years had made his life miserable. One eye had lost its sight entirely, and paralysis attacked the eyelid of the other, obliging him to hold it up whenever he wished to see; and in 1848 the final paralysis and atrophy of the lower limbs began which confined him to his bed for the eight years preceding his death. His handwriting, which had been clear and beautiful, became large, straggling and very indistinct. His last productions were written in bed with a pencil upon scraps of paper, backs of cards, torn envelopes, whatever came to hand, and were exceedingly difficult to deci-

pher. In 1851 he wrote the notes to the *Romanzero*, one of the saddest chapters ever penned. It was in these notes (and in the *Aveux de l'Auteur*) that he makes his confession of faith, and at the same time denies his connection with any special church. "No church-bells have enticed me, no altar-candles dazzled me," he writes. "I have forsworn nothing, not even my old pagan gods, whom I have not exactly abjured, but parted from in love and friendship. It was in May, 1848, on the day I last went out, that I bade farewell to the sweet idol I had worshiped in my happy days. With infinite labor I dragged myself as far as the Louvre, and I nearly broke down as I entered the lofty hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands upon her pedestal. I lay a long while at her feet, and wept so bitterly that even a stone must have pitied me. And the goddess did look compassionately down at me, but with so little comfort that it seemed as though she would say, 'Dost thou not see that I have no arms, and therefore cannot help thee?'"

Could there be a sadder picture than this? Within the shrine of "our beloved Lady of Milo" will lie for evermore a floating shadow across the marble feet, the shadow of the dying poet, who took his last farewell there of the Beauty he could no longer serve. If there be anything more sad, it is the picture he paints of his last days of weary waiting for the release of death: "My body is so excessively shrunken that nothing is left of me but mere voice, and my bed reminds me of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brozeliand in Brittany, underneath high oaks whose branches toss, like green flames, toward heaven. Ah, I envy thee those trees and their fresh waving, Brother Merlin, for not one green leaf rustles over my mattress-grave here in Paris, where early and late I hear only the roar of carriages, hammering, scolding and jingling pianos. A grave without rest, death without the privileges of the dead, who have no bills to pay, no letters and no books

to write,—this is a sorrowful case. My measure was taken long ago for my coffin and for my obituary, but I die so slowly that by this time it has grown to be as tiresome to me as to my friends."

During his last illness a certain Dr. Burger, who had lived many years in Japan, told him that he had taught German to a young Japanese, who had translated the *Book of Songs* into his own language—the first European book ever translated and published in Japanese. "Alas!" writes Heine, "glory, that sugared manna sweet as pineapples and flattery, has been changed into bitterness for me this long time, and seems to me now as bitter as absinthe itself. I have the great soup-dish before me, but I have no spoon. What good does it do me that my health is drunk in the midst of banquets, out of golden cups filled with the most exquisite wines, if during these ovations, lonely and isolated from all the pleasures of the world, I can only moisten my lips with an insipid gruel?"

Heine died on the 17th of February, 1856, and was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre. By his own desire he was laid in the Roman Catholic portion of the ground, in order that his beloved wife, for whose sake he had been married by the Romanist ritual, might one day lie by his side. He was buried early in the morning: the weather was cold, gray and foggy; only a few chosen friends accompanied the little that was left of Heine's wasted body to its last resting-place. The sight of the very large and heavy coffin that held what he used jestingly to call his "spiritualistic skeleton," reminded them of that song in the *Intermezzo*, where Heine bids prepare an enormous coffin, borne upon a bier as long as Mayence bridge by twelve giants, each one stronger than Saint Christopher of Cologne:

They shall carry that bier, and sink it
Under the ocean wave,
For to such a mighty coffin
Befits a mighty grave.

And dost thou know why that coffin
Is made so large and wide?
Because I have buried my love there,
And all my sorrows beside.

The character of Heine has often been misunderstood by students of his poetry, and no wonder—it presents so many contradictions. "Never was nature composed of more varied elements," says Théophile Gautier. "He was at once gay and sad, skeptical and believing, tender and cruel, sentimental and mocking, classic and romantic, German and French, delicate and cynical, enthusiastic and cold-blooded—everything but tiresome." He puzzled his contemporaries all the more because in his moments of excitement he was apt to throw out wild notions of his own character and motives, which were by no means to be taken too seriously; such as his declaration that poetry had been to him but a divine plaything, that he wished to be known only as a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity, and that he was indifferent to poetic fame. Such assertions as these have to be weighed in the balance with the general tenor of his life and his writings before we can ascertain their true value. As an appendix to the second French edition of his book on Germany, he wrote a paper called *Aveux de l'Auteur*, from which may be obtained many valuable revelations of his own character and ideas—revelations fully corroborated by his correspondence and his other works. In this paper he declares himself preeminently the poet. While he considered the emancipation of the people to be the great work of his life, he was yet careful to avoid the slightest contact with the masses, and forsook his atheistical friends, he confesses, not only out of disgust with their irreligion, but because he was afraid of their more or less occult alliance with communism. He loved the people, but he loved them at a distance, to use his own words. A furious democrat of his own country told him that if his hand had been so unfortunate as to touch that of a king, he would hold it in the fire to purify it. Heine answered that if his hand had come in contact with the sovereign people's, he should most certainly wash it.

Such democracy as Heine's was the democracy of the poet, dreaming of

"the parliament of man, the federation of the world," rather than that of an ardent worker in the cause. There is an intense element of aristocracy in the Jewish nature that, added to the Hellenic love of beauty so strongly marked in Heine, would have effectually prevented him from any very close fellowship with the Great Unwashed. The daintiness of his poetry was not a mere external and acquired grace of style, but an indication of a fundamental element in his character. He fought for the freedom of humanity, but humanity represented to him the intellect and poetry of Germany, the wit and science of France. These were to be freed from narrowness and conventionality, from the trammels of precedent and creed, from every trace of Philistinism, in short; but contact with the masses was to be carefully avoided.

Imagine a nature with all the Hebraic inheritance of pride, intensity and stubborn devotion to the idea, power and sadness as of the sea; endow it with Hellenic susceptibility to beauty and to love, with ardent passions and tender sensibilities; add to these the German dreaminess and quiet humor, simplicity and tenderness, through which play swift gleams of truly French wit and enthusiasm; and then in this wonderfully organized brain, this instrument that should be capable of producing the strongest and sweetest of earthly harmonies, implant a fatal disease that gradually tightens its hold till life itself is stifled in its terrible grasp. Is it any wonder that some of the strings jangle, that not all the notes ring true?

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

"A single thing is lacking to this brilliant career," says one of Heine's French critics—"order, system, harmony, the supreme condition of the beautiful." Goethe thinks the one thing lacking was love; Matthew Arnold says it was moral balance: should we not rather call it a healthy brain? With a nervous system thoroughly diseased at its very roots, the wonder is that we find the good, the

true and the beautiful preponderate so largely in Heine's writings. But in the divine alembic of the poet's soul suffering and sorrow were transmuted into golden thoughts and precious fancies. "Out of my sorrow and sighing I make my little songs," he tells us; and this is indeed, as he has said, the mournful secret of his poetic strength. In the very shadow of Milan Cathedral, whose white spires spring toward heaven in the dazzling Italian sunshine like the perfect embodiment of a religion of joy, the bird-sellers will offer you nightingales with their eyes put out, that in their perpetual darkness they may sing the sweeter. So it was with Heine. One of the loveliest little songs of the *Intermezzo* runs thus:

From my tears sweet flowers are springing
All over the blossoming dales,
And my sighs are changed by magic
To a chorus of nightingales.

And if thou wilt love me, darling,
To thee the flowers I'll bring,
And before thy chamber-window
The nightingales shall sing.

It may be possible in a translation to do justice to the sparkling wit or tender pathos of Heine's prose: it is an almost hopeless task to convey in another language the effect of his poetry. After securing the most literal exactness of meaning in the very rhyme and rhythm of the original, a certain subtle aroma of beauty has fled, which was, after all, the real charm of the song. He has the power that Tennyson possesses in so great a degree, of making his verse so musical that you scarcely know whether it rhymes or not. The exquisite collection of poems in the *Reisebilder* called "The North Sea" is all unrhymed, yet there is nothing more musical to be found in all German poetry. Take the often translated beginning of the "Nights in the Canoe," for instance, the perfection of whose melody it is impossible to reproduce:

The sea hath its pearls,
The heavens have their stars,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,
But greater is my heart,

And brighter than pearls or stars
Sparkles and glows my love.

Thou youthful little maiden,
Come to my mighty heart :
My heart and the sea and the heavens
Are melting away with love.

Nor is the beauty of his versification the greatest charm of Heine's songs. More than the exquisite grace, the dainty finish of the style, is the wonderful imaginative power that makes Heine pre-eminently a poet of poets. He has a subtle faculty of suggestion that seems to open through the narrow windows of his shortest poems wide vistas of thought and feeling. It is a divine incompleteness, more attractive than the full-orbed beauty that leaves nothing more to be desired. Herein lies the greatest difference between the songs of Heine and of Goethe. The shortest verses of Goethe contain a fully-rounded thought, complete and perfect from all sides. It is finished, and there is nothing for the most daring or restless fancy to add or alter. But Heine gives one in his songs a sort of touch-and-go effect that is inexpressibly charming. It is like a bird that lights on a bending branch, shakes out one burst of melody, and is gone before you fairly realize its presence. Here is a little song, for instance, that

is absolutely nothing but a suggestion,
yet what a fertile one !—

With black sails hoisted sails my ship
Far over the tossing sea :
Thou knowest well how sad I am,
Yet still tormentest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind,
It changes unceasingly :
With black sails hoisted sails my ship
Far over the tossing sea.

It would be in vain to try to say all that might be said of Heine in a single essay. In spite of all the faults that stand out frankly on the surface of his soul, there is something so fascinating in the loving heart, the brilliant intellect the sparkling wit, the tender mournful pathos, the wonderful imagination of the man, something so inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of his genius and his suffering, that one grows to love him as a friend. "You seemed to be grieved that I must say to you *Vale* : you are moved, my dear reader," writes Heine in his farewell to the world, "and costly pearls fall from your little tearsacks. But be comforted : we shall meet again in a better world, where I shall hope to write better books for you. And now, farewell ! and if I owe you anything, send me in your reckoning."

KATE HILLARD.

THE DARK LADY.

I SAW her first at four o'clock in the afternoon.

I state the time in this exact manner, because I wish it clearly understood that it was broad daylight, and that there was no opportunity for any of those illusions which play us such fantastic tricks in the shades of the gloaming or in the ghostly obscurity of midnight.

Then my memory, not usually tenacious of trifles, chances to be faithful in regard to the matter of the hour, because it had been an exceedingly dis-

agreeable day—one of those days of steady rain which in the summer are especially apt to try one's patience ; and as I rose, yawning, from a letter which I had been vainly trying to write, I said to my mother, who, wrapped in a shawl, was sitting by a small fire that had been kindled to dispel the dampness of the atmosphere, "What a long day this has seemed ! Can you believe that it is only four o'clock ?"

I am positive about the remark, though the reply has escaped my memory, and

I am also positive that I strolled across the floor to the window, and stood there idly drumming on the glass and gazing with vague wrath at the steady, persistent, soaking rain.

"A charming afternoon for a croquet-party!" I said viciously after a while. "It is really too provoking! The Murchisons leave to-morrow, and I thought we should have had such a pleasant farewell entertainment for them. If one wants to be disappointed, let one plan anything specially nice in this wretched, unsatisfactory world."

"It is provoking," said mamma placidly. "But when you arranged your party, my dear, it was impossible for you to foresee that it would rain to-day."

This was such a self-evident proposition that I could only give assent by rueful silence, while I flattened my nose against the window-pane, and strove, without success, to establish to my satisfaction where the gray sky ended and the grayer sea began.

For I should have mentioned that we were at the seaside for the summer—which season was now nearly spent—and, though domiciled in a cottage of our own, were sufficiently near a fashionable coast-resort to share in its gayeties whenever we pleased, and to entertain our friends under our own vine and fig tree whenever *they* pleased. Both events occurred so frequently that our life was by no means one of seclusion, and the fact that my sister was engaged to a young gentleman who made daily incursions on our domain further prevented anything like monotony or stagnation.

On the present occasion I was still standing at the window, still impairing the shape of my nose, and still gazing gloomily at the rain and the sea, when Clare entered the room, dressed as prettily and looking as fresh and sweet as usual. It was really aggravating to perceive how contentedly she beamed upon everything, not excepting the weather.

"What a good thing it is to be engaged!" I cried sarcastically. "In the light of that great blessedness minor

vexations count for nothing. It is a delightful day, isn't it, Clare?"

"I can't say I think so," Clare answered, laughing as she crossed the floor and knelt down by the fire. "I am as sorry as you can be about the croquet-party, Grace, but when a thing can't be cured it must be endured, you know." (Clare was exasperatingly fond of little hackneyed bits of proverbial philosophy.) "If the Murchisons don't leave to-morrow, we can ask them to come some other day: you remember Frank warned you that it would rain to-day?"

"I have yet to learn that Frank is a weather-prophet, or any other embodiment of wisdom," said I, snappishly. "As for the Murchisons, you know they are *certainly* going to leave to-morrow, so it is absurd to talk of having them here any other day."

"They may change their minds."

"Sensible people never do that."

"Don't they? What a pity! But you have surely forgotten the Spanish proverb: 'A wise man changes his mind—a fool, never.'"

Having no retort ready, I forbore reply, turning my head away instead, and fanning my sense of indignant injury against the weather, the Murchisons, Frank, Clare and everybody in general, by gazing moodily at the croquet-ground, where a few neglected hoops were mournfully taking the rain.

And it was then, while the lawn stretched its green level before me and broad daylight was all around me, that, with as good and serviceable a pair of eyes as are to be found, I saw a slender, graceful woman, clad in deep black, standing near the centre of the croquet-ground, her face turned from me, but the whole outline of her figure thrown into relief by the hedge behind her.

I remember that I stared at her in amazement, wondering who she could be, and how she had entered without my having perceived her, since the gate was in full view; but my amazement deepened when I perceived that, instead of advancing toward the house, she remained quite motionless in the midst of the pouring rain. After a while my

astonishment found expression. "How very strange!" I said. "Here is a woman—she looks like a lady—standing quite still in the middle of the lawn! It must be somebody from the hotel, but why on earth don't she come in? And what weather to be out in, without even a waterproof or an umbrella! Positively she does not move an inch! Do come here, Clare, and see if you know her."

"Perhaps it is one of the Murchison girls," said Clare, springing to her feet.

"Nonsense!" answered I curtly. "Don't I know the Murchison girls? This person looks more like a widow than anything else."

"Where is she?" asked Clare, coming eagerly to my side. "I don't see her, Grace."

"There she is, just before you," said I, indicating the motionless figure. "Who can she possibly be? Do you know her, Clare?"

Instead of answering my question, Clare stared for a moment at the croquet-ground, then turned and stared at me. "Why, Grace," she said, "you are surely jesting! You must see as plainly as I do that there is nobody on the lawn."

"Nobody on the lawn!" repeated I, astounded. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered she pettishly, "that you must be very hard up for amusement if you called me from the fire for such a silly practical joke as this."

At that she turned, and was going back to the fire when I caught her wrist. "Stop!" I said. "I want to know if you are in earnest. Do you *really* mean that if you look out yonder—there, just in the centre of the lawn—you do not see anybody?"

"I don't see a human soul!" said she emphatically; "and, what is more, you don't, either."

"Clare, you are jesting."

"I am not," cried she indignantly. "Grace, this is too absurd! Let go my wrist."

"Don't—don't you see *anything*?"

"Not a thing."

It was now my turn to stare at her. I could not credit, I could not believe, that

what was so plain to me was indeed invisible to her. "Good Heavens!" said I. "You are blind or I am crazy, Clare—one of the two. There is a woman standing out yonder in the croquet-ground—a woman dressed in deep black, with a crape veil over her face; and she has not moved since I spoke of her first. Mamma, will you come here?"

Mamma, whose curiosity was by this time excited, rose and came at once. "Well," said she in her gentle way, "let me see if my eyes are not better than Clare's. Where is the woman?"

"She is straight before you," answered I eagerly. "You can't help seeing her, for she is standing—Mamma, is it possible you *don't* see her?"

I asked this question because I saw from the expression of my mother's face, and the manner in which her eyes wandered over the stretch of level sward, that the figure was invisible to her also.

"My dear," she said, looking quite blank, "I really don't see anything or anybody. Do you mean to say that *you* see her now?"

"I see her this moment—I am looking straight at her," answered I excitedly. "She has her head turned, and is gazing up the beach, as if she was expecting somebody from the hotel. Mamma, Clare, you *must* see her!"

Both mamma and Clare shook their heads, this time seriously. They reiterated again that they saw no one, literally no one, and that it was some strange hallucination on my part.

"You must have a fever," said mamma, feeling my pulse and looking anxiously into my eyes. But the pulse proved to be regular and the eyes perfectly sane. I went to a mirror and scrutinized them myself.

"I certainly am not crazy, and I certainly have not got brain-fever," I said decidedly. "Therefore it follows that there must be some rational explanation of this. I don't believe in spirits, and, besides, it is well known that they never appear in daylight. Clare, is your waterproof down stairs?"

"It is in the passage," said Clare. "What are you going to do?"

I answered by going into the passage, putting on the waterproof, drawing the hood over my head, and starting out of the front door straight across the well-soaked lawn.

As I emerged from the house I saw the figure of the black-robed woman in the same place and position where I had seen it first, the veiled face still turned from me, and looking intently (if one might judge from the attitude) in the direction of the beach. The rain was falling heavily, but she did not seem to heed it in the least, and, as I came nearer, the indescribable grace and elegance of her figure struck me even more forcibly than it had done from the window. Her strange immobility was also more perceptible, and the fact that she did not seem at all aware of my approach was peculiar, to say the least.

Still, I *did* approach, boldly and full of incredulity. It was a woman—nothing but a woman, I thought, and so I tried to ignore a certain chill sensation of awe which, despite my bravery, began to steal over me. Even when I reached her side she still remained entirely motionless, entirely unconscious, as it seemed, of my presence. There was something so strange in this that the words which I wished to utter stuck fast in my throat, and I was obliged to make two efforts before I could articulate a syllable. Then the voice which spoke did not sound like my own: "Excuse me, madam, but can I—"

Here I stopped short, for she turned her head and looked at me. To this day the remembrance of that look is enough to chill my blood like ice, enough to make me shiver in the warmest sunlight that ever poured from a tropical sky. A heavy crape veil hung over her face, but the outline of her features was visible beneath it, and what a face it was!—sad, wild, despairing, full of a prescient grief and horror too deep for words to express, while the dark, unfathomable, awful eyes seemed to send a thrill of terror to my inmost soul. I shrank back with a low cry, a sudden quivering in every limb, and as I did so the place where she stood became va-

cant. I can use no other form of words to express what took place. She did not "glide away," or "melt," or "vanish." A tangible, substantial form, which I could have extended my hand to and touched, stood beside me one moment. The next there was nothing but the falling rain and the green turf.

Then it was that, after staring blankly round me, for the first time in my life, I fainted dead away.

When I came to myself—and a queer sort of process this coming to one's self, after having fainted, is—I found that I was in bed, that a doctor had been summoned, and that my "hallucination" was esteemed a very serious symptom of nervous disorder, present or to come. Of course I knew better, or thought I knew better, but what chance had I of belief? About as much as the lunatic in a strait-jacket, who assures his keeper that St. Paul has written a new and special epistle to him. Being wiser than the lunatic, I held my tongue and let them say what they would. They had not *seen* as I had, or met the glance of those terrible eyes, the remembrance of which made me cower like a frightened child and beg not to be left alone that night.

"Nervous, my dear madam, purely nervous!" the doctor said to mamma, who was strangely puzzled and uneasy. "Such cases are very common indeed, especially with people of high-strung, nervous temperament, like our friend Miss Grace."

Now, I was well aware that this was nonsense, that I was not in the least high-strung or nervous—that, on the contrary, a more soberly phlegmatic person one could not find on a summer's day; but what good purpose would denial have served? They had all made up their minds that I was the victim of an "hallucination," and for my part I could only bury my head in the pillows and pray that it was so, and that I might never see that sad and awful "woman in black" again.

My nervous disorder, of which the doctor spoke so learnedly, did not last more than twenty-four hours. The

clouds and rain had fled, and the earth and sea were smiling in golden sunshine when a party of our friends from the hotel came over to spend the next afternoon. I had been lazy, in virtue of being "nervous," and had not completed my post-siesta toilette when they arrived. As I dressed I could hear through the closed blinds of my window the echo of gay voices and the merry clink of croquet-balls on the lawn below. When I went down I found one of my special friends and sworn retainers lingering on the piazza with mamma. Being well aware that this gentleman had only waited for me, I was not surprised that our greetings were scarcely over before he said, "Won't you come and look at the game, Miss Grace? Frank Loring is carrying everything before him this afternoon. I never saw him more successful."

I assented, partly because I liked the speaker, and partly because I really felt interested in seeing Frank Loring "carry everything before him." This redoubtable champion was my sister's *fiancé*, and a great favorite of my own, as indeed of everybody's. He was one of those exceptional people who are called "universal favorites," and whose popularity rests on the secure basis of universal social accomplishment. A better dancer, a better singer, a better shot, a better billiard- and croquet-player, a better companion and a pleasanter fellow, one might safely have challenged the continent to produce. Clare adored him, and there certainly was no doubt that he returned the devotion with interest. They would make a very handsome couple, everybody said, and I thought that they would also make a very loving one.

I went therefore, as I have said, very willingly to witness my future brother-in-law's prowess, talking the while that gay nonsense current among young people in society, and giving not so much as a thought to the strange appearance of the evening before, when suddenly and without warning I saw Her! As I crossed the lawn I had not only been occupied with my companion, but the sun had

been dazzling my eyes so that I could not look ahead of me, but as I reached the croquet-ground, I profited by a little friendly shade to lift my eyes, and there, in the level, slanting rays of the August sunlight, stood the sombre, black-robed Woman!

As vividly as a picture I still recall that scene—the lovely afternoon drawing to its close; the brightly-dressed croquet-party, thrown into relief by the green hedge which bordered the ground, as they chattered and laughed and made their particolored balls fly to and fro over the level sward; Frank Loring's handsome, laughing face as he sent one recusant ball to the farthest extreme of the lawn; and the dark Shadow, with its face of despairing mournfulness, just behind him!

For it was behind *him*: I saw that at a glance. I saw that it was on *him* those eyes, like unto no mortal eyes, were turned. The sight was too much for me, the horror too great. Something like the same deadly terror which had culminated in unconsciousness before came over me again, thrilled every fibre, as I saw that whatever Frank did, wherever he went, that appalling Presence stood beside him and bent its awful gaze upon him. One moment I paused and looked. Then, without a sound, without an answer to the questions which my friend poured forth, I turned and sped back to the house, nor stopped until I found myself in my own chamber and on my knees.

During the next hour I wrestled with an agony too great to be expressed. Was I going mad? I asked myself that question a thousand times. I prayed to God wildly, and asked *Him* if it were so. Every cadence of laughter which floated up from the lawn seemed like a thrust of fire into my soul, for it brought back the torturing question again and again: Was that black-robed woman, with her face of unfathomable woe—of despair such as a soul yet in the flesh cannot even imagine—indeed among that gay party, or was she only a monstrous imagination of my own brain? One who has never known,

even for a moment, this awful doubt, cannot possibly imagine what it is. I am sure that in all my life I have felt no anguish which could compare to it.

But after a time Reason, in a measure, resumed her sway. I began to realize that if the Thing was simply a creation of my mind, it would be likely to follow me wherever I went; and although this consideration made me look apprehensively over my shoulder into the shadowy corners of the room, still it brought something of comfort. The gift of "second-sight," the power of seeing with bodily eyes that which had no bodily substance, was terrible enough, God knows, but the doubt of my own sanity, the distrust of my own senses, was worse even than this.

At dusk I heard the visitors take leave, and, hearing this, I went down stairs, chiefly, I think, because I was cowardly about staying any longer alone. I found my mother in the lamp-lit parlor, but from the piazza outside came Clare's gay voice, together with several others.

"Who is here?" I asked, a little annoyed. "I thought they were all gone."

"Frank is still here," mamma answered, "and L—— and R—— and M——," naming several of our intimate associates. "They are going on the water to-night. Don't you feel inclined to go with them?"

I said I believed not, that my head ached, or made some other plausible excuse, the truth being that I was so thoroughly unstrung that the mere sound of their laughter jarred on me. I was in no mood for gay companionship, and I would have gone back to my chamber if I had not honestly been afraid of the dark and the solitude. As it was, I retreated into a corner and curled up on a sofa, hoping to escape observation.

"When are they going, mamma?" I asked like a pettish child.

"Not until the moon rises," answered mamma absently, being deep in a novel and not fancying interruption.

So I lay quite still, and listened to the merry tones near at hand, and to the deep, mysterious monotone of the sea

farther off. A melancholy which I cannot define, a weight to which I can give no name, brooded over and oppressed me. God knows it was no morbid fancy, morbidly indulged, that had taken possession of my thoughts and feelings. Strive as I would—and I did strive honestly—I could not cast it off. The very air seemed pregnant with impending horror, the more terrible because so vague and shadowy.

Half an hour had probably elapsed in this way when one of the window-curtains was pushed aside and Frank Loring entered the room. "The moon is beginning to show her face," he said gayly, "and Sydney thinks we'd better start if we are to go to the Point and back. Don't you think Grace would go with us, Mrs. Howard? I am sure it would do her good."

"She can answer for herself," said mamma, slightly turning her head in my direction. "You hear what Frank says, Grace? Will you go?" A pause. "She was here a little while ago, Frank, but she must have gone up stairs."

"I am here yet, mamma," said I hoarsely, "but I—I don't care to go."

"Don't you feel well?" asked Frank, approaching me with a great deal of kind solicitude in his face and manner. "I am so sorry you are sick, Grace, but don't you think a little sea-air would be of service to you?"

"No, no!" cried I, shrinking back from his outstretched hand. "Don't touch me, Frank—don't!" I almost screamed. "For Heaven's sake, go—go away!"

Frank looked thunderstruck—poor, dear, kind fellow! how often I have remembered, with remorse and pain, the expression of his face!—but mamma caught the wild, imploring ring of my voice, and some instinct made her rise and draw him out of the room. Then she came back and asked me what was the matter. I was shivering convulsively, and could only say, "The woman! the woman!"

"Where?" asked mamma, infected by the reality of my terror, and looking apprehensively around.

Then I told her how that awful woman had been with Frank, how she dogged his steps, followed his movements, and never once took her fateful eyes from his face. After the first impulse of startled surprise was over, the only feeling which I evoked by my story was one of alarm for the state of mind which could still cling to such an "hallucination." Mamma declared that I had fever, and talked of sending for the doctor. This I positively negated, but I consented to go to bed, and there, struggling with overpowering terrors, I further tormented myself by trying to conjecture what this awful visitation could portend.

Before long an answer came. Many nights of soft fragrance and the melody of summer waves have passed since that night, but I do not think I shall ever forget the start with which I waked from troubled sleep to hear that the boating-party had returned *without Frank Loring*. I do not think I shall ever forget the group of white, horror-stricken faces which I saw in the silver moonlight, or the wild cry of anguish with which my sister met me on the threshold of the home she had left so blithely a little while before.

It is sufficient to state the bare outline of the catastrophe here. A foolish girl, through her own foolish imprudence, had fallen overboard. Frank, who was an excellent swimmer, at once sprang in after her, and easily kept her afloat until others came to the rescue. In the confusion and difficulty consequent upon getting her into the boat, no one thought of or noticed the young man. When at last they looked round for him, *he was gone*. Great as was their consternation, their incredulity was greater still. They could not believe that he had been drowned before their very eyes, under their very hands: he *must* be swimming along in some direction, they said. So they rowed back and forth, and sent their shouts ringing far and wide over the shining water. But no trace of him was found, no cry for help answered their appeal, and after a time they were forced to look each other in the face, acknowledging that hope was vain and

that he must be lost. Some sudden cramp had carried him to the bottom in its terrible death-grasp, they said—trying to account for the fact which *was* a fact, yet seemed an impossibility.

I have no words to dwell on our grief, or do more than say that "the body"—already they called it *that*—was washed ashore by the tide next day, and placed in our cottage. As I write I seem to recall the hushed awe which pervaded our late happy household as that pale, cold, silent presence—only the day before so gay, so handsome, so full of warm, abounding life—rested in an upper chamber, changeless and motionless, while now and then a stray gleam of golden sunshine would steal athwart it through the thick, green vines, beyond which the birds sang their happy songs, and the sea—that beautiful, smiling, treacherous sea!—sent up its great rejoicing anthem.

Poor Clare was passionate in her despairing grief, and would accept no sympathy or comfort. All she asked was to be left alone with her dead.

"Keep them away! only keep them away!" she said when I spoke of the friends who had come to watch during the night. "Let them stay down stairs if they will, but this is *my* place, and I will not surrender it."

So the party of gentlemen remained below, and she was left in peace to moan and weep above her stricken love. As the night wore on, mamma lay down in her own room, and soon slept the sleep of exhaustion, but I kept watch in the corridor outside the chamber where the corpse was, not knowing how soon Clare's overtaxed strength might give way.

I was not sitting in a very comfortable chair, but I think I must have fallen asleep, else a sudden low cry which my sister gave could not have roused me with such a violent start as it did. In a second I sprang to my feet and rushed into the room.

"What is it, Clare? what is the matter, darling?" I asked, for she had risen from her seat, and was staring around her with widely-distended, terror-stricken eyes.

"Grace!" she panted, "Grace!" Then she came and clung to me." "Grace," she whispered, "there—there is *something* in this room. I have felt it, I have heard it! It—it was sobbing above me a minute ago. Grace, oh, Grace, what can it be?"

"God only knows, dear," said I. "But whatever it is, it cannot harm you: we may be sure of that."

"But what is it? what is it?" still gazing round in wild terror. "Grace, do you see anything?"

"Not a thing," answered I, soothing her like a child, yet not daring to look beyond the silent, flower-decked corpse to where the darker shadows grouped.

"Grace, will you stay here with me?" said Clare, quivering in every limb. "I—I dare not be left alone. It may have been only imagination, but I think I should lose my senses if I heard or felt anything again. Grace, will you stay?"

"I will stay," said I boldly. "But only on condition that *you* go, Clare. Come, let me take you to your room. You are not in a fit condition to be here." To my surprise, she consented with wonderful docility, and let me lead her away—let me take her to her chamber, put her on the bed and cover her with many shawls. The intense emotional strain of the past few hours had quite exhausted her, and before I had left the room she had fallen into a deep sleep—a sleep which I was glad to see, even though I knew, alas, only too well! what an awakening was before her.

Now, it must not be supposed that I was sufficiently brave to keep watch in that death-chamber alone. I knew that since she was not able to be there, it would not matter to Clare who took her place; so I determined to go down stairs and summon some of the gentlemen for this duty. I stole, therefore, into the corridor, and was making my way to the staircase, when, as I passed the half-open door of the chamber where the dead man lay, my steps were suddenly arrested by a subdued sound of weeping and sobbing within.

For a minute I stopped short, amazement subordinating every other feeling.

Who could be in the room? I knew that there was no one in the upper part of the house besides my mother, my sister and myself. A thrill of superstitious terror came over me, but I gave myself no time for thought or for flight. "In God's name!" I said half aloud, and pushed the door open.

Shall I ever forget what I saw? Shall I ever forget the rigid face of the dead man, on which the flickering light of the candles fell, or the awful face of the dark-robed woman, who, with veil thrown back, stood wringing her shadowy hands over him and uttering those strange sounds of passionate despair?

One moment I stood and gazed as if turned to stone. Then I rushed wildly down stairs, and, bursting in upon the group of quiet smokers, dropped senseless at their feet.

It was not until several years later that I received any explanation of the terrible apparition which I saw thus for the third and last time. Then I chanced to be visiting a sister of Frank Loring—an old schoolmate and intimate friend of my own—and in speaking one day of her brother we spoke also of his sad and early death. I was not afraid of misconception or of unbelief from her, so I told, at length, the history of that strange Appearance which made the event so memorable to me. She listened with breathless interest, questioned me closely, and after she had extracted every particular, remained silent for some time, gazing intently into the fire before which we were sitting.

"Well," said I at last, "have you no comment for my story? Can't you even say that you think it must have been a singular hallucination?"

She looked up at me slowly—looked with a sad wistfulness which startled me. "Grace," she said, "did you never hear any member of our family mention our tradition of a spectre called the Dark Lady?"

For a second I started and stared in silent amazement. Then I answered, quite truthfully, "Never."

"There *is* such a tradition, though,"

said she, smiling faintly. "You did not think we were so distinguished as to have a ghost, a real, authentic ghost of our own, did you? For my part, I must confess that I always regarded the story with incredulity," she went on, looking back at the fire. "I scarcely remember when I heard it first, but I *do* remember that the 'Dark Lady' was the great bugbear of my childhood. I am sure that my parents never mentioned her to me, but an old aunt whom I used to visit when I was a child was a very garrulous story-teller, and often made my infantine blood 'run cold' with accounts of this strange spectre, whose appearance always foreboded death. She takes her name from the dark robes which she wears, and all that I have ever heard of her coincides exactly with your description. It is said, too, that she is never seen by the person whose death she announces, but always by some one else—generally a child, or else a person gifted with the strange gift of 'second sight.'"

"I hope to Heaven I have not this gift!" said I in alarm.

"You must acknowledge that it looks as if you had," my friend answered. "Certainly none save those who are thus gifted have ever seen the Dark Lady. My aunt saw her once when she was a child, and even in old age she could not speak of her without trembling. Grace!"—here her voice sank—"must it not have been an awful crime which could entail such a penalty as this on generations unborn?"

"Was there a crime?" I asked eagerly.

"The story is a tradition," said my friend, "but how or by whom authenticated I do not know. I can only tell it to you as it has been told to me. My great-great-grandfather is the reputed hero of it. His portrait is at our old home, and I must confess that if there is anything in eye or lip he looks quite equal to all that is related of him. It seems that in his youth he loved a very beautiful girl, who fully returned his passion, but whose parents insisted on marrying her to another man—wealthier, of course, and perhaps better born. My ancestor appears to have been a man of

singularly fierce temper and resolve. He swore to make them repent the slight thus cast on him, and the story goes on to say that it was more to be revenged on them than from any love of the hapless girl that he used his power over her with such unscrupulous effect that he finally made her leave her home, her husband, her honor and her God for him. Her husband, who was devoted to her, and on whom this blow fell with crushing force, died ere long of a broken heart, and then the unfortunate woman hoped and expected that my ancestor would marry her. He had sworn by every sacred oath that he would do so if she were ever free, but he seemed little inclined to fulfill his pledge, now that fulfillment had become possible. Her father, an old man, came and prayed on his knees for his child's honor, but my ancestor laughed him to scorn. 'You refused my alliance when I offered it to you,' he said: 'it is now my turn to refuse the honor of *yours*. You declined to give me your daughter as my wife: I have made her my toy, and am done with her. You may tell her—since she has seen fit to send you to me—that I am engaged to marry a fair and noble lady, and that to-morrow I shall go to bring my bride home.' He was as good as his word. Within a week he brought a fair lady home as his bride, and on that same day the woman whom he had so ruthlessly betrayed killed herself."

"How?" asked I, breathlessly.

"The story enters into no details. That she killed herself is all that is certain. But with her dying breath she sent this message to her betrayer: 'Tell the man who has murdered both my soul and my body that I shall remember him, and that if lost spirits can revisit the earth I will come to his death-bed, and to that of all his descendants.' And she, in turn, has been as good as *her* word. She does not come to the women of our line, but whenever that figure, dressed in widow's weeds, is seen beside a man of our race, it is known that his hours are numbered. I have never seen her—God forbid that I ever should!—but the tradition has been

handed down through several generations, and it is certainly strange that you, who had never heard of it, should rise up as another witness to its truth."

I felt myself that it was strange. I felt that, on rational grounds, there was no possible explanation of this first (and,

I trust in God's mercy, last) ghostly experience of my life. For that which was *told* to me of course I do not vouch. But for that which I have *seen* I not only pledge my word, but I record my earnest hope that I may never see its like again.

CHRISTIAN REID.

CAMP-MEETINGS IN THE WEST FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IN the *Galaxy* for December, 1870, I was an article under the title of "A New Phase of Druidism," in which is sketched a camp-meeting in Rhode Island, where there are annually held out-door meetings of worship by people of the Methodist persuasion. Reading this revived in my recollection a "phase of Druidism" with which I was familiar in the new world of Ohio half a century since, to which the term *Druidism* will apply far better than to these modern camp-meetings, over which the manners of city life have cast their conventional shadows; for in the half-wilderness condition of this country in that day the worship of the Divine Father in His own forest-temples was most natural, and strikingly in the spirit of the old Druid motto, "In the face of the sun, in the eye of the light."

It was my fortune to be thrown into association with the Methodists as a people just as I arrived at the first years of observation, and to grow up in more or less intimate association with them during the period when these meetings were in the summer vigor of their spiritual usefulness and their most exact fitness to the state of the country and the social development of the people, when the manners and customs of the settlers partook of the strength and vigor of the land and all its growths. This was a period of earnest work, where whatever was done was done with a purpose, and everything was made to subserve some useful end.

Adventurers in a new land, cut off from old associations, and warm with the battle they waged with the wilderness, these people were exceedingly sensitive to anything that could possibly touch the sentiment. Scenes and circumstances readily excited them, and, though wholly unconscious of the fact, they were in a high degree susceptible of æsthetic effects, and withal earnestly though sometimes ruggedly kind and hospitable. Such a people freely turned from the small allurements the world was offering them to the evangel of religion, and listened to its promises in a faith that always accepted them as true. In such a moral soil it was impossible but that the good seeds that were sown should take root, and camp-meetings flourished with tropical luxuriance.

Camp-meetings properly dated from a period commencing a little before the present century, and reaching forward twenty-five or thirty years to the noon-day of their success and usefulness; since which time they have rapidly declined, with everything that properly belonged to that period, in the new States of the West. With the log-houses, the home manufactures, the river flatboats and the many things that were born of the necessities of the time, they have disappeared before the spirit of progress, marching over them with its steam and electricity and railroads. The peculiar style of worship of camp-meetings belonged to the Methodists of that time, and was remarkable for its enthusiastic

disregard of all that might be called conventionalism in religion, and its strict accordance with the principle in the Jewish law which required the altar to be built of rough, unhewn stones.

The camp-meeting was an adopted child in the Methodist household, but it grew and flourished as if born there. In the early settlement of Kentucky and Tennessee the Presbyterians, who were the religious pioneers of the time, planted a branch of their Church in the new country of the South-west, and sent out ministers so well suited, in their spirit and manners, to the pioneer life of the mountain-settlers along the sources of the Cumberland that the churches thus established flourished and increased until their influence took almost exclusive possession of the country. But as the growths of the mind, like those of the soil, take on a character peculiar to the places where they are planted, these churches soon assumed distinctive forms of worship and a considerably modified system of doctrines, whose adherents became known as Cumberland Presbyterians. The logical teachings of the Calvinistic churches were not well adapted to the pioneer mind, which was fixed more directly on results than the processes by which they were reached. Matters of faith with these new churches were on an easier scale, and tended more to "free-will," than in the older schools. Those Presbyterian ministers who were willing to push forward into the new settlements were men of practical piety, chiefly zealous of reaching the hearts of the people with the affectionate precepts of the gospel. The simple-minded settlers responded with the same heartfelt zeal. Religious revivals followed as a natural growth from hearts that were not gospel-hardened; and the rigid quiet of the Church in the older settlements was disturbed, if not scandalized, by the extravagant enthusiasm of the pioneers. This led to misunderstandings among those in authority, which effected the separate organization of the Cumberland Presbyterians, to whom the first camp-meetings are to be credited. In the new country large houses for meetings did

not exist, but large meetings could not be dispensed with, and resort was had to the next expedient, of meeting in the forest, sheltered by the trees that God had given them. These meetings became very common for many reasons, not the least of which was that there was greater freedom there and greater effects were produced. These were largely due to the æsthetic influences, which, though neither seen nor understood by those uncultivated minds, assisted most powerfully the religious enthusiasm of the occasions, if they did not actually induce the true spirit of devotional fervor. For my part, I cannot understand why the solemn tones of a cathedral organ are expected to awaken the heart to heavenly contemplation if the hushed sway of the pines or the tender rustling of the maple cannot inspire thoughts of Him

Whose breath perfumes them, and whose pencil paints.

In the sparse settlements of the new country the multitude affected by the revivals could not come and go daily, and the camping in tents or extemporized huts became a necessity. The meetings in a short time were fixed by appointment and at stated periods, and through their agency the Cumberland Presbyterians swept over the entire South-west, their influence even reaching the shores of the Lakes.

The Methodists, as if by natural affinity, adopted camp-meetings as one of the most powerful agencies of their grand religious enterprise, and reaped a bountiful harvest from them. Indeed, in their hands camp-meetings received an improved culture, in which their usefulness was increased, and some of the extravagances that had grown upon them were pruned away. That mysterious mental and physical malady known as "the jerks," which had been developed in the Cumberland meetings, disappeared soon after they came under Methodist management, or at least lost its distinctive features. With the Methodists camp-meetings ceased to be merely a Western institution, and they were introduced into the Eastern States, though in New England they have al-

ways worn an exotic character, and are a totally different thing from the originals in their native West.

When camp-meetings were most popular it was customary to hold at least one within the bounds of each quarterly conference, giving it the place of one of the quarterly meetings. These were so timed as to give a succession of several camp-meetings within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles every summer. The preaching talent of several circuits and stations was thus united, and selections made of those who had achieved reputations at camp-meeting ministrations; for there was a peculiar style of preaching that alone was acceptable or deemed profitable for the purpose. The doctrinal and logical preachers were assigned to the town-congregations at these times.

The usual day of beginning the meetings was Thursday, which was mainly occupied with putting up tents, the grounds having been previously prepared, and in settling various arrangements. It was made a point that no secular business should disturb the Sabbath, and as little as possible the remaining days of the meeting, which commonly closed on Tuesday forenoon, on rare occasions running beyond that time. Those who managed them had learned that the true time to adjourn was while the spirit of the meeting was yet in its strength.

When practicable, a piece of ground was selected that was near a small stream or spring of water, on a gentle declivity covered with a large growth of trees without underbrush. On this was laid out a hollow square of about twenty rods, the inner side of which formed the front line of the tents. About midway on the lower side of this square, a little in front of the line of tents, was erected the preaching-stand or grand pulpit, in the rear of which was a tent, usually built of logs or boards, to be occupied by the preachers as their lodging-place and vestry-room, they taking their meals, by invitation, among the brethren. From this point tents were put up in the form of lines, fronting together, the rows being left with proper entrance-openings at

the corners and at the main avenues. Should the meeting be larger than expected, a second or rear row of tents was put up on the outside. And, with the usual deference to the prejudices of the times and the country, the negroes, who attended under the name of "our colored brethren," were required to pitch their tents on the back row, whether the front was filled or not. The tents were either made of linen cloth stretched over frames of poles, with the end or front profile much like a capital A set upon H, or they were huts made of logs, slabs or boards, which, as the grounds were often used from year to year, were available for some time. It was customary to do the cooking in the rear of the tents, where also the meals were eaten. In front of the preaching-stand were seats for the congregation, made by placing large logs upon the ground, lengthwise from the stand, by way of stringers, which served for the support of as many split-log or board seats as were deemed needful, laid transversely upon these logs. Into the trees upon the ground at suitable heights, sometimes even among the branches, holes were bored, into which flat-headed pins of wood, in the form of an eye-bolt, were driven for candlesticks, and in this way every tree became a chandelier. There was no stinting of light, for in addition to the profusion of candles upon the trees, a standing rule required that lights should be kept in the tents during the entire night. To secure light against the contingencies of storms, as well as to increase the general supply, beacon-fires were made in all convenient places within and without the grounds. Five or six of these beacons were placed upon platforms built up like altars six or seven feet high, by setting four forked posts into the ground about five feet apart, on which were laid small logs from corner to corner, and then a flooring on which earth was placed to the depth of about a foot. On these, fires were kept burning all night, made of the most luminous woods, as hickory bark or pitch-pine. Six of these fires, placed at the corners and sides of the camp, produced a pecu-

liar effect that could never have escaped the eye of an artist or man of taste.

With the grounds thus prepared, a supply of wood for the fires stored within reach, the tents all pitched and families settled in them, when Thursday evening arrived all was ready for the religious exercises to proceed without interruption. An appropriate sermon would open the services: this was usually followed by a short prayer-meeting, after which the tired worshippers gave the rest of the night to sleep.

In the internal economy of these meetings the rules of order were scrupulously enforced by a volunteer police that was usually efficient, especially as most of the States had passed laws for their protection. No liquor was allowed to be sold anywhere within a fixed distance; and if any stand was found within the limits, it was summarily dealt with by the very natural process of "emptying out." The police duties of the encampment were performed in most cases by young men of good standing and friendly to the Church, but not religiously affected by the worship. There was a guard set every night, who stood regular watches, and sometimes a picket cordon was thrown around the entire encampment. To pass or outwit this guard was the pride of the rowdies who hung upon the outskirts. Notwithstanding the hearty hospitality with which all were invited to attend and share the accommodations of the camp, there would always congregate about them persons whose sole delight was mischief and who were bent upon annoying those within. Their tricks were mostly confined to untethering horses, pulling down fences or making an uproar, perhaps mimicking the sounds of the meeting. I have often heard from the adjoining woods a very fair echo of the proceedings within; and perhaps the next hour would find these same offenders inside, with full voices swelling the songs of a prayer-meeting or standing guard around the mourners.

Those who attended always provisioned themselves for the campaign so bountifully that they not only lived well, but observed a most liberal hospitality. It

was understood that the table of each tent was free to all, but especially welcome were those who had come to join in the worship. The rule for dispensing this hospitality to strangers was, that they should apply at head-quarters and be assigned to a certain tent, where the invitation to share and the declaration of welcome were invariably added. With this rule it was held that places for the sale of eatables were unnecessary. But in time boarding-tents were allowed under certain restrictions, though they were justly regarded as an innovation of questionable use.

The order of the day would be almost uniformly this: The horn (which was a long tin one, hung in the preaching-stand) was sounded at sunrise, when it was expected that all persons in the tents would rise. Half an hour later it was blown again for family worship, which must be observed in every tent, after which breakfast was prepared and eaten. At eight or nine, according to the season, the horn announced prayer-meeting in the tents; at ten it proclaimed preaching; after that followed prayers at the stand and a call for mourners, or, as it was more correctly and elegantly expressed, "an invitation to such as desired an interest in the prayers of those present from a conviction that they were sinners." Then came a recess for the mid-day meal, and after this there was preaching again at 2 P. M. There were prayers at the stand and mourners called forward again, after which there was usually an adjournment to the open part of the ground, and a grand prayer-meeting organized in "the ring." The ring-meeting was formed in this way: If there were many mourners at the altar, as it was called—that is, two or three designated benches in front of the pulpit—some one in authority would order a removal, on which some active fellows would shoulder a few benches and carry them to the square, and have them placed in a convenient manner and ready for the mourners to kneel by or sit upon. Before these were removed, but in an incredibly short time, enough stout young men would join hands

around the benches to form a compact enclosure. These again were enclosed by an outer ring of those who were the first to spring to the place, that they might have a full view of the proceedings; for it was understood that this circle was not to be entered except by the mourners and those who were to talk and pray with them. The young people of the country were generally good singers, and knew the hymns and tunes mostly in use, and the numbers who would join in the singing would now be surprising. Two resolute ones of the living wall of this ring would be designated as at once doorposts and doorkeepers, who at their discretion admitted persons within the enclosure. The mourners were then brought on, and entering kneeled at the benches, while a brother of leading voice would start "Come, ye sinners poor and needy," or some similar song, in which every available voice would join, not a brick of the wall of this tabernacle keeping silence. Then followed a prayer, then a song, and then prayer, and at last a steady stream of song and supplication, running together like the parts of a *fugue*, harmonizing in spite of all discord.

The exercises of these occasions were peculiar in having reference exclusively to that experience known as "conversion," in which the spiritual character was supposed to be changed by an immediate act of the Divine power, put forth in answer to the prayers made by the mourners themselves and others for them under a peculiar mental effort of the sinner. They believed and expected that a personal notice of their particular cases could be invoked in this way, and that at the moment when they could bring themselves to believe it would be so, they should be changed into new beings with new hearts, made wholly good and pure. This was what they prayed for, and this was what they thought they were accepting when there came upon them the experience of a feeling that was entirely new. And such new feelings did come to them inevitably in the violence of that exercise and the sphere it would induce around them,

varied, of course, according to each recipient mind. Providentially, the doctrine of liability to backslide accompanied that of immediate conversion, and counteracted much that might have grown into intolerable self-righteousness.

The praying, groaning, shrieking, shouting and singing at these meetings would soon establish a spiritual atmosphere of which all would breathe who came near it, and whose influence it was almost impossible to escape. The crowd of mere lookers-on were soon affected, and any susceptible one who happened to join in the singing was almost certain to become a mourner, and often a professed convert, within a few minutes or hours. I have often seen one after another of the wall of the circle let go hands and drop from their places to the mourners' bench. Though entrance was properly at the authorized door, any one noticed weeping or with a sorrowful face would be admitted at any part of the ring. This circle was necessarily kept large and compact, to preserve those within from being trampled upon by the curious crowd. From within, the scene was one for the study of a philosopher of the widest range. There was noise, confusion and disorder, but it was not raving. They knew what they did, though they did it extravagantly: they were rational and had a purpose, tempered with good desires and a loving spirit. Their judgments were doubtless in abeyance, but their affections were warmed with a love that made all around them happy in some degree, unless overwhelmed with the terror of evil.

These mourners would remain on their knees during the whole meeting, unless relieved by the expected change, when they would rise and begin to shout or sing, or both, making all manner of joyful demonstrations. And yet there was a kind of grace about their wildest movements that was never indecorous, and often most lovely. Sometimes a natural taste would lend the charm of poetry in the choice of expressions and quotations of Scripture or hymns. Of course there was much that betrayed ignorance and great want of culture, but the spirit of

beauty that reigned in the native forest did not fail to touch this worship with some of its softest lights.

This exercise would often last till the hour for the regular evening preaching, but usually tapered to a close with the setting sun. Then came the evening meal for such as were not too much engaged. The mourners very commonly fasted through that stage of their experience.

The fires were then lighted upon the altar-platforms and the candles on the trees, and the scene changed to a fairy picture, in which the rays of the lights twinkled back from the half-shaken leaves above, stirred by the subdued tones of a thousand voices, and fading into the lull of quiet from the song and prayer, whose echoes yet floated through the forest.

The horn sounded for preaching about 7 P. M., when a short sermon of the awakening class would be given, followed by a few hymns and prayers, with a call for mourners. If there were indications of a "good time," the ring would be formed and the prayer-meeting transferred thither.

About nine the horn gave the signal for evening family worship in the tents; which was also a signal for closing the prayer-meeting and removing the mourners to some of the larger tents. In case of a great time the general meeting would be continued through most of the night. Indeed, continued singing and prayer through the whole night in many of the tents was the rule rather than the exception.

This was the routine, except for Sundays, when the programme was varied to meet a greater attendance of strangers. The ordinances of the Holy Supper and baptism were administered on one of the days, but not always on the Sabbath.

The meetings usually adjourned on Tuesday morning, which was attended with a very interesting ceremony. The tents were all struck immediately after breakfast, and all made ready to leave, but nothing was moved till a general dismissal was pronounced. The con-

gregation was assembled at the stand, where an exhortation or short sermon would be given, followed by a few hymns and prayers. Then all who desired to join the Church were invited to come forward and give in their names, and were directed as to what classes they should join; also their stage of experience was noted, whether of "conviction" or "conversion," etc. Appointments were given out, with the usual advertising of articles lost and found or animals strayed during the meeting; and then the farewell procession was formed. The preachers and officiating brothers took the lead, marching in double file and singing an appropriate hymn. The congregation followed, including, by request, every person on the ground, the men and women marching in separate divisions. In this order they marched entirely around the inside of the rows of tents, and on approaching the stand the second time the line halted, and the preachers took a position so that the procession should pass them, moving slowly by, each preacher taking every one by the hand in solemn farewell, and dropping such remarks and words of cheer and advice as were indicated by the occasion. This was always an affecting time, and it was very far from unusual for a general time of praying, singing and shouting to begin as this procession closed, that would last till late in the afternoon, when men and women would walk home in groups, singing the hymns or talking over the good time they had passed.

A noticeable physical effect after a camp-meeting was over was a constant ringing in the ears of all the varied sounds of the meeting, or rather all sounds, from whatever cause, were transmuted in the ear into singing, praying, shouting, etc.—always taking on the prevalent sounds and most common tunes. This effect would usually last two days.

As music has been made an agent of devotional expression in the worship of all times and all peoples, it was to be expected that the singing of hymns and sacred songs would be a prominent fea-

ture in the worship of these meetings. I need hardly say that no kind of instrumental music was ever tolerated, while the tunes were extremely simple and easy of execution. The hymns of Watts and Wesley were used for the more formal parts of the exercises, and in this respect their standard of psalmody was fully up with the present times. But there was a class of lyrics known as "spiritual songs" or "camp-meeting hymns" that were very different. Some of these are still in use, as they had the merit of being poetical and appropriate. Others have fallen into disuse and deserved oblivion. Many of these songs were parodies of popular ballads, the tunes of the ballads being transferred to the pious version. Many had been written to fit some popular air. Thus we had one beginning

There is a land of pleasure
Where streams of joy for ever roll,

that was adapted to the air of the "Rose Tree," a very pretty tune and harmless song of the pastoral class. Another was "Life let us Cherish," altered so as to retain the tune and most of the words. Half a dozen of them went to the tune of "Captain Kidd," the words of which were unfit to sing; and some, as poetry, were simply execrable. Charles Wesley, in an unfortunate moment, wrote—

Listed in the cause of sin, why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been pressed to obey the
devil, etc.;

and the rhymesters near his time set about rescuing music from the devil, and did it in such a manner as to take a good deal that was the devil's due. In an early day these spiritual songs were published in small volumes, sometimes called *Selections*, and sometimes *Collections*, the latter term being the right one in all cases. They were popular, and found rapid sale. As the tunes were known, the words only had to be learned: in every family these songs became familiar, and there were good voices always ready to join in the singing at any meeting. These spiritual song-books have pretty nearly disappeared, as they were not reprinted.

No books were used in time of wor-

VOL. X.—14

ship, except by the minister. The hymn was read through once, and then given out in two-line sections, the congregation singing the lines and taking up the tune after the interruption of the next two lines. Many of the hymns and songs in frequent use were so well memorized that they were readily sung without the "lining out;" and this was the practice at all lively meetings.

There was a class of chorus-tunes much in vogue, which were so shaped that they could be attached to a great number of hymns in such a manner as to stretch them to any desired length. The hymn "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone" (long metre) was a favorite one for this kind of manipulation, which utterly destroyed its meaning. Here is a specimen of the compound thus effected:

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon.
Go on, go on, ye heaven-born souls;
Go on, go on, I'm bound to meet you there.
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.
Go on, go on, ye heaven-born souls;
Go on, go on;

and so forth till all the long-metre verses or the singers were exhausted with one of the wildest of airs.

There was another class, consisting of one verse reciting the names of Scripture worthies, after this fashion:

Oh where is good old Noah?
Oh where is good old Noah?
Oh where is good old Noah?
Safe in the promised land.
He went up through the flood of waters,
He went up through the flood of waters,
He went up through the flood of waters,
Safe to the promised land.

This could be prolonged by introducing *Moses* in the next stanza, responding that he went up from the mount of Pisgah; or the Hebrew children, who went up through the fiery furnace.

There was no trouble about remembering these songs. But in all emergencies a chorus was at hand which could be tacked to any hymn of the right measure, the governing idea being to have something that was very lively or intensely mournful.

Some of the songs that were not broken

up by these choruses were appropriate, and often beautiful in their way; and with these were used the more lively hymns of Watts, Wesley, Newton, Toplady or Cowper to be found in the authorized Methodist collection. There were usually good taste and judgment exercised in the selection of these for special occasions, as well as spirit in their musical execution. At times the effect was absolutely thrilling. At what were called lively meetings the singing was done with a kind of abandon, in which the feeling ruled the thought; and as the enthusiasm increased the ideas conveyed by the words were totally lost in the music. Then the choruses and less-cultivated style of songs would take the lead.

In looking back at those times I have often tried to philosophize upon this phase of their worship. I cannot well cut the knot, as some did, and pronounce it sheer nonsense, for I know there was too much serious earnestness in the whole to allow that conclusion. But this seems to explain the wild songs, shouting, falling, trances, and the noise generally: The human mind is clearly divided into two distinct dominions—one ruled by the *head*, through the reason, judgment and intelligence, and the other governed by the *heart*, through the emotions, affections and sentiment. In religious matters there are the doctrines and precepts, etc. addressed to the understanding, through words of intelligence, all belonging to the *head*; and there are the devotional affections, excited by the sentiments of love and holy joy, belonging to the realm of the *heart*. In meetings for worship the process would be (and this was the old camp-meeting practice), to begin with subjects of thought, expressed in proper words, said or sung, which tended to awaken and call into play the affections of the soul, and excite them to *feel* the subject to which the *thought* was at first directed. In a simple-minded community there would be less restraint put upon the feelings, and that in proportion to the simplicity of their manners. These, in the process of worship, would give a looser

rein to their affections, and as they warmed up they would soon give expression to feeling only. As music is the servant of the affections, the tune of a song and its melodious sounds would be most prominent, and the meaning become subordinate to the purpose of giving utterance to their joyous feelings, as in shouting "Glory! Hallelujah!" etc., using the mere tune and rhythm.

In those times shouting was a thing of course, and the experience of the quiet ones was often questioned as wanting in the true spirit. A meeting would begin with solemn and sensible hymns and prayers, but as they warmed up with the more excited state of feeling, and "got happy," all gave way to the wilder songs and expressions, so that they seemed to be foolish in proportion as they became happy; which I can hardly say was really the case. But this was the fact—in that state they little regarded what others thought or said, feeling perfectly independent of the world or anything it had to say; and they sang,

My glad soul mounted higher,
On a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet,

as the most natural expression of their state. But this was all in accordance with our every-day experience: whether in pleasure or in pain we express our emotion in sighs, groans, shouts and laughter far more appropriately than we can in words.

In religious exercises the proprieties of worship, in the minds of many, forbid the noisy style then prevailing. But these old-fashioned Methodists believed that so long as there was decency of behavior a loud and free utterance of what the worshipers felt was perfectly allowable and orderly. The practice was sanctioned by use, and as it was expected, and regarded as a desirable form of expression, it disturbed no one. There were those, however, among Methodist preachers who would not encourage it, though they could not venture to oppose it. I remember a case of an effort against it by the celebrated Methodist orator Bascom, who met an opening

shout as he rose to preach with the words, "The Lord is in His holy temple—let all the earth keep silence before Him." Beautiful and appropriate as this was, it acted as a damper, and a cold season followed.

The policy adopted by Methodist preachers, and especially in camp-meeting labors, was to reach the hearts of men first—to melt them down, so to say, and then mould them while in fusion. They seldom addressed the understanding with doctrines, and their controversies were almost exclusively with the prevailing Calvinism of the day, as it stood in the way of their favorite doctrine of free salvation. The sermons were more properly exhortations to repentance than illustrations of points of faith. The thunders of the Law were pretty freely dealt out, and, as Archy McElroy (a character in that line of preaching in Eastern Ohio) expressed it, they would shake the brimstone bag at sinners with whatever terrors they could invoke. Still, the spirit with which he prayed on one occasion, "Lord, take up these sinners and hold them over hell, and shake them there, but, O Lord, don't let them fall in," was most prevalent in their ministrations. This style of preaching was very effective upon the material to which it was applied, and I am not sure that their course was not dictated by wisdom, after all. I know very well that practical results followed it, and when a miserable sinner was converted, he always washed his face and put on a clean shirt among the first acts of his new life; and other refinements followed in order. And this was both natural and philosophical, for when a man is awakened to a love of what is good, he will see what is clean, and attend to the purifying of the inside of the vessel, when from a pure heart will flow all that is lovely into the outer man and his doings, and he will think what is *true* because he loves what is *good*.

It should be borne in mind that the material on which the excitements and the enthusiastic exercises of these camp and other noisy meetings of those times operated, was a class of well-disposed

people who had grown up without much religious instruction, or the children of families who had run wild in the pursuit of the pleasures of the world, often rude pleasures of a groveling sort. There were others who had received a strict religious training, and who lived a very quiet, even life, without any such excitement. But it seemed to be the special mission of the Methodists to bring in the Gentiles from the outside world, and these camp-meetings were chief of the agencies of that mission. They addressed themselves to strong passions by powerful means, and the effect was often that of the throes of a giant. One of the most curious studies was the manner in which the strong physical frames of athletic men were affected by mental emotions produced by a word or thought. I have often seen such prostrated to infantile weakness, and sometimes left in a state of catalepsy for hours. At anything like a "good time" at camp-meeting, fifteen or twenty of these mourners would be kneeling at once, till one after another rose shouting in triumphant tones that he was forgiven or converted; and their sphere would seem to spread itself over the others, till all would be a scene of rejoicing. Of those affected in this way, women, young women, were most commonly the subjects, and next to them strong, passionate men, such as were given to swearing and fighting. Your mean, sneaking fellows were seldom if ever thus reached. The theory held respecting this experience was, that it was Divine power specially poured upon the souls of those affected; and so well was this belief established that it would have been extremely offensive to call it enthusiasm, no matter how extravagantly the persons behaved. Under such a persuasion, supposing themselves to be in the immediate presence of the Divine Being, it is not very strange that they gave themselves up to it, in utter disregard of the opinions or remarks of men.

I have often looked upon a camp-meeting about the middle of the night, when the mourners and the new converts had all been taken to the tents,

where all the zealous brethren and sisters, forgetful of sleep, had given themselves up to praying and rejoicing with these new subjects. There would arise the mingled sounds of earnest pleading spoken in the fervor of fullest faith, and songs glowing with the melody of affectionate devotion and shouts of the wildest ecstasy. These sounds rising on the stillness of a summer night blended with the voices of the forest till it was the lightest task of fancy to hear the song of angels in the dying cadences that vanished in the calm of that temple where these children of the New World worshiped. Here was harmony — not of art, but that wild, uncultured beauty in which Nature adorns herself with flowers or tints the autumn leaf. These simple-minded people sang as the birds sing, to praise the Great Father without whose notice even the sparrow cannot fall. They had knelt in the unbuild temple of the forest to worship in spirit and in truth, and in full faith they aspired to sing in concert with the angels. And shall we say they did not share the joy that flows down from heaven when the angels "rejoice over one sinner that repenteth"? I have seen faces under the influence of this enthusiasm that beamed with the glory of their inward conceptions, and told in more than words of the love that swelled in their hearts. They said it was the love of God. All love is of God, and as that which inspired them seemed to go out toward man, I must accept their claim.

It is worthy of remark that the preaching was regarded as a subordinate part of the labors of the occasion. A few telling sermons and exhortations to repentance sufficed. Some of the preachers were natural orators and preached eloquently, few attempted any elocutionary art, and some fell short of a respectable use of good English. But it

required few words to convey their message: they preached from the heart to the heart. And then their congregations assisted them with a devotional spirit, and took part in the worship by responses of *amens* and fervid, earnest prayers. In fact, the people then seemed to know what since appears to be forgotten, that public worship consisted of something else than preaching, and that each member had his share to perform in that worship. And in that day they had good congregations and full houses.

I may look back to these camp-meetings through the halo that surrounds the memories of youth. But I am well convinced that they are of the past, and their usefulness belonged there, though I say this without any intention to condemn the summer meetings held now-a-days. I began to tell a story of bygone days, and portray a good people under the peculiar circumstances of the settlement and opening of a new country, when they were in a condition (which we cannot assume) to avail themselves of the forest as a place of worship, and use it in that rustic earnestness belonging alone to their social state. They could feel, if they did not see it artistically, that they were in the house of God and at the gate of heaven. No Michael Angelo had planned the temple where they knelt, and none of the great masters had adorned it with the glories of their art. But God himself had builded it, and His hand had spread the tints that glowed upon it and all around it. In the simplicity of their hearts they entered it as their Father's house. They wept and prayed and rejoiced, regardless of the wisdom of the world, in the freedom of the child, and the spirit of their worship filled their forest sanctuary, embracing as with the arms of love whoever crossed its threshold.

WILLIAM COOPER HOWELLS.

ONE VERSUS TWO.

ONE dismal evening in gentle spring—improperly so called by mendacious poets—I sat disconsolately in my room reviewing the winter campaign: the wind shrieked around the corner gable and dashed sheets of rain against the windows, while down below in the streets patches of damp snow, mingled with mud, inspired pedestrians with a savage wish that all the impostors who sing about "beautiful snow" might be summoned in a body to clean the streets. It certainly was what might be called a "nasty night"—an expressive phrase which I should not dare to use if I had not recently seen it in several English novels purporting to describe the innermost circles of Britannic aristocracy, sublime in lofty exclusiveness.

A bright fire glowed in the grate, and a box stood near heaped with shining lumps of condensed warmth, for our city stood on the borders of the coal country, where the farmers' wives, when they wanted fuel, turned up the turf anywhere around the house and filled their buckets gratis, with an easy contempt for wood-piles and the laborious saw. After skimming a newspaper, playing an opera air and writing half a page of a letter, I finally lit a cigar and seated myself in an easy-chair to indulge in the dreamy delights of visions in the coals. Gradually out of the glowing depths rose a bold outline, shaping itself slowly into a rocky island surrounded by a summer sea: a little village stood on the beach, with a slender white spire rising above, while the dark pines stretched up and away over the cliffs, and the heights were crowned by a gray stone fort with the Stars and Stripes waving against the blue sky. Then a magical vista opened through the woods and under the shadow of the Sugar Loaf. In the avenue of spruces appeared two forms, a fair young girl and myself, John Free by name. "Bertha," I murmured as the landscape vanished, and left only the

one face outlined in the coals—a child-like face with blue eyes, brown curls and gentle wistful smile. As the features faded other visions arose—visions of lingering walks under the pines, of long conversations on the balcony and romantic sailing-parties over the moonlit water; the quaint parlor in the fort, with the old chaplain, Bertha's father, deep in his chess-problems; the piano where she sang "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls;" and the white handkerchief waving from her window as the steamer carried me away. Just at this stage of the vision the door opened and Warren Brenton came in, divesting himself of his overcoat and dismally chanting an atrocious parody invented on the stairs for my benefit:

In the spring a bitter east wind freezes up the robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lapwing dies of cold upon its nest;

In the spring a muddy moisture drips from the bedraggled dove;

In the spring a shaking ague turns a man from thoughts of love.

"You wretch!" I exclaimed, "you have frightened away my visions."

"Where were they?" said Brenton, lighting a cigar and taking a companion arm-chair by the fireside.

"In the coals," I replied, and, full of the genial recollections, I was almost tempted to disclose my thoughts, when he began talking of city politics and the mood passed.

Warren was my best friend: our law-offices were in the same building, we frequented the same houses, and when, by chance, we happened to be on opposite sides of a case, we vastly enjoyed pelting each other with terrific epithets and rolling adjectives, at the same time frowning with all the ferocity we possessed. My income depended upon my industry, but Brenton enjoyed a comfortable fortune: together we attended parties, together we spent our evenings, and together we had passed a month at

Fairy Island the preceding summer, Brenton having outstayed me by several weeks, till called inexorably back, as I was, by the necessities of the daily grinding legal wheel.

After a desultory conversation upon the topics of the day, Warren began rallying me upon my devotion to Miss Kate Vanderheyden, the lovely brunette. "Seriously, though, John," he said finally, with his eyes fixed upon the smoke-rings above him, "in spite of the prosy paternal relative, she is a charming girl."

"So-so," I replied with fastidious indifference.

"Why, old cormorant, what more do you want? Is she not lovely, amiable and rich, and smileth she not most sweetly upon thee?"

"There's Allen in the way," I suggested.

"Oh, he is entirely *ausgespielt*: he wrote her a letter alluding to her 'angle' form and 'starey' eyes. Poor fellow! he knew no spell but hers. No, my friend, the field is clear before you: go in and win!"

"The truth is, Warren, I think she *does* fancy me," said I with an air of candid acknowledgment.

"Of course she does: in maiden meditation fancies Free. And now, may I ask if the day is fixed?"

"Not yet, but perhaps it soon will be."

"I am not mad, but soon shall be," sang Brenton, ending in a prolonged quaver just half a tone flat. At the close of this musical quotation I mildly questioned him in my turn concerning a certain cousin Dora with whom he kept up a domestic flirtation under cover of respect for an aged aunt.

"Dora is a dear girl," he replied sentimentally, "and I should marry her tomorrow were it not for sundry qualms of conscience."

"Regarding cousinship?" I asked.

"Oh no: she is three degrees removed; but there is another little girl to whom I consider myself half promised, and I am afraid she would cry her eyes out if she had to give me up."

"Does she live here, old Mormon?" said I, lighting a fresh cigar.

"No; but the truth is, I flirted with her desperately for eight weeks, and all but committed myself. Whenever I think of her pretty face, I have not the courage to break her heart, poor little thing!"

"Who is it, Bluebeard?"

"Why who should it be but Bertha Macpherson, of course? You remember her?"

"Remember her!" I stammered idiotically, staring at my broken coal-visions with a cold perspiration trickling down my back.

"Yes, the old chaplain's daughter, you know? The reverend, Bertha and that long-legged Duncan lived in the rooms above the chapel overlooking the lake. Well, I have been engaged to Cousin Dora for years, but last spring we had a quarrel, and just to revenge myself I began flirting with the lassie up on the island. Dora heard of it, and it soon brought her round: we are all right now, but as I am not unprincipled like some of you fellows, I positively cannot bear to break the little Macpherson girl's heart."

"Do you mean to say, Warren Brenton, that Bertha Macpherson loves you?"

"Of course she does: that is the very point of the difficulty."

"Did she ever acknowledge it?"

"Perhaps not in words; but what do you care about it?"

"What reasons have you for your assertions, sir?" I asked with concentrated composure.

"I don't know that I am obliged to give them to you; but it was evident enough that the child was wrapt up in me."

"I think, Mr. Brenton, you are mistaken in the lady," I remarked loftily.

"Nothing of the kind, sir."

"Her affections are bestowed in another quarter, and I have her letters to prove it."

"Her letters!" exclaimed Brenton with flashing eyes.

"Yes," I answered triumphantly, at the same time taking two letters from my pocket and brandishing them in his face.

"What is in them?" said my rival furiously."

"Never mind," I answered meaningly, hastily replacing the innocent documents in my note-book, with the inward consciousness that their barren friendliness would but poorly prove my assertions: "enough that she writes to me, not to you. And allow me to request you not to make use of her name so freely."

"I shall make as much use of her name as I please, and she would marry me to-morrow if I asked her," exclaimed Brenton furiously.

"I beg leave to differ: Miss Macpherson is my property."

"It's false!" shouted my fiery companion.

"I shall marry her this summer," I continued with bold audacity.

"I'll be hanged if you do," said Brenton, knocking over his chair and slamming the door after him as he rushed from the room. In an instant his head reappeared. "And Kate Vanderheyden?" he called out jeeringly. I made a spring after him and ran out on the landing: he was half-way down stairs, and, flinging a law-book down to attract his attention, I leaned over and shouted "And Cousin Dora?" at the top of my voice. He shook his fist at me and disappeared into the street, while I, after going down to pick up the legal spoke of the daily grinding-wheel, returned to my room, feeling the depressing reaction of a hot excitement.

The fire had burned low, and a smouldering black heap was all that remained of my glowing visions. I threw on fresh coal, and seated myself to tempt back the rosy reveries, but all in vain. When at last the blaze sprang up, it was altogether too sparkling for meditation: the crackling flame and brisk gas-jets refused to take the outlines of Fairy Island, and Bertha's fair face no longer smiled behind the black bars.

My feelings, too, had changed: indolent self-satisfaction was replaced by angry disappointment; and true to my training I began rigidly scrutinizing the events of the preceding summer, weigh-

ing Bertha's careless words, judging sternly her graceful ways, and using all my legal acumen to prove her guilty of high crime and misdemeanor. But, in spite of special pleading, I accomplished nothing beyond a renewed fondness for the lovely accused, and a firm determination not to believe Brenton's conceited avowals, particularly as he was noted for fancying himself a mighty Nimrod among the fair, slaying whole ranks with one of his idiotic smiles. Dear little Bertha! The more I thought of her, the more I swore she should not be sacrificed. To be sure, she was not exactly eligible as a wife, in comparison, for instance, with Kate Vanderheyden, but I certainly should not allow myself to be supplanted by Warren Brenton; and full of chivalrous resolution, I took out the two letters for additional inspiration. "She is too ladylike to express her feelings before I take the initiative," I murmured as I scanned the friendly lines relating principally to some books I had sent, "but evidently there is a deep hidden meaning in these words. No doubt the simple-hearted child encouraged Brenton for the especial purpose of talking about me, and the great jackanapes took it all to himself. It must be dismal enough at Fairy Island now: I suppose the little girl sits by the window and looks mournfully over the ice all day long, sighing for June, the fifteenth of June, when I promised to be there."

This melancholy picture moved me to a sudden resolution: I would slip away quietly by the first boat up, warn her against Brenton's perfidious failings, stay a few days to cheer her up, and perhaps—But there was no hurry about the rest: she would be satisfied with her little drop of comfort, and Brenton, I thought with a glow of virtuous indignation—Brenton shall be unmasked. This generous determination soothed my wrath, and as the fire had burned down to glowing coals again, I saw new visions in their depths: Bertha roused from her depression, Bertha beaming with joy to see me, and betraying in her artless face the secret feelings of her heart.

The next morning a cold rain drizzled from the gray sky and somewhat damped my ardor: still, I persevered so far as to visit the office of the transportation company to inquire when the first boat would leave for the North, and was informed by a dismal boy on a three-legged stool, reading a dime novel, that "the ice was ten feet thick yet." Evidently, nothing could be done for the present, and to pass away the time I devoted myself with renewed industry to my profession, withdrawing from all scenes of gayety like a knight-errant vowed to a holy cause. Brenton did not appear again, neither did I meet him on the street: we avoided each other carefully, and nursed our wrath to keep it warm. Finally, after two weeks of this vegetative existence, I felt it my duty to call on Miss Vanderheyden: it was time she should understand my indifference, lest I should make her miserable as well as poor Bertha, and therefore I really ought to go. Very charming she was, very lovely she looked, and I was enjoying myself in a melancholy manner when who should come in but Warren Brenton! Of course we were both too well bred to show our animosity, and Miss Kate had no suspicion of the truth as we all chatted gayly upon the airy nothings of society and laughed with inimitable ease. I confess to a few tremors as I thought of my last interview with Brenton: what if he should allude to Bertha before Miss Vanderheyden? A cold chill crept over me: it would be so cruel to expose the poor little girl's feelings, you know.

Toward the close of the evening, Brenton spoke of the approaching summer and his plans. "If you are to be at Sharon, Miss Vanderheyden," said the coxcomb, "I should certainly go there myself, were it not for a pressing engagement in another quarter. I have just received a letter from a friend, inviting me for June, and once there, Heaven knows how long I shall stay."

"It must be a lady then," said Miss Kate gayly.

Brenton smiled, and drew from his pocket a letter. "Let me see, it is the

fifteenth, I believe," he drawled with pretended forgetfulness, scanning the page. Intentionally or not, the envelope dropped at my feet, and stooping to pick it up, I recognized the delicate, unformed handwriting of Bertha Macpherson.

The two talked on, but I heard not what they said: my brain whirled, phantasms of anger and revenge danced before my eyes, and I sat in my chair like a lunatic in a strait-jacket. At length the perfidious wretch rose to take his leave, all smiles and courtesy, and when he was safely out of the house I murmured an incoherent farewell and rushed into the street. Late as it was, I hurried to the domains of the dismal boy, this time all bustle and confusion: the harbor was reported clear, the first boat of the season was to leave within forty-eight hours, and a schooner was on the point of starting for Chicago, the advance-guard of the lower Lake fleet. Seizing a pen, I indited a few hasty lines to Bertha, incoherent and vague enough, save the one fact that I should follow the letter in person by the first steamer. As I hurriedly sealed the missive, I pleased myself with the thought of the joy it would bring to that lonely island and the happiness it would diffuse over that gentle heart. Bribing the captain of the schooner to deliver the letter, I engaged my passage by the steamer, and returned to my room triumphant.

It was evident that after our quarrel Brenton had written her a beseeching letter, fair to the face but false at heart, and the unsophisticated girl, deceived by his apparent sincerity and pitying his distress, had asked him to come in June. That she had selected the fifteenth might be accounted for by two reasons: my presence at that time would preserve her from an open declaration on his part; and perhaps also, innocent as she was, she was woman enough to try the effect of the stimulant of jealousy upon my somewhat tardy devotion. Having thus explained satisfactorily the phenomenon of the letter, I sank to sleep, lulled by rosy dreams.

During the next day I made my preparations as quietly as possible, and post-

ing a notice on the office door to the effect that I was called away by important business, at the appointed time I took my valise and started for the pier. It was a bright cold day, with a high west wind, and as I passed through the Park, I saw Brenton, with his cousin Dora on his arm, on the opposite side of the monument. With a comfortable enjoyment in the brilliant strategical movement with which I was about to outflank my unsuspecting enemy, I could not resist the temptation to fire a farewell shot. Crossing the street as Dora entered a store, I came up behind her companion, loitering outside, and putting my face close to his ear, "And Cousin Dora?" I murmured suddenly in a jeering voice. He grasped at my arm, but I broke away, and hastening onward toward the river I laughed exultingly at his discomfiture. The Comet lay at the dock with hissing steam and ringing bells, and in fifteen minutes she backed slowly out into the lake, turning her sharp bows toward the North, where Fairy Island lay hidden in the Straits, five hundred miles away.

As long as the spires of the city remained in view I amused myself watching them, and imagining the rage of my quondam friend could my plans be suddenly revealed to him: in the flush of victory I even hoped magnanimously that Cousin Dora might be gracious to him, and generously vouchsafed a nuptial benediction in future.

As we left the harbor the sharp wind gradually nipped romantic thoughts, and wrapped in a heavy overcoat I began pacing the decks in the vain hope of restoring the chilled circulation. Lake Erie stretched away to the northward, sullen and dark, the short surly waves chopping the dull expanse in irate irregularity: between the piers, in slimy smoothness, the muddy current of the Cuyahoga rolled along, bringing down the refuse of six miles of bordering oil-refineries on its odoriferous tide, and preserving its turbid identity far out into the harbor. The west wind had driven the ice-floe down the lake toward Buffalo, and its retreating masses gleamed

in the distance with Arctic clearness: now and then a jagged pile thrown up by the waves, block upon block, catching an occasional sunbeam upon its summit, glittered like an iceberg with Polar splendor. Alongshore, naked forests clothed the low monotonous banks, and the occasional farmhouses stood disconsolately among their barren fields as the steamer ploughed along, looking like the abode of Giant Despair. Then came the vine-islands covered with naked trellises and deserted summer hotels, blank and staring white: one shivering wine-merchant came down to the dock and gazed misanthropically at the casks which the Comet disgorged for his benefit, but his sharp blue nose told not of the merry juice, proverbially rosy, and his glance alone was enough to sour the boldest grape. On a rocky islet fortified Gibraltar reared its walls against the sky, and threatened the passing vessels with the awful power of the great Philadelphia banker, while just beyond opened the celebrated bay where Commodore Perry, generally represented in white satin breeches and pink velvet coat, remarked in a conversational tone to a midshipman in white kids, "Don't give up the ship."

At dawn the steamer entered the Detroit River, brimming full between its low banks, and sweeping swiftly onward with the surplus strength of three mighty lakes. On the American side white villages gleamed in the rising sun, and the cloudy puffs of numerous steam saw-mills rose in the air; but the Canadian shore showed only a few thatched cottages among the neglected fields, with now and then an ancient cross-topped church, built for the vanished Indians and falling into decay. Passing the city, busy activity bustled along the docks; fleets of Lake craft, with their peculiar graceful rigging, were noisy with the sound of hammers; and here and there some adventurous vessel, bringing grain from the prairies, lay resting after its perilous voyage, with the huge trunk of an elevator sucking up the golden cargo. Entering the mysterious mazes of the Flats, margined with porous crumbling

ice-fringes, the steamer glided past solitary beacons standing alone in the midst of the water: sometimes a listless face looked out from the narrow window stamped with the inert ennui of a forced seclusion, but generally the little arks showed no sign of life, desolately riding at anchor in the dreary scene. Just at dusk, dark Lake Huron opened threateningly before the advancing boat, and tossed its long rolling waves high in the air, as if to bar the northern passage. The few passengers huddled together in the cheerless cabin; the crew, wrapped in heavy clothing, went about barricading and tightening every possible opening; the fierce wind came up and the dark night came down as the steamer ploughed heavily onward, out of sight of land, across the stormy lake. All through that miserable night I sat coiled up on a hard sofa, cold and benumbed. The boat rocked and pitched to such an extent that no fire was allowed in the cabin: one dismal light swung from the ceiling, and three shivering children wailed hopelessly around their mother, overpowered by sea-sickness. Driven to desperation, I ventured out on deck, but the driving wind nearly blew me overboard: creeping around on the lee side and clinging to the railing, I gazed down upon the angry waters and out over the dark space beyond. On the forward deck the captain and mate, muffled to the eyes in the bitter cold, kept a sharp watch ahead, and in the wheelhouse three men labored silently as the loaded boat careened fearfully in the storm and plunged heavily through the raging sea. Hour after hour passed, and it seemed as though ten nights had been rolled into one: then the little group in the cabin was startled by a loud cry and sounds of hurrying feet across the hurricane-deck. At that moment we were off Thunder Bay, with a heavy rain-storm upon us, and looking through the mist I could just distinguish the looming outline of a three-masted barque driving before the wind dead across our bow. The bell sounded furiously, the engine stopped, and with all hands at the wheel we rolled helplessly in the

trough of the sea, barely escaping the horrors of a collision.

Gradually the rain changed into sleet, the sleet into snow, and as the cold dawn glimmered in the east, the decks were covered with ice and the mercury was down to winter temperature. Fortunately, the sea calmed down, the fires were lighted again in the cabin, and as we gathered around the stove I began to think of great dogs, train oil, Esquimaux and private theatricals—a strange medley inseparably connected in my mind with Arctic winters at the North Pole. Colder and colder grew the weather, until, as we rounded the point of Bois-Blanc and entered the Straits, we were startled by the unwelcome gleam of an ice-field in the distance, stretching from north to south in an apparently unbroken mass. Pushing on with redoubled speed, we soon found ourselves in the midst of floating blocks of ice, growing more and more numerous until they rubbed against the steamer's sides and closed again behind the stern with a dull thud. At length we struck the main floe, and the porous ice crumbled before the sharp bows as the boat forced her way along, grinding and crushing the snow-covered masses, and occasionally coming full against a solid block with a force which shook every timber in her strong hull. The wind still blew from the west, forcing the moving ice down upon us, and all day the steamer worked steadily to clear the pack before nightfall; but twilight came on and we were still wedged in, although a strip of open water in the distance and Fairy Island rising beyond gave me a hope that my share, at least, in this Arctic journey would soon be ended.

During the night the engines were stopped, and all hands took a good sleep to make up for the fatigues of the preceding night. Early in the morning I went out upon deck and looked toward the northern shore buried in snow: coming around to the other side, what was my astonishment to see a small propeller, working her engine slowly in the ice, about eighty feet south of us! The captain of our patrician side-wheeler pro-

nounced the plebeian craft to be a boat of the Union Line which probably left C—— a few hours after the Comet, and being as snugly built and tight as a cask, rode out the storm securely, and overhauled the larger boat during the night. Our engines were started, and after a hearty breakfast I strolled outside again as we pounded along, my thoughts engrossed with my joyful meeting with Bertha, when suddenly my eyes were blinded by the hateful phantasm of Warren Brenton, wrapped in a huge overcoat of furs and smoking a cigar, on the deck of the propeller alongside. Hastily retreating inside the glass door, I rubbed my eyes and looked again, hoping that I had been deceived by some passing resemblance, but a closer investigation only made assurance doubly sure, for there undoubtedly stood the bane of my life, sheltered by the narrow gangway, gazing intently toward Fairy Island, now plainly visible before us.

In an instant I had opened the door and rushed outside. "You scoundrel!" I shouted at the top of my voice, "how dare you follow me?"

Brenton recognized me instantly, and shook his fist in my direction, but the crunching sound of the boats grinding through the ice prevented me from hearing his answer. Savagely we gazed at each other in silence like two bull-dogs ready for a spring, but the distance prevented a personal encounter, and we were obliged to control our wrath, smoking furiously with snorts of defiance, and glaring at each other ferociously across the floating ice. The captains, seeing black water ahead, let on more steam, and for a moment or two I gloried in the prospect of leaving my rival far behind, but the lively little propeller churned up the ice and flounced herself up alongside again, buzzing and sputtering like a small spitfire, while Brenton waved his hand in triumph.

Toward noon I was moodily standing at the bow, watching the flag floating over Fairy Island, and calculating how long it would take to reach the dock: the houses of the village were plainly visible, and lying at the wharf I could

distinguish the outlines of a steamer from Chicago, and I anathematized my folly for not having gone by rail to that metropolis and taken the first boat from there, as Lake Michigan never freezes. For some time I had not deigned to look at my rival: I was enraged to think that he should have divined my purpose and ruined my plans. The two boats kept steadily on together, now crushing easily through a floating mass of blocks, and now battering against a solid wall of ice, with the signal-bells sounding like mad. The two captains stood on their respective decks, eagerly taking advantage of every available opening: now the Comet's great paddle-wheels revolved majestically and carried her along like a triumphal car, and then the officious little propeller would kick up her heels behind and come bustling up alongside, letting off steam and lashing the water as furiously as a leviathan. At last the little monster shot ahead, and I was roused from my reverie by the sight of Brenton standing on the stern and pointing triumphantly to Fairy Island. Breathless with excitement I rushed to the captain. "Five hundred dollars down—" I panted.

"What are ye driving at, young man?"

"Five hundred dollars down if you will beat that propeller in," I exclaimed.

"Wall, neow, young man, that's a purty big sum: ye must be mighty anxious about it."

"Five hundred down," I repeated.

"Wall, neow, the Comit can do it, for she's a capable critter when her grit's up. I make it a p'int never to worry the boat when there's nothin' to be got by it, but, to tell the truth, I do admire to see her go myself, an', seein' as heow your heart seems to be sot on it, young man, I guess I'll do it."

"Ting, ting," went the bell, and away we shot, the great paddle-wheels revolving rapidly, sending the ice flying to the right and the left, and leaving the puffing propeller far behind. In my turn I stood on the stern and triumphantly saluted my adversary, even going so far as to make a trumpet of my hands and shout remorselessly, "And Cousin Dora?" at him as we surged ahead.

The powerful engine of the Comet did its utmost in my behalf, and in a short time we reached the open water, gliding swiftly toward the harbor, while our crestfallen adversary still floundered in the ice. The bay was full of Lake Michigan vessels, and the steamer I had seen, the Lady Elgin of Chicago, passed us as we approached the wharf, bound down for the lower Lakes by the way we had just cut out for her. About one o'clock I handed the captain his fee and jumped on to the dock at Fairy Island: without waiting a moment I started up the fort hill, slipping and falling on the icy limestone walk, and reaching the great gate in a bruised and strained condition. Hurrying across the smooth parade-ground, I ran up the stairs and knocked at the well-known door. "Come in," said a voice, and entering the little parlor, I found the worthy chaplain in his arm-chair, but no sign of his pretty daughter.

"Why, Mr. Free, do my eyes deceive me, or is it yourself in person?" said the old gentleman, shaking me vigorously by the hand. "Ye're a trifle late, but I opine the ice detained ye."

"How is Miss Macpherson?" I asked.

"*Non est*, sir—decidedly *non est*."

"I hope nothing serious has happened to her," I said in some anxiety.

"Ha! ha! very good!—very good, indeed! But I'm sorry ye missed it, though: it was all over before twelve o'clock."

"Good Heavens, sir! what do you mean?"

"The wedding, to be sure. Didn't ye come for the wedding? It was done in a great hurry at the last, for all along the time was set for the fourteenth of June; but two days ago Bertha decided to be married at once. The first boat had come through, a schooner from C—, and when the child found that navigation was open she just anticipated the day and hurried off. May I offer you a glass of wine and some wedding-cake?"

"Thank you," I muttered, and swallowed a brimming glass to sustain myself, while the chaplain cut off a thick

slice of plum-cake for my benefit. "They have just gone, then, Mr. and Mrs. — I beg pardon, the name has slipped my memory."

"Duncan, lad—Roy McGregor Duncan, a far-away cousin—engaged since childhood, brought up together, ye know. They have just gone on the Lady Elgin: ye must have passed them. Yes, the lassie has been engaged since childhood, but I'll not deny she had a turn for flirting. I have really been fearful at times lest she should do a harm to the young slips who come up here in the summer, but she always assured me that they needed a little sisterly advice, and that she meant it all for their good."

"Very considerate!" I said grimly.

The old man rambled on, and I sat mechanically drinking my wine in a state of angry bewilderment that I, the chivalrous knight-errant, should have rashly taken this dangerous journey, given up an important law-case, paid five hundred dollars down, and, alas! risked the smiles of lovely Kate Vanderheyden, only for the pleasure of making myself sick with Mrs. Roy McGregor Duncan's indigestible wedding-cake. It was too much! The girl had evidently received my letter by the schooner, and deliberately planned this base manoeuvre.

"She little knows what she missed," I soliloquized savagely, entirely ignoring the fact that I had no other motive for coming to Fairy Island than a victory over the conceited Brenton. The thought of his name gave me a gleam of comfort: if I was fooled, so was he, for this arrant little witch had evidently invited him for the fifteenth of June with the cool intention of marrying her long-legged cousin on the preceding day.

During these meditations my garrulous host had been entertaining me with a long account of Roy McGregor Duncan's ancestors in the auld countrie, and having landed them safely in the mythological ages, he came down to the present with the question, "I've been thinking, Mr. Free, that it is a little strange ye should have known of the wedding, when I mysel' was only informed of the

change two days ago?" This was a rather embarrassing question, but just at the moment a knock was heard at the door, and, as the chaplain called out "Come in," Warren Brenton entered, flushed with haste and anger flashing in his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Macpherson," I remarked with a suave smile, "you probably remember Mr. Brenton of C—. I am sincerely sorry that he also is too late for the wedding;" and with this parting thrust I left my rival to his fate, almost repaid for my discomfiture by the blank bewilderment of his countenance.

Going slowly down the horrible hill, and viciously digging my boot-heels into the icy gravel, I sought the dock again, and learned that another boat was coming up the Straits from Chicago. Seating myself on a dry-goods box in the cold warehouse, I meditated dismally until the steamer reached the dock, and going on board with my unopened valise, I locked myself into a state-room to sleep off the effects of my disappointment and that villainous wedding-cake.

It was nearly dark when I awoke, and going out on the stern to smoke a cigar, I ran against Warren Brenton, moodily watching the dim outlines of Fairy Island behind us. We both started, and there was an awful pause.

Warren was the first to speak: "Did you ever hear a ballad called 'Jock of Hazeldean,' John?"

"No," I replied gravely; "but I am familiar with one entitled 'Roy's Wife'."

Companions in misery, we looked at each other silently, and a gleam of mirth at last invaded our forlorn countenances.

"Fooled, John?" asked Warren laconically.

"Fooled," I replied firmly.

"By a canny Scot's lassie, John?"

"Aweel, ye may weel say that."

"Did we deserve it, John?"

"We did."

"But after all, there's Kate Vanderheyden, John."

"And Cousin Dora," I replied solemnly; so we lit our cigars, and it all ended in smoke.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

PRIVATE ART-COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

V.—MR. A. E. BORIE'S GALLERY.

MY subject is getting broader before me, but it becomes more and more stimulating. The longer one lives among the bounties of good art, the greater becomes one's ambition to interpret vigorously, for the literary public, those joys of the connoisseur which the world at large denies itself. As for the cicerone, he does not weary of his function: one can regale on an infinity of sherbet when there are new bands of hours to serve it at each draught.

A select gallery of much distinction illuminates the home of ex-Secretary of the Navy Borie.

Three autographs that you seldom see written upon canvases hung in Ameri-

can saloons are those of Delacroix, of Decamps, of Millet. This collection, framed on French traditions, represents them approximately. In the case of either of these artists, each the inventor of a style, one should have seen great numbers of examples before forming a judgment. My own impressions of Decamps and Delacroix are derived not so much from the five specimens in the Borie gallery, as from the two ceilings by Delacroix in the Louvre and Luxembourg, and from his "Dante" in the museum of the latter; and from an assemblage of some scores of the works of Decamps I once saw collected for auction at Drouot, besides various lithographs indicating his conceptions. As

for Millet's pictures, hard to find together in sufficient numbers to make preponderant the shy aroma of his soul, they were never collected so numerous and representatively as at the Exposition of 1867. It seems almost idle to hale one's friends by the button and direct them to fall into sympathy with talents of such singular bent, here represented in a half dozen of their accidental ramifications.

As for Eugène Delacroix, his "Bark of Dante," painted in 1822, and judged "worthy to float in the river which rolls from the base of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,'" had the effect of making any subsequent effort of his pencil interesting. In 1831 occurred his journey to Morocco, and it is to this epoch that the examples secured by Mr. Borie seem to appertain. One is a lion-hunt: a picture of considerable size, perhaps five feet across; it exhibits a hollow place among African hills, into whose shadows have penetrated a party of Moorish cavalry: the lion has shot, as from a catapult, into the foreground; and there, denuding its teeth for work with fierce, feline wrinkling of its cheeks, it tears the arm of a dismounted soldier, who, courageous and intriguing with Death, scrambles over the ground as alert and catlike as his foe, accommodating his motions to those of the force that drags him, and trying to make fight with his scimeter: three or four horsemen on barbs of different colors are rushing upon the beast, while the lioness turns growling upon an assailant who aims from a distance. This is no beautiful picture: its forms are scattered about in the dark with slight obedience to composition, and its deep knotted colors, unrelieved by high-lights, are as sombre in their harmony as are the darkly-beautiful honeycombs on a vase of cloisonné enamel. But it betrays on examination one considerable peculiarity: it yields no evidence of calculation, of experiment, of errata, but seems wafted against the canvas with the ease of a fierce dream. Each figure's energy or agony, somewhat less solid than life, appears like the soul or eidolon of an action, and you would no more think of

imagining anything otherwise or improved than of correcting the direst expressions of some one in the transport of rage. So it seemed always in the true work of Delacroix: his pictures were hurled up in orgasms, they sacrificed all rules to the eloquence of feeling. Advised once that an eye he was painting was an inch too low in the face, he admitted its defect, but refused to make a change, "lest he should miss the inspiration." Such a spirit in the epoch of 1820 set the old gods rocking on their pedestals. Delacroix took a place in art, like Victor Hugo in literature, as the prophet of romanticism against the calculated culture of academics and the antique: he sowed thorns in the dying pillow of David, and he almost made martyrs of such rigid young saints as Ingres and Flandrin. Fusing together colors, contours and proportions in the furnace of his enthusiasm, awaiting in every subject the spasm of its action, celebrating revolution, anarchy and the Greeks, illustrating the barbarian Shakespeare, borrowing color of the East and legend of the Past, he divided a national school into friends and heretics, and became the Mohammed of Romance. How he would project the essence of man and woman, instead of their anatomy and outline, is shown again in another example of this collection: two wayfarers sitting down to rest outside the gates of an Eastern town, whose minarets glisten at their backs, are regarded by a woman from the city, who turns to consider them as she walks: she is an attitude, and an attitude worth preserving—free, unsandaled, expressing the stately curiosity of an untamed animal. Even so slight a study as this exhibits the protestantism and individuality of the new school—the cry of Nature, the impulse to worship reality in its caprice, to enshrine the hard-caught mobility of life as something sacred, to exalt worship of passion over worship of conscience—all this as opposed to the tedious determination shown in centuries of French art and literature, of achieving inspiration by means of science. These shreds of Delacroix are but banner-

fringes torn from the fray of the classicists and romanticists, but they are all that America need have: Delacroix achieved a sunrise, and we lie in the light. As for the herald, even in France he is less glorious for his deeds than for his impulse—the impulse of the regenerator, the angry soldier, the pioneer of the new way. We shall never find it worth while to collect, in America, the relics of a crusade that was full of carmine and fury in its day. The battleground was elsewhere, and the leader was made up of shortcomings and imperfection; but he was a rallying-name; he caught a new side of Truth; he tried to revive the colors of Venice, the sappy vigor of Rubens, the courageous images of old prophets and poets; he laid about him hotly among the cold Greek gods, whom he came to hate like a Byzantine. For those who have some initiation in the significance of the struggle, the few disheveled pages of Delacroix that smoulder unappreciated in the garish atmosphere of the New World have an interest partly artistic, partly documentary, and either way far from contemptible.

Turning now to Decamps, we are struck with the satisfying, positive saliency of his realism after the poesies of Delacroix: we feel that we have taken leave of a soul agitated with inspiration and ideality, and come upon a rich, daylight talent, occupied with the business of universal delineation, and finding all the world too small. Decamps, with the authority of a master, has depicted almost everything—sunsets and wildernesses, the jungle and the divan, the combats of tigers and elephants, the muscles of Samson, the ophthalmia of Saint Paul: whatever is real has been the fuel of his insatiable pencil—only at the portals of the metaphor has he drawn bridle. It is a peculiar trait that the sole allegories of Decamps are the celebrated "monkey-pictures," in which the foibles of men are lashed through the antics of crowds of apes: where another painter plunges beyond humanity into figurative liberties, Decamps, when he has moments of imagination, keeps this side the human limit, and

gives rein, among his anthropomorphic abortions, to a vivacity that is so much the more an exercise of realism. For all the many-chambered edifice of Decamps we must here take one stone for a pattern, Mr. Borie's beautiful specimen representing an Oriental cavalcade. A gloomy enclosure of walls and mountains gives poignancy to the flashing sunset which bursts above: in the foreground all is inscrutable twilight; a line of Persian horsemen wind around a rocky defile, their figures relieved against a lofty plaster wall and dome, whose surface, in the dusk, veils and makes mystery of its own original color, deceiving the lost and straying rays of light; beyond rise walls of purple mountains, set up one above another like screens of slate; and over their crowded tops breaks and beats one of Decamps' sunsets—a sunset without mystery, but solid with splendor; breadths of gold-leaf cloud cut into angles and puzzles and lozenges, and brought up into positive demonstration with all the captivity of their color, as in the "Saint Paul" in the government collection at Paris.

Millet, *en revanche*, is neither romantic nor opulent, he is even passionately simple. He quietly offers a pale cup of country milk, in which the milkmaid has somehow dissolved her soul.

Jean François Millet, a pupil of Delacroix, began to exhibit in 1845, but received his medal of the first class only in the year of the last Exposition Universelle, which was for him the definitive coronation of a talent beyond dispute. His canvases, arranged in a modest group, made all around them seem mannered and poor. Their intensity of truth, their humility, and affection for what they portrayed, the chord of low, melancholy music which they struck amid the meagreness of their rustic subjects, surprised every one. I have heretofore spoken, with an enthusiasm which I am very far from withdrawing, of the pastoral pictures of Breton. I do not say now that they are inferior to those of Millet, but I expose the fact that they are more sophisticated: they approach rural themes

from the outside, they carry to them the comments of a mind cultured, idyllic and contemplative: the determination to make a poem of the situation is necessarily evident. But Millet seems to be the rustic himself, painting. He portrays the sober, barren and melancholy life of French farmlands from within. In literature we have a corresponding expression from the lips of several clod-born men of genius, Bloomfield, David Gray, William Barnes: through them the earth-spirit, the sad, shadowy Terra, takes tongue and speaks. But in the fine arts, until Millet exiled himself at Fontainebleau, made himself a peasant, and ate at proletarian tables, I know not what interpreter we have had. By the exercise of a tender and inexhaustible sympathy he has made himself to be at one with the earth-tiller, and if Breton has become the contemplative Wordsworth of the country, Millet speaks up for it with the bitter personal love of Burns. To express the vulgarest truth without vulgarity, to paint turfs that are humid and airs that swim with hay-scents, to lead the stealthy line of easily-frightened gleaners across the stubble, to make the sheepfold look like a moving field of soft woolly backs, that altogether exhale a visible halo of greasy dust,—such are the successes with which this simple Pan contents himself: if he reaches farther, and whispers to the bowed-down rustic a prophecy of the future, he becomes, in his austere psalm, more startlingly sombre than before; for he paints "Death and the Wood-chopper," where the toiler of the forest meets, as his best friend waiting at the end of the branching vista, the skeleton of Albert Dürer, the rattling hand of Death.

The example of Millet in this collection is severely plain, and so unpretending that the mystical *aura* surrounding his work might escape a frivolous or careless eye. A peasant-woman stands out dark against the gray light, the rake in her hands seeming to describe monotonous semicircles around her figure as she collects the scanty crop of hay. Do not try to make out her face, for it is

shadowed in the dark close cap she wears, as the visage of the famous "Pensieroso" in his impending bonnet. One sweep after another of the grimy rake—those are the accents of her sunless day; the few folds in her long strait gown repeat themselves in the same creases every time the clockwork action recurs; she is one of the wheels in the vast machine of Labor, and of all she might have learned and developed upon the life-giving earth, the one lesson of her life is Endurance—a lesson to which she points with her whole action and posture, lifted alone against the clouds, a melancholy gnomon. I fear to force the interpretation somewhat, even with so slight an effort of lesson-reading. The artist's intention is not distinctly to indicate a moral, but simply to present, in earthy color cool and true, a "hard-tasked sunburnt wife:" the least attempt to idealize upon the description seems to wrong him a little. Dark, speechless figures of women, moving about over the fields in the twilight about some odds and ends of tasks forgotten or despised by the men, and forming movable blots upon the horizon, you may see any day among the plains of Picardy and the Touraine: to attach one of these shadows upon his canvas, with the gloom and the earth upon it, and surrounded by its proper atmosphere of breathable gray, was the artist's ambition. Teniers and Ostade too comprehended the heavy life of the poor, but in their work, with much that is magically fine, there is the predetermined effort to be boorish, dissolute and shallow. This Frenchman has the poet's art to elude every taint of oafishness, and before his slightest work to make the spectator stand in a company of strange thoughts.

By Troyon the gallery has two excellent pieces. The larger and more "valuable" represents a group of cattle near a stream, a fisherman and his dog. The composition is what might be called architectural—a peculiarity in which Troyon often indulged himself. A liking for low level lines was one of his specialties, and he voluntarily chose the profiled figures of cows because those

animals are parallelograms on legs. This picture is built up of them, like the courses of a Tuscan wall, and the sky too is square with a diaperwork of cloud-forms as broadly designed as if they had been printed over it with the palm of the hand. With all this, an imposing mastery of art-method, animals of grand relief and broad modeling, and clouds that, although so massively treated, float and separate in an ethereal distance. His smaller example strikes me as more original, and is my preference. It shows a fluffy multitude of poultry disputing the grains which a woman has just thrown down to them. The singularity of the picture is this: it aims, instead of presenting a series of thoroughly-drawn ornithologic forms, to convey the *movement*, the disputatious stir and bustle, of a poultry-yard in a state of concentrated activity. So does an able landscape-painter, when he would represent a mass of trees in a storm, contrive to make you feel the confusion and agitation, instead of the separate drawing of leaves and stems: the busy boughs will seem to rock and flutter before the eye. Similarly, in this turmoil of the hen-yard, does Troyon, with the audacity only conceded to a great artist, venture to fill his canvas with a soft tempest of darting feathers, the speckled necks and thighs of partridges half made out, and, for centrepiece, the back view of a turkey-cock in full expansion, veering with the breeze, and cooling against the air the impromptu rosette of its tail.

Daubigny, in one of his twilight reveries, dreams of a city on a placid river, dipping its silvery reflections into the belts of quiet water, and losing them again in the belts where there is some disturbance from the tidal eddy, all its roofs chilled with the dew of late afternoon, and spread beneath a hovering sky that broods over them with clouds that are like the down of the gray swan.

But Théodore Rousseau, the friend of Millet and the eremite of Fontainebleau, shows clouds that, though gray as those of Daubigny, seem to be charged from within with white flame: they fill his sky, and concentrate into a hot vaporous

glare above his sultry scene, where a large round hawthorn tree balances over a weedy pool, shadowing the herdsman whose cattle bend their heads to the tepid water.

One of Corot's half-uttered landscapes, faint as if seen through a veil of gauze, exhibits a man baling out his old-fashioned square boat under trees that rise like an ascending smoke. Jules Dupré has a bank of crabbed oak trees, swept by a meandering road, whose tracery of glistening sandy ruts reminds one of wave-forms on a curved beach—a road half solid and half in motion, half firm ground and half seething quicksand. Only an able hand can confer this interest, this sense of vitality and action, the notion of a much-traveled and decidedly over-taxed and over-ridden bit of gravel, to a few rods of plain dirt, without accessories; and his smaller example in the collection shows in differing details his firm and robust hand, and the life-giving impulse he injects into his vigorous trees. There are other celebrities present — Ziem, Jacques, Loblachon, Dargelas—whom I will not pause over. Diaz contributes a fine color-study of Diana's nymphs in a forest bath, a fusion of fluid brightness that might almost have been sketched by Rubens himself; and another motive, dated 1864, a lady in a white hunting-skirt, surrounded by dogs and children and entertained by brilliant cavaliers, touched with that indefinite pencil of light which, from his hand, defines so little and suggests so much. Fromentin, in his porcelain-like hues and glazes—floating as if seen under running water—gives the motion of three or four Arab horsemen on graceful satin-skinned steeds. Hugues Merle sends off two beautiful naked babies to chase the butterflies: they are perfect Cupids for sweetness and immaterial elegance, but one notices that, in the strong decorative effort which possessed the painter, their forms are shaded in a softened *studio* glow, instead of the open-air precision of light which should belong to the landscape in which they are represented. One of the few contributors who is not of French nativity, G. Tasso,

represents Ristori as Marie Stuart. Bouguereau, who in his way is a chaste lover of Attic beauty, has a group balanced and measured like a statuette, in which a young Arcadian shepherd, with crook, cloak and dog, entering his courtyard from the fields, comes behind and embraces his little *placens uxor* and the naked babe that forms an ivory link between them.

Finally, to take leave, we bow an instant before one of Hamon's song-like fantasies, a tender figure which we find hanging in a doorway, as if in the act of taking flight through the saloons. She represents the "Opium Dream." Beneath, stretches a field of poppies, lifting up their flowers and their shapely seed-pods, chiseled like Indian capitals: from among them, her feet disentangling themselves from their cold stems, floats up the Vision, a dim figure in human shape, her filmed eyes lifted, her arms crossed in Oriental adoration, and all her faint smoky figure ready to blend with the clouds and fumes that overweave the unsubstantial heaven. It is a choice example of Hamon, filled with that feminine and whispering poetry which he has made his own.

The collection has, it will have been noticed, a strong national color and bias, resting its circle of acquisition voluntarily among the achievements of that school which, from the epoch of Delacroix to that of his partial inheritor Diaz, has so ardently striven to emancipate itself from the fetters of Davidian pedantry, and has become such a power in the world of art.

VI.—MR. J. GILLINGHAM FELL'S GALLERY.

SOUVENIRS of hours spent in pleased curiosity among foreign studios and art-rooms, Mr. Fell's canvases were often ordered directly from the painters, or else picked up admiringly from the displays of art-experts, among whose stores they had to overcome the competition of many a vociferously-painted rival, got up for conquest and determined to be bought.

Such was not, however, the history of the most commanding of all his treasures, selected in the full noisy candor of the American picture-bourse, and acquired—says Report under her breath—in exchange for a snug little cheque of ten thousand dollars, paid to the American branch of a great French house. A purchase like this will serve as the golden milestone and point of departure for a gallery that can never dare, hereafter, to admit an inferior work. "La Folle," by Hugues Merle, is the picture in question, a work painted last year at Étretat, and containing five life-sized figures executed with the author's matured power and science. The voluntary exquisiteness and preterhuman sentiment of Merle are in this case subdued to the requirements of a subject dark with homely horror. A village girl, on the loss of her baby, has gone distracted: she wanders to and fro, long after the mourning which she had assumed for the lost innocent is in tatters, and is seen by the pitying townsfolk, who come on sunny mornings to draw water at the well, sitting on the curb, nursing against her soft mother's breast a senseless bit of wood, which she wraps in the cradle-blanket and crowns with the poor little useless *bonnet de baptême*. The artist shows her thus, her rich black hair shaken out to shade her thin face and dark, wistful, spectral-looking eyes, the splendid dower of her former beauty hanging its latest shreds and graces about her, while all her little world looks on. Two lovely Norman girls stand beside her—one a sweet blonde, her face in shadow, and moved with a heavenly compassion. On the other side are a pair of children—the younger a fine sturdy boy, such as *hers* might have grown to be, who has run away from bed in his shirt, and will push forward and lay his wondering face on her knee: a little girl of twelve restrains him, with an instinctive action of her hand on his shoulder, while she turns her large liquid eyes, with a world of meaning, on those of the unconscious mother. This head of a fair French child, painted with a perfect sentiment of Nature, unspoiled

by an improbable degree of beauty, and thrilled with expression, seems to me the finest thing Merle has done. Its arrested look, in which the natural animal selfishness of childhood is crossed for the first time by the full rush of womanly abnegation and divine pity, is absolutely a revelation. But the whole picture is the microcosm of all that its author can do, the resumption and compilation of his art. The composition is full of calm and purity, the modeling is salient, the hands, especially, of an admirable design, and the tone soft and atmospheric. The piteous nature of the subject—a legend as sad as that of Paquette in Hugo's *Notre Dame*—does not prevent this group from multiplying upon the spectator, the oftener he sees it, its mysterious chainlets of fascination.

Another large and rich composition forms a pendant to the Merle: it is by Edward H. May, an American pupil of Couture, a talented painter and an ornament of the foreign and native circles of Paris. It is a scene from *Cymbeline*, the stage-direction, "Re-enter Arviragus, bearing Imogen as dead in his arms," supplying the text. The young *prince perdu*, bending his noble head over the trailing body of the supposed Fidelio, steps with sure and rapid foot up the rocks that lead to the cavern: Imogen lies in his arms like a bruised lily, her white neck shining in the gloom, and one long arm depending. It is a striking and successful work, filled with many of the best lessons of Couture, and an earnest of what our country's art might become had we many patrons so generous and wise as he who ordered this canvas *en carte blanche* from the painter.

In the preceding gallery I have done what I could to define the sincere genius of Millet: among Mr. Fell's pictures is an excellent strain of his bucolic melody, before which I pause and rehearse in my mind all the loyalty and admiration I poured out in reference to the preceding work. Here is a scene of sober-colored cheer, in the background a husband spading his garden among the shadows of the apple blossoms, in front a humble

Baucis scattering grain from her apron into a group of eight or nine hens, who focus their heads under the descending shower. Truth of color, truth of sentiment, truth of values and relief, are all here perfectly developed under a guise of rustical severity. The bright immortals might descend and sit, with appetite and benediction, between a couple so simple, so pure, so true in their contented industry to the happy impulse of fecund Nature. Before a talent thus natural and exempt from trick we can imagine a momentary fatigue of almost all other painters: the idealists will seem vain and empty, the classicals seem over-labored, the decorative will seem to be made up of *chic*, the refiners of statuesque beauty seem artificial, the arrangers of *genre* seem theatrical. We have heard, we have enjoyed, the full-dress science of the concert-room, but here is the wood-robin, dropping his twain notes of vocal honey into our ears.

It is only a passing mood, of course. Since men have been charged with the responsibilities of their own intellects, so long have culture and the pursuit of the ideal been love-worthy and admirable. Yet I ask the indulgence of him who has felt, in some instant when the unspoilt Nature of Burns has been borne in upon the mind, all pungent with wild rose and bean blossom, as if the inventions of more scholarly singers were somehow false, and this nudity of ignorance were after all the only wear. There are days when we are all of us constrained to fly to Arden and sit down with Jaques among the deer. Then the empire of Art sweeps back over us, and we recognize the crimson pavilions of intellectual victory moving on to subdue a universe. All the more honor, though, to the primitive magicians, who can bind us with so strong a thrall while their moment of contact lasts; for their means of sway are simple, and they impose their power on our hearts with a finger.

Take, for another example, Corot. Has a man the right to call himself a landscape-painter who has never shown that he commands the ability to draw a single leaf, who seems to be profoundly

ignorant of the difference of the various tree-growths, who would fall flat before the most lenient examination of the Ruskinists about cumulus and cirrus and cirrho-stratus? Ah, your accomplished Sapience, there are intelligences that have other ways of looking at things! Tell me, my student of the lamp, were you ever sleepless, and constrained to wander forth among the forest-hills an hour before the day? At such a time the beech grove, with its leafy depths, its domes, its dreaming nests, is a sanctity of pillared clouds. It upholds against the colorless sky its mere presence, a hesitating outline. In the fern amid which its stems are lost two of Natures jewelers—blind partners, the spider and the dew—are spreading those parures of diamonds which shall presently flash in the festival of sunrise—now, dim webs of watery nothingness. But a glint from here and there, whether of May-dew or of star-shaped flower, bursts out, separates the vapors, and makes the ground seem darker. Obscurity weaves itself around, and hangs and catches from trunk to trunk: there seem to be mysterious movements and stirrings. Toward the east the bewildered sky is losing star after star. What are those that move so stealthily from behind the trees? Are the fauns and dryads still alive, or are these mere vines that gad and trail behind the wind, or stealthy creatures of the wood? But the impulse awakens and increases, even among the eastern mountains, that have been folded together, sacred and dusk. Veil after veil seems to fall away. The whole orient, with its everlasting hills for petals and the crepuscular incense for perfume, is one expanding violet, in whose heart there will directly be a seed of insufferable gold. And now, in the last watch of the night, in the confiding moment of a dynasty that is fated, the trailing shapes and dryads, for one instant, reveal themselves; brown in the hollows, pale against the light, we catch the movement of a dancing limb or a beckoning hand; and one—ah, see, one fair Grace, who is wrapped with gauzes unwound from the steaming rivulets—dips her head, dim-

med only with the honors of her twilight hair, visibly into the expected sunrise, to be crowned with its rays and then to die.

I have described, perhaps, a visionary poet's morning dream. But I have also described the great landscape by Corot in this collection.

The scene, you observe, is a scene "come tardy of." In a little space the arrowy sunrise will appear and analyze everything. There is prophecy of all perfection. But this period of definition is fated never to arrive, this man's pictorial faculty hovers just without the boundary of daylight. In contemplating Corot you think of those enchanted shores of antique poetry where future souls are preparing, where noble shades, on the point of arriving at life, swarm and flit around misty promontories. After a true *rapproch* with him you are apt to query, not so much whether an art like his, composed of hints and murmurs, has any right to exist, as whether such an art be not the only landscape art admissible; whether anything about external scenery be of the slightest value to us except the appeal it makes to our sympathetic intelligence; whether leaf-drawing and stem-curvature, and marbling and rock-stratification, are properly art at all, and not rather the charts of a pedantic botany and geology. *Nota bene*, the man whom we permit to come before us with his generalized interpretations must be of the true race of mystics, the heaven he brings us must be woven of very light, his earth washed with magical dew: when a bungler comes forward, presuming to trade upon his slightness of execution, we turn upon and rend him.

Rousseau, whose inclination is as painstaking and thorough as Corot's is dreamy, contributes to the gallery of Mr. Fell a fine example, a flat plain modulated with rare skill to the utmost horizon, shaded in the foreground, and bathed with intense rays in the distance, and supporting three or four burgeoning trees; Dupré, a meadow-view, with white clouds dappling a faint blue sky; Émile Breton, a sketch of remarkable

vigor, a moonlight after rain, the sky iced with white-edged clouds, and the deep ruts in the village street filled with mirroring pools of water; Daubigny, an endless plain teased by the wind: it stirs the yellow broom-flowers, bends the ash trees, and stirs the clouds into coils; and Diaz, in that pursuit of forest intricacy wherein no man can justly call himself his master, gives a broad extensive scene of ferns and forest oaks, the dry gray trunks wrought here and there into frosted silver by the patches of sun, and the thick rich leafage paying away all its moisture to the greedy sultriness of the air. These are indeed choice and instructive examples of French landscape, showing its contempt of flippancy, its voluntary restriction of subjects and its direct aim at some particular effect in each study.

Such pictures are *études*, close and clear reports of special aspects of Nature, comparable to the fine old Dutch pictures for their felicity and faith. It is far from detrimental to a grand scenic painter like Oswald Achenbach to miss in him the suddenness of impression, the consistency of the seal stamped at a blow, and to find in his large, balanced works the evidence of composition, oratory and theatric arrangement. His noble "Ball-Players before the Villa Torlonia, Rome"—a picture that has been followed with the most profound popular admiration whenever its owner has spared it for public exhibition—belongs to Mr. Fell's collection. The villa gardens form the relief, in front of which, in the dusty yellow afternoon light of Rome, a mixed crowd of priests, poultry-sellers, children and teamsters watch the game of ball. Action and character are given to each of the many figures, the adjustment of light is intelligent and striking, and Achenbach's lithographic liking for a rich black irregular spot somewhere about the centre of a composition is fulfilled by the strong dark group of cypresses, massive and as if sculptured in bronze. Decamps himself, it seems to me, would have admired this picture.

A fine bit of color and character by

Eugène Isabey adorns the collection. A young lady at a postern gate receives a billet from a page just dismounted from a white horse: her duenna, starting with wrath or consternation, leans out of a low window at the side. Each figure is filled with animation, and the color is strong, of the first jet, and vivid: overhead, the old slated walls and dark peaked towers of the château are built high into the clear dark blue. By Troyon there is a milking-lass in *chapeau de paille*, caressing her piebald cow—a group studied for some larger landscape, and needing landscape accessories to give it its true value. By the greatest painter of the Munich school, Carl Piloty, the gallery shows a specimen impossible to overmatch for conscientious, tender gradation and finish: a peasant-girl, a watcher by the sick bed, has been overcome by her healthy animal craving for sleep, and drops her great Bible, which she has been reading by the aid of a candle and reflector: dawn comes in at the window, and the sick mother has awakened, and joins her hands in prayer for her child. The subject gives scope for the greatest research and delicate manipulation in treatment of broad, dying suffusions of light, and the painter has distinguished himself in his opportunity. Hübner, too, contributes a specimen of his good, old, more careful manner, an inconceivable contrast to the frigid work with which he now assiduously favors the United States market. This family of peasants, keeping the postal inn, and praying with much introversion over their dinner while the fine travelers stare as they wait for their relay of horses, has character, individuality, and study of humors: the types of the devout, half-grown, loutish Swabian post-boys, and that of the wiry little white-headed father, who insinuates a grace with an air of taking a liberty with Heaven, are all that need have been wanting to have defined a valuable talent. Hübner was once amply competent to have worked up the Hogarthism of the Fatherland; and to think of the inflexible wooden puppets to which he has since abased his indus-

tries! In an interior by Stroebel, showing a white-haired steward giving testimony before some Dutch cavaliers who surround a table, the attraction is the curious brilliancy of a square reflection of a casement thrown on the wall, giving a relief, like that in the famous "Conversation" of Van der Meer, to the broad chapeaux of the inquisitors.

Some ample academic landscapes remain to be regarded, forming decorations of a certain stateliness. Kuwasseg, the father, expands in a mountain-view, Monte Mora, of an ordered kind of wildness, not apt to take the breath; Montaland, with a conscientious, careful, amateurish touch, takes note of the chambered frescoes uncovered by Napoleon III. in the Palace of the Cæsars at Rome, and reaches his horizon only after a categorical enumeration of all the roofs and belfries visible within a radius of several miles; while Herzog spirits us away to more distant scenes—a ferry over a Norway fiord, a strip of distant

sunshine blistering its path across the water, and rocky heights inlaid with *niello* of Polar snows.

Of American work, there is a fairly good Boughton, representing a staunch old Puritan soldier standing guard in the bitter New England mist, keeping watch for the Indians with the particular eye that is not bandaged from a former encounter. Of a pair of portraits by Gilbert Stuart, the female head, the likeness of a Revolutionary belle, Mrs. Greenleaf, *née* Allen, is of true distinction, both by aristocracy of carriage and pearly elegance of tint. To these add the remarkable Shakespearian subject by Mr. May, above noted, and a coast-scene by Haseltine, and we reveal a cosmopolitan balance of patronage on the collector's part that evinces his breadth of view, while the American contributors by no means look like lackeys to the more experienced pencils.

E. S.

THE GRAVE AT BADENWEILER.

WHERE would impatient feet be turned to-day
If in the longed-for land beyond the sea?

To storied marbles, or to ruins gray,

Whose fame, since childhood, has been haunting me?

Nay, to a mound that waiteth for a stone

Would I be guided, there to weep alone

Over the relic that a spirit flown

Hath left at Badenweiler.

He can no longer take the birthday gift,

But were I near my offering he should wear:

I'd drop him flowers until the odor-drift

Should seem to melt through earth and reach him there.

Though faint the strongest comfort I could get,

Would that these yearning eyes his grave had met;

'Twould be my emerald, in sorrow set,

That grave at Badenweiler.

This the first birthday he has felt no kiss!
 To-day, still heart, how sadly do I keep!
 Thy life from mine so sorely do I miss,
 Into thy rest, sometimes, I long to creep.
 Oh make me sure as though thy lips had told
 That we draw closer for death's bitter cold—
 That it hath drawn us nearer than of old,
 That grave at Badenweiler.

C. F. B.

AN EASTERN STRATAGEM.

TURKEY in Europe retired from observation with the Crimean war. She promises now to come forward again. The Bear of the North advances slowly and surely toward the prey destined long ago to be his. It is a question of time only. All that vast territory north and west of the Golden Horn will be Muscovite. So be it. Meanwhile, anything which throws light upon a power that never changes and a people that never improves cannot be without its use.

There is no intention of taking the reader of this article through the intricacies of an Oriental plot. The story, true in all its principal features, illustrates the precarious tenure by which power is held in the East. The slave of to-day has often been the sultan of the morrow; while, on the other hand, the despot whose throne in the morning seemed beyond the risk of overthrow has before the setting of the sun been a mass of lifeless clay. It were doubtless subjecting all the details of the following to too severe a standard to try them by a strict historical test, although in their broad features they graphically photograph the truth.

In the year 1065 of the Hegira—corresponding to 1687 of the Christian era—on the second day of the feast of Beïram, a large group of Mussulmans were assembled in a circle before the mosque of St. Sophia. Some were standing, and others sitting cross-legged on carpets spread upon the sand. By degrees the

group increased as the Moslems issued from the mosque, and as passers-by, prompted by curiosity, remained to see what was going on. Every eye was turned toward one point with a look of expectation, but a cloud of bluish smoke slowly rising in the air proved that the gratification of their curiosity was not the only pleasure which these Mussulmans enjoyed.

In the midst of this crowd of smokers a young man of remarkably handsome features, though somewhat bronzed by an Asiatic sun, was seated before a small table, which was covered with swords and brass balls. He was dressed in a close jacket of green silk, admirably fitted to set off his light and graceful figure: a girdle of antelope skin, on which some mysterious characters were inscribed in silver, confined a pair of loose trowsers which were drawn close at the ankle. This light and attractive dress was completed by a Phrygian cap, from the top of which hung a small musical bell. By this costume, at once graceful and fantastic, it was easy to recognize one of those jugglers whom the feast of Beïram drew every year to Stamboul, and to whom was usually given the name of Zingaro.

The spectators soon became so numerous that many found it difficult to get even a glimpse of the juggler's tricks. The brass balls, glittering in the sun, were flying round his head with amazing rapidity, and forming every variety of

figure at his pleasure. The ease and grace with which he performed these wonders gave promise of still greater. At length, allowing the balls to drop one after the other into a resounding vase at his feet, he armed himself with a yataghan. Seizing the brilliant hilt, he drew the blade from the scabbard studded with gems, and dexterously whirling it over his head, made, as it were, a thousand flashes of lightning sparkle around him. The Mussulmans slowly bowed their heads in token of approbation, but uttered not a word.

The juggler continued his exploits without appearing to notice the admiration he excited. He next took a pigeon's egg from a small moss basket, and, placing it upright on the table, struck it with the edge of his sword without injuring the shell. An incredulous bystander took the egg to examine it, but the slight pressure of his fingers served to destroy the frail object that had resisted the blow of the scimitar. Then, taking off his Phrygian cap, the prestidigitator disclosed a large clear forehead shaded by locks of jetty blackness. Placing upon his bare head a helmet of steel, which he had first submitted to the circle for inspection, he made the curved weapon fly around him with such fearful velocity that he appeared for a moment to be enveloped within the luminous circles it described. Presently the sword appeared to deviate, and grazed the hair of the holder. Some Franks present turned pale and closed their eyes against the dreaded sight, but the juggler's hand was sure. The yataghan, which had spared the pigeon's egg, had severed in two the pyramid of steel.

This act of dexterity was followed by many others no less perilous. The boldness of the young man terrified the usually impassive Turks; and, what was yet more surprising, he made them smile by the amusing stories he related. Persons of his profession were generally silent, and their only power of amusement lay in their fingers' ends; but this man possessed the varied qualities of an Indian juggler and an Arabian storyteller. He paused after almost every

trick to continue a tale, again to be interrupted by fresh displays of his power, thus by turns delighting the eyes and ears of his audience.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the performance was a man apparently about forty years old, whose carpet was placed in the first circle, and whose dress denoted him to be of superior rank. It was the Bostangi-Bassa, superintendent of the gardens and keeper of the privy purse to the grand signior. The tricks ended, the young man completed his story and gathered up his implements as if to depart.

"Stop!" said the Bostangi-Bassa. "Since you are such a magician, will you tell me the sultan's favorite flower?"

"The poppy of Aleppo: it is red," replied the juggler, without a moment's hesitation.

"At what time does the sultan sleep?" resumed the Bostangi.

"Never!" said the juggler.

The Bassa started and looked anxiously around him, fearing lest other ears had heard this answer. Then, beckoning the juggler to approach and lowering his voice, he asked, "Can you name the sultan's favorite wife?"

"Assarach," replied the diviner.

The Bostangi put his fingers on his lips in token of silence, and, moving away, said, "Follow me!"

The young man took up his yataghan, and, leaving the remainder of his effects to be carried by a slave, followed his guide toward the great door of the palace.

The history of successive sultans often presents little beyond the melancholy spectacle of a throne at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Mahmoud was not the first of his race who sought to free the seraglio from those formidable guardians. Solymán III. had also formed this perilous design, but he was put to death by the janizaries, led by Mustapha, his uncle, who came from the Morea for the ostensible purpose of defending the emperor, but in reality to seize upon his throne. The sultan Mustapha, who had commenced his reign in such a tragic manner, experienced all

the anxiety and uneasiness which must ever attend the acts of an usurper and a tyrant. Sordid, suspicious and perfidious, he broke through every promise he had made to the janizaries, whose creature, nevertheless, he was. Instead of doubling their pay, he diminished it—instead of lessening the taxes, he doubled them. He lived buried in the depths of his palace, the care of which he had confided to the Greek soldiery, notwithstanding the murmurs of the legitimate guards. The mutes, dwarfs and buffoons of the palace could alone obtain access to his presence.

At the time the juggler was amusing the subjects of his highness, Mustapha was seated cross-legged on his divan, seeking to drive away his *ennui* by watching the columns of fragrant smoke as they slowly rose from the long tube of his *nargileh*. A slave stood beside him, holding a feathered fan of varied colors. The buffoons of the palace had vainly tried to extort a smile from their master. The impassibility of the grand signior gave them to understand that their time was ill chosen and that mirth would be dangerous: they had therefore, one after the other, quitted the apartment, waiting to re-enter at the good pleasure of the prince. The palace was silent. No noise broke the stillness save the fall of waters into the marble fountains and the distant call of the muezzin summoning to the duties of the mosque.

Shortly the hangings opposite the divan were gently raised, and a man stood in respectful attitude before Mustapha.

"What wouldst thou?" asked the sultan.

The Bostangi-Bassa—for it was he—replied briefly, according to the custom of the seraglio: "A juggler stands without: he might perchance amuse your highness."

The sultan made an impatient sign in the negative.

"This man," continued the Bassa, "knows strange things. He can read the future."

"Let him come in."

The Bostangi bowed profoundly, and retired.

Black slaves, armed with drawn scimitars, surrounded the imperial sofa when the juggler was introduced. After a slight salutation, the young man leaned gracefully on his yataghan, awaiting the orders of the sultan.

"Thy name?" demanded Mustapha.

"Mehallé."

"Thy country?"

"Jugglers have no country."

"Thy age?"

"I was five years old when you first girded on the sword of Ottoman."

"Whence comest thou?"

"From the Morea, signior," replied the juggler, pronouncing the words with emphasis.

The sultan remained silent for a moment, but soon added, gayly, "Since you can read the future, I will put your knowledge to the proof. When people know the future they ought to know the past."

"You say right, signior: he who sees the evening star rise on the horizon has but to turn his head to view the last rays of the setting sun."

"Well, tell me how I made my ablutions yesterday?"

"The first with canary wine, the second with wine of Cypress and the third with that of Chios."

The chief of believers smiled and stroked his beard: he was indeed in the habit of derogating in this respect, as in many others, from the prescription of the Koran.

"Knowest thou," replied the sovereign, whom the Zingaro's answer had put into a pleasant humor—"knowest thou that I could have thee beheaded?"

"Doubtless," said the juggler undauntedly—"as you did the Spanish merchant who watered his wine before he sold it to you."

Mustapha applauded the knowledge of the magician. He hesitated, nevertheless, before he ventured to put the dreaded question that tyrants, who are ever superstitious, never fail to demand of those who can read the stars: "How long have I to live?"

The grand signior assumed a persuasive tone, and even condescended to flatter the organ of destiny, in hopes of obtaining a favorable answer.

"Thou art a wonderful youth," said he: "thou knowest things of which, besides thyself, the mutes only possess the secret. I have questioned many fakeers, marabouts and dervishes, some of whom had three times seen the tomb of the Prophet, but not one of them all ever answered me as thou hast. I should wish to keep thee in my palace: I will make thee richer than all the merchants of Galata if thou wilt tell me the year when I must die."

Mehallé approached the sultan, and, taking his hand, appeared to study the lines of its palm with great attention. Having finished his examination, he went to the window and fixed his eyes for some time upon the heavens. "The fires of Beïram are lighting up the cupola of the grand mosque," said he slowly: "night is at hand."

Mustapha anxiously awaited the answer of the astrologer. The latter continued in a mysterious manner: "The declining day still eclipses the light of the constellations. I will answer you, signior, when the evening star appears."

The sultan made a movement of impatience: anger was depicted in his countenance, and the look which he darted on the mutes showed Mehallé that he had incurred his highness's displeasure. Curiosity, however, doubtless prevailed over every other feeling of the prince's mind, for, turning to the young man, he said, "I am little accustomed to wait: I will do so, however, if thou canst amuse me until the propitious hour arrives."

"Would your highness like to see some feats of juggling?" asked Mehallé, drawing his sabre from the scabbard.

"No, no!" exclaimed the sultan, making the circle of slaves close in about him. "Leave thy arms!"

"Would you prefer a story, signior?"

"Stories that lull an Arab to sleep under his tent? No, I must have something new. Of all known games there

is but one I care for: I used to play it formerly, but now there is not a person in the palace who understands the chess-board."

The juggler smiled, and, taking an ebony box from a velvet bag, he presented it to the sultan, whose wish he understood.

The stern countenance of the sultan relaxed at the sight, and the board was placed on the bowed back of a slave. Before commencing the game the sultan said, "We are about to play; so far, good; but shouldst thou lose, what should I gain?"

"Since your highness does me the honor of playing against me, I will stake all that I possess—this scimeter and my liberty. But what if I win?" added the young man, folding his arms.

"Shouldst thou win, I would give thee a slave."

"For a free man? The stake is not equal."

"I would add to it my finest courser."

"I need him not: my feet are swifter than those of an Arab steed."

"What wouldst thou, then?"

"I have a fancy, sublime signior. Until this day I have been nothing but a wanderer, wearing the dress of a juggler. Were I to complain of this I should be ungrateful, for this simple garb has ever seen me free and happy. I, however, renounce it. I become your slave; my mirth shall be for you alone; I will sing for you Indian songs; and, above all, I will divine for none but you. In return I will ask but one thing: it is, if I win, to allow me to wear your royal mantle for ten minutes, to sit upon the divan surrounded by slaves, and to place upon my head that dreaded turban whose fame has reached to the ends of the earth."

The proposition of Mehallé was received with a burst of laughter from the sultan: "Thou wouldst sit upon the seat of the caliphs! Dost thou not fear the weight of this turban upon thy silly head? A fine figure thou wouldst make under the pelisse of Ottoman! I should like to see thee giving audience to the viziers and pashas!"

"It is in your highness's power to afford yourself this pleasure."

"Well," exclaimed Mustapha, "I will agree to the stake. A juggler upon the throne! Such a sight the East never saw."

The game was short. Though he played with skill, the sultan was checkmated. It was fairly done, and he pleasantly prepared to fulfill his engagement.

Mustapha loosened his girdle, took off his pelisse and laid down his turban, while a slave assisted to invest Mehallé in the royal garments. These preparations completed, the sultan, dressed only in loose silken trowsers and a richly-embroidered vest, approached a clock, and, placing his finger on the dial-plate, "When the hand shall mark the hour of eight," said he, "I shall have paid my wager, and then I will appoint you my astrologer."

The juggler ascended the divan, and having placed his scimitar at his side, he ordered the doors to be thrown open that the waiting courtiers might be admitted. The apartment, which the dim light of evening rendered obscure, was immediately filled with muftis and ulemas, agas of janizaries and pashas, great officers of the Porte and foreign ambassadors. He next ordered a new relay of guards to relieve those on duty, and then the withdrawal of all the personal attendants. It was the work of a moment. As the fresh soldiers were marching in, a sign from Mehallé caused the flambeaux to be lighted, when, in the dazzling flood of illumination, he stood erect, received the homage of the assembly, and, fixing more firmly on his head the scarlet-feathered turban, the emblem of power, he cried in a commanding tone, "Let the standard of the prophet be raised on St. Sophia! The people will salute it from afar at the fires of Beiram!"

At these words an officer stepped forth to execute the order, but Mustapha, who had been sitting aside, at first amused and then alarmed, arose to prevent him.

"Haggi Mohammed," thundered the *ad-interim* sultan, "obey!"

The aga bowed and retired. Mehallé added, "Let the imaums repair to the mosques and offer up petitions for the new sultan! Cadilisqueir, have the tomb of Mustapha opened in Scutari!" The sultan tried to smile. "Keepers of the treasury," continued Mehallé, "distribute among the poor of Stamboul the hoardings of the late sultan!"

"Enough, buffoon!" exclaimed Mustapha in an agitated voice, on seeing how readily his servants obeyed these strange orders.

"I still command," replied Mehallé with calm self-possession; "the clock has not yet struck the hour of eight. Art thou, then, so impatient to know the fate that awaits thee?" The courtiers were at a loss to understand the mysterious scene. They looked with terror on this bold young man, invested with the insignia of power, and the Bostangi was astonished at seeing his master tremble before a strolling juggler.

"Mustapha," continued the diviner, "I am about to tell thee the time of thy death, for the evening star has risen. Mufti, advance."

The president of the *oumèla* came forward. The diviner proceeded: "You who read every day the book of our prophet and explain it to the people, tell me how avarice and usury, drunkenness and murder, perfidy and cruelty should be punished."

The mufti replied in a low, grave tone, "By the Koran any one of these crimes is deserving of death."

"Thou hearest, Mustapha? It is the prophet who condemns thee." As he said this he beckoned to the mutes. Mustapha tried to rush to the divan, but was seized by the slaves, who had learned to recognize the symbol of power which Mehallé wore, and the cord was passed around his neck.

"Thy hour has come! I am the son of Solyman, who fell fifteen years ago in this very place, pierced with wounds from thy sword! Thou hast counted the heads of every member of my family. Thou hast confounded the son of thy master with the child of a slave. I

am the evening star: I am the sultan Amurath!"

As he thus spoke the young prince made a step forward. His lofty brow, his features, voice, manner and commanding dignity of person inspired a deep emotion in the assembly. After a moment the cry went up, "Long live Amurath!" and at the same moment the body of Mustapha fell lifeless on the marble floor.

The clock had struck eight. Before the hour-hand had once again passed round the dial, largess had been profusely scattered among the populace of Stamboul, oaths of allegiance taken by officers of state, and the proclamation, "His Highness, our very magnificent lord and master, Sultan, Abdul Aziz Amurath, has ascended the throne!" trumpeted by the public crier before the mosque of St. Sophia. N. S. DODGE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

SOCIAL PRUSSIA.

THE very able German correspondent of the London *Telegraph* has lately furnished to that journal an exceptionally interesting and instructive letter relative to the social condition of Prussia. If, says he, that venerable chronicler who wrote "*Les Anglais s'amusement moult tristement*" were to come to life again, he would find that the observation applied far more forcibly to the dwellers by the banks of the Spree than to those on the Thames. It would seem that a free, easy, happy schoolboy life is to-day unknown in Prussia. "I have never seen German boys play," says this writer.

All appears to be by drill and rule; even the gymnastics are a formal compulsory exercise. The nation is one vast military seminary, and in many ways pays dearly for its supremacy in arms.

The manly pastimes known elsewhere seem to have no place there. Though the universities of Heidelberg and Bonn are on the banks of a splendid river, such an incident as the Heidelberg and Bonn University boat-race is never heard of. Berlin too has a university; but whilst the *attachés* of the British legation successfully maintain a "four-oar," the students are guileless of anything of the sort, and seem to find excitement

only in gashing each other with small-swords.

Prussian society is to-day made up of an aristocracy, a bourgeoisie and a laboring class.

By an exceedingly foolish custom the sons of a count are all counts, and their grandsons in turn counts or barons for all time after them: this of course produces and maintains a pauper noblesse; there are exceptions to this, but they are comparatively rare. The number of noblemen in Prussia who are wealthy, according to the American or English standard, is very small.

Under the present foolish system it cannot be otherwise. The line of demarcation in rank is so rigidly drawn, and between bourgeoisie and aristocracy so great a gulf is fixed, that the constant flow of gold which in England is always passing from "the city" to the "West End" is in Prussia dammed up amongst those who are prevented from aspiring to a high social position. Get into the confidence of a wealthy German in the United States—ask him why he does not return to the Fatherland which he seems to regard so affectionately. You will find the reason to be, in nine cases out of ten, that there is no *avenir* there for himself or children in the position to which his wealth and the education he has given them justly entitle them to aspire.

A poor young Prussian nobleman has very poor chances in life. Three careers are open to him—army, navy, diplomacy; but the latter two, especially the last, are extremely limited. Practically, the army is the only career.

It seems to us that a country in which such is the state of affairs has made very little progress, as we regard progress, although its Krupp guns may be the grandest ever forged and its generals the ablest. Is not the present condition of Prussia much the same as it was under that old tyrannical martinet whom Mr. Carlyle compels us to admire? The end and aim of the country's being is to be able to kill the greatest number.

The writer whom we have quoted refers to the exceeding dullness of Berlin. The theatres especially are far behind the age, with scarcely any good actors, and with scenery such as no New York manager would dare to place before his audience; and yet these theatres, bad as they are, have to be subsidized by the state. The social dullness of Berlin is no doubt consequent upon the fact that the aristocracy are too poor to give tone in matters which involve expenditure, whilst the *bourgeoisie*, finding themselves snubbed and ignored by the *haut ton*, do not come forward to stimulate enterprise in such a direction.

The most vehement upholder of the present social situation is Count Bismarck: his notions as to the divine right of an aristocracy are notorious. It was he who once said that great cities should not be permitted to exist, because they become centres of democracy. He is indeed a very great man—one of the ablest that this world has ever seen—but he can't last for ever, and we cannot imagine that a social system so totally opposed to the spirit of the age will long survive him. At present the nation is so grateful to him for having accomplished national objects for which it had long been vainly struggling that it is his willing slave; but before another quarter of a century has passed this unwholesome line of demarcation between classes will be broken down, and the same prizes, social and political, will be opened to

the Prussian proletarian as to his English brother, whilst the young Prussian count or baron will learn to earn a living at the bar or the desk, and think himself lucky if he can mate with a brewer's wealthy daughter. Mediæval prejudices cannot be maintained for ever even in Berlin. The only aristocracy possible in these days is that which comes from the ranks and goes to the ranks, and which is open to every man who has talent and energy, no matter in what sphere of life he was born. The father of one distinguished member of the present peerage of England was a barber on a small scale—the father of another was a peddler of damaged books. It is to the presence of men of such antecedents that the magnificent chamber at Westminster owes half its stability and "staying" power. Prussia must follow suit in this respect, and further abolish the folly of every younger son and his five hundred descendants writing "Count" before their names, when every dollar is a consideration to them. Pretension without means to support it with dignity is pre-eminently contemptible, and has rendered "a foreign count," for all time, too often a pitiable and ridiculous object in the eyes of an Anglo-Saxon.

THE BULWERS.

THE late Lord Dalling and Bulwer and Lord Lytton are remarkable instances of clever brothers. Except the famous lawyers Stowell and Eldon, and the Wellesleys, there is scarcely an instance of two brothers achieving peerages through sheer force of intellect.

Brilliant as the Bulwers were, both were also very hard workers. At Cambridge one of their most intimate friends was Chief-Justice Cockburn, of Geneva-arbitration fame. He and the Bulwers were noted for their talents and their capacity for enjoying themselves, just as Charles Fox was at Oxford. Although both the younger sons of this family attained the peerage, the eldest brother, who succeeded to the family estate, remained plain esquire. Upholders of the custom of primogeniture point to such

instances as these in proof of the success of the system. "The ancestral estate is kept together and the younger sons receive a stimulus to exertion: what can you want more?" they ask. It is unquestionably true that a very large proportion of the peerage is derived from younger sons who have gone out into the world and achieved honors whilst the elder brother remained where he was. Wellington and Marlborough were both cadets: so were Lord Mansfield, Pitt, Erskine and Mr. Gladstone. Erskine's particularly disagreeable brother, Lord Buchan, astounded somebody one day by averring that his brothers, for whom he had notoriously done nothing, owed their success entirely to him. "How so, my lord?" "Why, when they wanted help I wouldn't give them a sixpence. Delighted to have done it, you know, but knew it would be their ruin." Invaluable brother!

The Bulwers are a very ancient race, and the title of Dalling was taken from a manor which had been in their hands for many centuries.

Lord Dalling's father, having married the heiress of the Lyttons of Knebworth in Hertfordshire, brought the name of Lytton into the family. In accordance with a very usual arrangement, the second son succeeded to his mother's property and took her name, but Mr. Bulwer-Lytton died at a very advanced age, so that Lord Lytton was, like his brother Henry, for many years more or less dependent on his own exertions.

Although Lord Dalling's title becomes extinct, we are glad to see that a fresh heir has been born to his nephew, "Owen Meredith," who lost his only boy last autumn.

CONCERNING BŒOTIAS.

If Herr Blumenbach, when proving the homogeneity of the human race, had wanted an additional argument in favor of his theory, I think he might have found it in the natural tendency of said race, at all times and in all countries, to create what may be generically called Bœotias.

As thus. It may be confidently pre-

dicted of the New York newsboys, boot-blacks and *gamins* in general that they are not commonly conversant with the views of Aristophanes and certain other Attic gentlemen of old, with regard to the Greek state of which Thebes was the capital. Yet will they, when the subject of their conversation happens to be the American State of which Trenton is the capital, assume just the same air of patronizing superiority that is so noticeable in the works of the comic writers for the Athenian stage when speaking of Bœotia; while their ridiculous epithets, such as "New Jers-a," "that 'ere furrin clime," etc., have a spirit that was as common on the ancient Piræus as in the modern Bowery. Hardly anything could display more clearly the similarity of ideas and impulses in Athens and New York, though separated by a vast extent of land and water, and parted (as to the periods now under consideration) by two thousand years of time.

But it is by no means in these two great municipalities alone that this natural mental tendency may be found. The impulse seems to be almost universal, and must now be accepted by psychological students as an established fact. Though observable, to a certain extent, in a great many different stages of society, it is, of course, peculiarly fostered by the customs and habits of those who reside in large cities, where life goes on at its highest rate of speed, and "a flat," so called, is the one thing not to be excused or tolerated. As a natural consequence, therefore, it is more common in such places than anywhere else.

A very striking and noticeable circumstance in connection with this instinctive human tendency is the fact that the districts thus treated with such derision usually do not by any means deserve such treatment, and that the suggestion of their general inferiority implied thereby is, in most cases, thoroughly groundless and untenable.

It is well known that Bœotia was not only the most fertile and productive part of Greece, but was said to have been the earliest seat of Hellenic learning and the portion in which the Greek

alphabet originated. It was also certainly the native land of some of the greatest men whose names figure in ancient history; among whom may be particularly mentioned Hesiod, Pindar, Plutarch and Epaminondas. For what reason, then, it was specially selected by its Attic neighbors to serve as a geographical laughing-stock is a question that would at this time be difficult to solve.

The same is true in the case of New Jersey; for no sensible person would seriously deny that it is a great, prosperous and enlightened State, one that would reflect credit and honor upon any nation of which it might form a part. Yet in New York and Pennsylvania the names of "Jersey" and "Jerseyman" have long been bandied about in tones of good-natured ridicule and jocular execration, and this habit has now become so general and so firmly established that it is accepted as a matter of course, and nobody seems to think of asking why it should be so.

The burnt-cork minstrels and all the other varieties of the extremely low comedian seem to think that this much-abused State was created especially for their benefit as a subject to "poke fun at." They and their patrons seem never tired of perpetrating and listening to a succession of more than ordinarily pointless jokes about it and its inhabitants, and the "comic" song whose chorus runneth to the effect that "They never hang a Jerseyman in New Jers-a!" has for some time been a great favorite in the concert-saloons, not only of New York, but of a great many other cities.

Even newspapers and periodicals of good standing and acknowledged merit, when referring to the same State, "sit in the seat of the scornful," so to speak; and they occasionally ascribe to its inhabitants some very extraordinary traits of character and habits of life. Thus, one of the New York papers, commenting some time ago upon a failure of water in Jersey City and its vicinity, stated gravely the only two reasons it could give why such an event should cause any inconvenience in that locality. These

were, first, that certain New Yorkers and other strangers within the gates who were residing there were accustomed to use water for the purpose of quenching thirst; and second, that the proper indigenes, the veritable Jerseyites themselves, were in the habit of availing themselves of it to adulterate the liquor they sold to the inhabitants of the outside world. Quite incidentally, and as though it were a well and widely known circumstance, the fact was at the same time adverted to that your true Jerseyman has no use whatever for water as something to drink—a statement that John Phœnix would certainly have been justified in calling "a novel hypothesis."

Going a little farther to the south, we find the good people of Baltimore entertaining (or professing to entertain) some very similar opinions about certain portions of their own State of Maryland. That fertile, populous and valuable tract of land lying between the Chesapeake Bay and the State of Delaware, and known as "the Eastern Shore," is often spoken of, in the aforesaid city, as though it were some distant, half-explored region unto which the light of modern civilization has not yet found its way. In fact, one would suppose it to be just such a mysterious, little-known locality as that "londe ihote Cockayne" which was once reported to have its existence "fur in sea, by West Skayne." The ancient city of Annapolis also, though holding the position of capital of the State, comes in for a considerable share of the same kind of treatment; and a popular proverb among Baltimoreans admonishes us that "life is too short to admit of such a thing as spending a whole day in Annapolis."

But the distinction of being the especial Bœotia of the South seems to have been, by unanimous consent, conferred upon North Carolina. This had been the case for some time previous to the late war, but during the prevalence of that conflict the idea became, if possible, more widespread and popular than before. The North Carolina soldiers (well known to have been among the bravest and most effective troops in Lee's army)

were dubbed "Tarheels," "Butternuts," "Goobers," "Piney-woods Crackers," etc. Their appearance on the scene was always the signal for much uproarious mirth at their expense, indulged in by their comrades from Virginia, South Carolina and other States; while many marvelous and, it is hardly necessary to say, purely mythical stories, relating to their habits and customs "when they were at home," were told and laughed over at many a Southern camp-fire.

It was currently reported that North Carolinians were naturally incapable of comprehending the existence of any other State, power or principality on earth besides the one in which they were born. Accordingly, it was said, when one of them was asked to what regiment he belonged, he would reply, "The Twenty-sixt'," or "The Fo'ty-fo'f," as the case might be, giving the *number* alone. If the seeker after information inquired further what State he was from, he would reply, with a look of utter astonishment at the idea of such a simple question as that being propounded, "W'y, Naw-th Ke-li-ny, yer blame' fool!"

It is rumored, however, that on a certain occasion one of these Southern Bœotians, being assailed in this way, defended himself with signal success, and moreover smote the enemy sorely, hip and thigh.

The tale is told in this wise: A lank, rusty, verdant-looking "Tarheel" was descried by a spruce Virginia cavalryman what time he and various other idle soldiers, being congregated at a railway station, were waiting, like the renowned W. Micawber, Esq., for something to turn up. With the intention of getting off a joke at the expense of the new-comer, he immediately called out: "Hello, Goober! How's tar selling down in the 'Old Nawth State?'" The Goober seemed to give the proposition his calm and impartial attention for a few moments, and then, with the candid and confiding manner of another "Truthful James," observed: "Waal, yer see, Jeff. Davis done bought all the tar down thar. He's a-goin' to make them 'ere

dern' Virginians put it on ther feet, fer to keep 'em from runnin' away in a fight." Something *had* turned up; so the crowd howled with delight, and the would-be funny man concluded to take a walk.

Perhaps Indiana may be considered the particular Bœotia of what was once distinctively called "the West," namely, the eastern portion of the Mississippi Valley. Having been settled and developed after the neighboring districts of Ohio, Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania, it was, for a time, looked upon by their inhabitants as the proper and identical "Backwoods Country"—a designation which they themselves, in their own adolescent state, were probably not unwilling to avoid by putting it off upon the latest comer. Accordingly, it was provided with the gratuitous but not very comprehensible nickname of "Hoosierdom," while its people were called Hoosiers, and endowed with characteristics and individualities that were far from being either true or beautiful.

But although Indiana, in consequence of being the first of what may be called the "second crop" of Western States, was thus made to serve, in some respects, as a sort of Bœotia, yet when its immediate neighbors, Illinois and Michigan, soon after began to come well into public notice, they were visited with a certain share of the same kind of "rigging." The terms "Sucker" and "Wolverene," applied to the citizens of these two States, though hardly less ambiguous than Hoosier, seem, like it, intended to be taken in a generally derisive sense, and the stories that were frequently related in connection with them were also of a good-naturedly derogatory but highly improbable character. And indeed it may now be asserted that the practice of the first settlers of that part of the country in this respect seems to be going quite out of fashion.

But the vast changes that have taken place among us during the last thirty years render the name of West no longer applicable to the States just mentioned. They must finally, in the natural order of things, come to be termed central,

while only those on the Pacific slope will be called western.

At present, however, the West may be properly defined as that part of our country lying between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean, and the natural *Bœotia* of this later Occident is undoubtedly the county of Pike, in the State of Missouri.

Perhaps its proximity to the metropolitan and wide-awake city of St. Louis may have had something to do with the original choice of this particular locality for the purpose in question. However that may have been, the natural propensity of its inhabitants to leave their homes and cross the Plains, either as emigrants, or, in the case of the men, as teamsters, soon brought them into an extended and undesirable notoriety.

All over that section of the country "the Pike" has long been a well-known but by no means widely-respected member of society, while his native county has been made the theme of innumerable "hard stories," many of which evince considerable ingenuity in their invention. That lachrymose and much maltreated person, Joe Bowers, is made by the Western bard who created him to state that he "came from old Missouri, yes, all the way from Pike;" and his language and general ideas, as displayed in that classic lay, seem intended to convey an impression of the style and manner peculiar to his *confrères*. Ross Browne and other writers upon life in the Far West have described them as a race woefully persecuted by "the shakes," and much addicted to bad whisky and a fearfully and wonderfully original style of swearing, while vigorously uncomplimentary references to "them darned Pikes" still often adorn the conversation of the populace in California and Nevada.

The few instances of modern *Bœotias* that have been here adverted to are all comprised within the limits of our own country. If space would admit of it, many cases of a similar character might be adduced which have their existence in various parts of Europe and Asia. Indeed, so general is this fact that it

VOL. X.—16

might be confidently looked for even in Timbuctoo; and if any traveler possessed of the same energy and intelligence that characterized the gifted Dr. Barth shall hereafter make his way to that noted city, and stay there long enough to become familiar with the ideas of the people, he will probably discover in its vicinity some equatorial *Bœotia* not unlike those of other climes and times.

Yet it must be confessed that the American mind seems to possess a particularly strong natural capacity for engendering and fostering this practice, which may consequently be said to prevail here to a greater extent than in any other part of the world.

It is unfortunately true, also, that the said practice takes its rise from, and is intimately connected with, the purest arrogance and self-sufficiency. Although a certain kind of jocularly is one of its natural component parts, and although, in the popular view, such mere "chaff" would hardly deserve to be treated seriously, yet it cannot be denied that it exemplifies and brings to light certain mental qualities which could well be dispensed with. Our undue cultivation of the habit of considering ourselves "the greatest nation on earth," and our tacit but firm conviction that we are the people and wisdom will die with us, were what caused us to wax wroth when Mr. Dickens published his not *very* unjust strictures upon us in his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." Yet who can read these earlier comments upon our country, and then compare them with the earnest and beautiful tribute to our great national progress and improvement that was one of the results of his later visit, without feeling that, after all, perhaps he was about right in the first instance?

It is certainly not a good thing for men or cities or nations to cultivate an impression, even in an apparently good-humored way, of their own great superiority and freedom from faults, and to enhance the same by a continual and self-satisfying comparison of themselves with some supposed inferior neighbor. In such a case, as in so many others,

the mote in the fraternal eye could be much more easily discovered after a sincere effort to extract the beam that dims and darkens our own restricted vision.

So this modest notice of certain modern Bœotias may thus be made to point a moral that it would be well for us all to heed. And, in view of the unreasoning and hurtful vanity from which no human being is entirely free, it may here be said, *De te (et me) fabula narratur.*

TENNYSON AND TOBACCO.

TENNYSON is a great smoker. He has never, with Lamb, praised "Bacchus' black servant, negro fine," nor with Byron hymned the delights of "sublime tobacco," but he dearly loves the weed for all that. Poet and dweller in the empyrean though he be, he knows nothing of Ruskin's scorn for those who "pollute the pure air of morning with cigar-smoke." But he does not affect the mild Havana in any of its varied forms. His joy is in a pipe of genuine Virginia tobacco. A brother-poet who spent a week with him at his country-seat says that Partagas, Regalias and Cabanos have no charm for him. He prefers a pipe; and of all pipes in the world the common clay pipe is his choice. He is averse to general company. Ever since an enterprising Yorker, after repeated solicitations, finally gained entrance to his grounds and rewarded himself for the trouble he had had in effecting that entrance by cutting down the tree which Garibaldi had planted with his own hand, Tennyson's horror of admitting promiscuous visitors has been extreme. But to those who come properly accredited he proves a charming host. His den is at the top of the house. Thither he repairs after breakfast, and, in the midst of a sea of books on shelves, tables, chairs and floor, toils away until he is fatigued. These hours of labor are as absolutely sacred as were Richter's: no human being, unless upon an errand of life or death, is allowed to intrude upon him then; but when his morning's work is done he is glad to see his friends, sends for them indeed, or

announces by a little bell his readiness to receive them. As soon as they enter pipes are lighted. Of these pipes he has a great store, mostly presents from admirers and friends. The visitor has his choice, be it a hookah, nargileh, meerschau or dhudeen. Tennyson is familiar with all grades of smoking-tobacco, and the guest may select at will Latakia, Connecticut leaf, Periquo, Lone Jack, Michigan, Killikinick, Highlander, what not. The poet himself follows the good old plan of his forefathers from Raleigh downward. At his feet is a box full of white clay pipes. Filling one of these, he smokes until it is empty, breaks it in twain and throws the fragments into another box prepared for their reception. Then he pulls another pipe from its straw or wood enclosure, fills it, lights it, and destroys it as before. He will not smoke a pipe a second time. Meanwhile, high discourse goes on, interrupted not seldom by the poet's reading select passages from the manuscript not yet dry. So the hours are whiled delightfully away, until it is time to stroll on the cliffs or dress for dinner. Smoking ceases when the den is left—rarely, if ever, before.

NOTES.

SOME months since a well-known druggist of Detroit made a number of experiments to test the value of the talk about spontaneous combustion, and obtained some rather startling results. He first took a piece of cotton cloth, the threadbare remnant of an old sheet, and smeared it over with boiled linseed oil. An old chest was then placed in the loft of a store-room back of the drug-store, a piece of zinc over it, another under it, and then the chest was filled with paper and rags, with the oiled cotton cloth in the centre. Although the loft was dark and the weather cold, yet in eight days there was such a smell of fire about the trunk, and the prospects of a conflagration seemed so strong, that the contents were emptied. An examination showed that the fibre of the oiled cloth had untwisted and shriveled up, and that the rag looked as though it had been held

too near a fire. In April, when the sun's rays, beating upon the roof, had raised the temperature of the loft, an old pair of painter's overalls saturated and plastered over with oil and paint were rolled up, a handful of pine shavings placed inside and the whole crowded in next to the roof-boards. A week afterward, one warm afternoon, an artisan in the next room was alarmed by a smell of fire, and, going to the loft, found the overalls in flames, and so tinder-like had the cloth become that it had to be crowded into a pail of water to prevent total destruction. During the hot weather of August a handful of old cotton rags, entirely free from oil, was placed in a tin box with a couple of matches in the centre. The box was then hung up in the loft in such a position that the afternoon sun would shine through a rear window directly upon it. Toward the close of the fourth day the druggist examined his box, and as he lifted the lid the contents flew all over him in a puff of black cinders. Having the fear of the insurance company before his eyes, the experimenter removed the doomed trunk to a brick wood-house, in a vacant corner of which he so arranged it that no conflagration could arise. He then filled the trunk with the contents of the paper rag-bag, and having smeared a piece with benzine, threw it in and closed the trunk. A few days afterward, on going to the shed, he found the place vacant, whilst the scattered ashes and the bricks deeply stained with smoke told the story.

AN international conference has been sitting at Vienna to consider the very important subject of the means to be adopted to prevent the rinderpest, which has come from the steppes of Russia, from being perpetuated or reintroduced into Europe. Dr. Bouley, the French representative, writes to the *Comtes Rendus* that the question is practically settled—exactly how, he does not state.

REV. F. MOIGNO chronicles in *Les Mondes*, March 28, a rain of pebbles at Rosano, Italy. The stones varied in

size from a small nut to a large-sized pigeon's egg. In the same journal, Rev. Father Denza records a rain of sand as having occurred on the 4th of March at Palermo, Cosenza and Perugia, Italy. A microscopic examination of the sand showed that it came from the African desert. At Malta these sand-storms are not infrequent.

THE duke of Bedford, whose death has lately been announced, was the greatest owner of what were once monastic lands in England, and that section of the High Church party which contends that ill-luck always attends such possessions was of course eager to point out that the dukes of Bedford and Portland were amongst the most miserable specimens of humanity. It is certainly remarkable that both these enormously wealthy peers have never married, had wretched health, and that the brothers of the duke of Portland, fine, manly men, and one of them, the late Lord Henry Bentinck, "a mighty hunter," all died bachelors. Again, of course, the fate of Newstead Abbey and of fifty other places is pointed to as tending to prove the ill-luck of abbey-land holders; but in fact the owners of other property just as often die childless and unfortunate, only in their case the fact has been less noted.

The late duke of Bedford was, so far as rank and wealth went, a prince. But some bad fairy must have presided at his birth to mar his good fortune. The child born to so splendid a heritage proved a miserable man, and one eminently calculated to make those who are not born to "strawberry leaves" and two hundred thousand pounds a year contented with their lot.

The visitor to Woburn Abbey who had strolled with delight through that glorious demesne, drunk in the historic aroma of the place and thought how happy must be its lord, experienced something of a shock on learning that a quarter of a century had elapsed since that lord had been near it, and that when his mother was dying and longed to see him he could not even then be

persuaded to leave the metropolis, declaring that to do so "would be the death of him."

What his actual condition was no one except those immediately around him knew, but, so far as the public was con-

cerned, this inheritor of a great name did not exist, and a man whose position would have enabled him with the most moderate capacities to fill a page in history, passes away unknown and unnoticed.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Walks in Rome. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New York: Routledge.

That is a very peculiar intimacy which is felt with Rome by cultivated foreigners who reside there for long spaces of time: it is more close, for it is more intelligent and watchful, than that of the average native-born Roman. Fortified with history, the studious strangers become the haughtiest of Leonines, and quote to each other when they meet, with mutual consciousness and exclusivism, "O Rome, my country, city of the soul!" *Nous autres* inconsiderable nomads may freeze in her for a winter, but we may not get the citizenship of Rome. It is only by making a confidante of the Bronze wolf, by coming deliberately and with one's Penates, that one achieves this initiation. The old English burial-ground at the Porta San Paolo contains, close by the grave of Keats, the tomb of Augustus William Hare, the elder of the two brothers who wrote *Guesses at Truth*; and the present work, itself a monument in its way, and destined to connect the family name for a long time to come with that of Rome, is dedicated by its author to his mother, sharer with him of many seasons passed in exploring that great burial-place, the Everlasting City. It is the commonplace-book of a familiar. It outdoes Bradshaw and Baedeker on their own proper useful-information ground, while it is toned throughout to that higher note of a man of distinction, who is easily touched to the poetic uses of a site, and who warms to his hunt of a fact in the measure of its oddness and æsthetic charm. The introductory chapter itself, with its glimpsings of the city through the eyes of persons not unknown to story, Luther and Niebuhr, Byron and De

Staël, Wiseman and Arnold, is a very delicate essay as it stands; and the twenty following excursions through the various quarters, packed as they are with notes borrowed with true and keen selection from the higher classes of poets and men of science, give the reader a sense of his intellectual faculties being on pilgrimage. Eased of the annoyance of bodily travel, the mind itself sojourns, encompassed with repose and the suggestions that flock around repose, and the perusal is comparable to the chamber-reading of a great play. The information gathered is much of it uncommon, whether from its modernness or its high antiquity. The modern interest attaches, for instance, to Mr. Hare's full chapter on Chevalier Rosa's diggings in the Palatine Hill under the auspices of Napoleon III., who bought the mountain from the Neapolitan Bourbons in 1861 for fifty thousand dollars. These excavations are followed up with all the pomp of the history they unswathe: their relics are arranged clearly for the reader's mind, and the historical structures made note of, from the hut of Romulus to the chambers of the Prætorial Guard where St. Paul was confined, and where, chained to one of Nero's soldiers, he composed for his Ephesian disciples his description of a Christian's spiritual armor. Gleanings, again, of a contemporary interest relate to Labre, the Beggar of the Coliseum, a Frenchman, canonized in 1861—to the death-in-life incarceration of the nuns of the Sepolte Vive, whose prioress a pope once in vain besought to unveil—and to the little convent of the Polish sisterhood, where still lives the abbess of the Nuns of Minsk, celebrated by Dickens in a *Household Words* paper of May, 1854, whose trials for resisting

conversion to the Greek faith were protracted through seven years of torture, including lashes, chains, draggings through frozen waters reaching to the neck, tearing of the eyes, enforced mason-work on a Russian palace, roastings, and many other inquisitorial refinements. In fact, to whatever part of the map of Rome the reader's thought is directed, the all-sapient guide is ready with just the most apposite and *ben trovato* extract from the most entertaining historian. Is it Raphael's fresco of Psyche at the Farnesina? Mr. Hare translates, through Kugler, the original story from Apuleius. Is it the torso of Pasquin? some of the brightest "minced paragraphs" that ever that old paste-pot "city editor" yielded are printed in columns, including the irresistible one on the French occupation:

I Francesi son tutti ladri. . . .
Non tutti—ma Buona parte.

Are we at the cave of Cacus, the giant stifled by Hercules? the proper extract from Virgil is ready, together with the philosophizing of Ampère, who explains away the monster into a truculent shepherd of the Aventine hillside. Are we in the Catacombs? condensed wisdom, from Northcote and Brownlow's *Roma Sotteranea* is sprinkled upon us even in those arid and secret retreats. Are we contemplating Bernini's statue of St. Teresa? an adverse criticism from Mrs. Jameson, and one of Taine's calling the figure adorable, each incontrovertible, are set side by side. This wealth of quotation, which looks like luck, and is really a result of great study and sifting, blends homogeneously with the author's own more personal observations, and gives the book the richness of a mart, where treasures from all climates and relics from all ages come together. Merivale, Niebuhr, the more lively and suggestive Ampère, with now and then a note of singular tartness and snap from About, are brought together, heightened by saintly legends from Hemans and Mrs. Jameson, and special contributions from a score of others; while ever and anon, as a chapter gets fatigued and dusty from its long course and choking erudition, a fine careless, swinging, switch-in-hand bit of promenading on the part of "Corinne" or Hawthorne puts the spirit into the place at a stroke, lets it leap to the eye with its proper life, and makes it a memory or a reality. The quotations are usually given in the French, Italian

or Latin of the originals, only the German extracts being systematically translated; and, for the class of readers at whom the work is aimed, this polyglot range, conserving the style of various famous writers in the original purity, is not to be called a mistake. Nor, perhaps, is it an error—at least it is not a confusion uncharacteristic of the mixed legend of church history—to give to two localities the story of the pope presenting to an irreligious ambassador a handful of the sacred Roman earth, which straightway falls to bleeding as a rebuke to the scornful recipient—a miracle assigned, on page 142, to the Coliseum and Gregory the Great—on page 505 to the piazza of the Vatican, Pius V. and the minister from Poland. If we were disposed to cavil, it would be at nothing in the book itself, but only at the index which guides us to its treasures: we had, for our part, a long and lively hunt for the heretical or Protestant cemetery, to find it (not under the head of Campo Santo, Cemetery, or Protestant Cemetery, but) under "Protestant Churches," page 623; while the famous Capucian church (that of the unique sub-architecture of human bones), which hardly an earthly being remembers by its technical name of *Sta. Maria della Concezione*, is only to be found indexed under that unattainable title, which buries it as a salt-cellar would be buried in a bill of fare under "muriate of soda." The book altogether, however, is to be impressively recommended to those who are going to Rome as a cram; to those who are not going, as an exquisite tale; and to those who have been there, as a memorizer. The author promises a similar volume of "Excursions around Rome," and we can only hope it will come along soon, and be as good.

A Satchel-Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The American tourist of the present time—the clerk who has exactly sixty days and forty-eight minutes of absence before him from Sandy Hook, who "bolts" Europe like a meal in a Bowery stand-up restaurant, and who is able, as a traveler, to "lick" that division of the globe as well as the rest of creation in a single round, himself being a painful example of the want of due licking when a cub—is creating a literature of his own. The *Satchel-Guide* is a sample. Its author has been himself a trampler, and tells

his protégé when a tramp will be an advantageous swap for the diligence. He arranges his routes with a kind of spreading continuity, differing therein from the European guides, who suppose every excursion as radiating from London or Paris. He disposes of Stratford and Shakespeare in about a page, and thence leaps unimpaired to Birmingham. In a moment he is on the Rhine, quoting Tom Hood. Thence to Switzerland, and thence to Paris. It is telegraphic. He is erudite, too, after a fashion, quoting various learned authors, who all have exactly the same value to him, whether critical or legendary—the assertion that Arthur and Guinevere were buried at Glastonbury, and that the “burrows” (what he calls *barrows*) on the Isle of Wight were made by “the early Britons,” having the same authority and distinctness for him as the newspaper account of the murder of Archbishop Darboy. At France he backs water, and sends his visitor home without a glimpse of Italy, to say nothing of Spain. He is always alert, omniscient and fresh. When upon ground of which he is ignorant—for instance, the Communist devastation in Paris—he shows much cleverness in annotating what he evidently has not seen from journalists and other more recent travelers than himself. Once at least, in his helter-skelter erudition, he saves us a good thing: it is Sydney Smith saying of the Brighton Pavilion, with its onion domes, that it looked as if Saint Paul’s had come down to Brighton and pupped. The little book carries its chin very much in the air, and is own kin to the “young man from America”—of either sex—whom we send over the Continent in ringlets and brass heels, or in rattan and short jacket, to conquer an Old World he is just too big to cry for.

Saunterings. By Charles D. Warner. Boston: Osgood & Co.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is gentlemanly, Leigh Hunt-ish, impressible, idle, *fâncur*, romantic and dreamy. He contemplates Sorrento girls, and observes that a Dutchman in broad breeches makes a fine figure against the sky. He is pretty well up in studio-talk and after-dinner talk, yet he has not quite produced a clubbable book. His interests are too trivial. It is some time since the death of Sterne now, and we can hardly afford to watch a traveler pricing

oranges in a Shandyan manner through a summer morning and a whole chapter. We do not always greatly like his gentlemanliness—(“There is a refinement and an elegance about the empress, a grace and sweet dignity, that is fascinating”)—any more than we do his rhetoric and syntax, nor do we relish an occasionally developed coarseness—(“I heard an Englishwoman, who was looking on with admiration ‘sticking out’ all over, remark to a friend in a very loud whisper, ‘I tell *you*, the prince lives every day of his life:’ it struck me as a very meaty expression”). Yet the writer has nearly as much humor and insight as he has sentiment, and is worth listening to almost as often as he chooses to speak up without drawing.

Mirëio: A Provençal Poem. By Frédéric Mistral. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a love-tale, in verse, of two hundred and fifty pages. It was written by Mistral (in 1859), expressly to bring out the Provençal dialect as a vehicle for ballad or idyllic literature, and the Provençal scenery and manners as a rich field for literary illustration. The present translator, dissatisfied with the prose version of Mr. C. H. Grant, published in England, and not having seen the poetical one by H. Crichton which appeared there in 1868, has prepared her interpretation with prodigious industry and great faithfulness: it is got up in America for Americans, with here and there an odd Yankee turn of speech, and the authoress draws a comparison between the melody of Mistral and a metre of Whittier’s. *Mirëio* is a story of great beauty, so enchased and set with Provençal ornament as to seem like something quite different from anything ever conceived before. The plot moves through circumstances ingeniously adapted to display all the variety that can possibly exist in the life of the region, while in the cursory allusions and comparisons and images, even to the most trivial, a strange local originality is found. Such a poem must have come upon Paris even more startlingly than did “Tam O’Shanter” upon Edinburgh. While carefully perfect in local color, its great range and length, and its gradual determination toward tragedy at the end, elevate it to a truly classical rank, and make one think of *Romeo and Juliet*, or at least of *Paul and Virginia*. *Mirëio* is as innocent and as

vivacious as either of these heroines, or as Homer's Nausicaa :

Eyes had she limpid as the drops of dew ;
And, when she fixed their tender gaze on you,
Sorrow was not. Stars in a summer night
Are not more softly, innocently bright.
And beauteous hair, all waves and rings of jet ;
And breasts, a double peach, scarce ripened yet.

Herself a prosperous young farm-heiress, she loves the simple basket-weaver boy, Vincen : their love, among the silkworms and mulberries, is elfish and sunny, but the color soon darkens. Vincen, fighting for her sake a Herculean rival, Ourrias the cattle-brandeer, bred among the bulls until

Their build, their cruel heart, became his own, is hurt unto death, and only cured by sorcery, while the girl-heroine, denied her love, yields up her little life at the shrine of the Three Maries, in the presence of her pale lover. The catastrophe of *Evangeline* is hardly so touching. We confess that the perusal of this poem has opened up an entirely new range of pleasure and instruction to us, and believe it will do as much for most readers.

Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie. Par le Comte d'Ideville. Paris : Hachette ; New York : F. W. Christern.

Apparently frank and sincere, but not remarkable for diplomatic curiosity, M. d'Ideville arrives in Turin with the Peace of Villafranca in 1859, and remains for three years, without making much use of his opportunity to find out what the people of Northern Italy were thinking of their new gain of Venice, and other such topics of the war. The increase of French prestige by the late events, however, was plain enough and pleasant enough to him ; and he entered into Italian society with gusto, and has brought back many pleasant anecdotes of prominent people. Cavour was his idol, and is the chief character of the present book. M. d'Ideville quotes the following appreciation of Napoleon III., which, coming from Cavour when the emperor was at his highest point of success, is interesting : " Now see, my dear D'Ideville, your emperor will never change. His fate is to be always trying to conspire, yet Heaven knows he has no more need to do so. Is he not absolute master of the situation ? With a country so powerful as yours, a large army, Europe quiet, what on earth has he to be afraid of ? Why is he, for ever and at every

hour, disguising his intention, turning to the right when he wants to take the left, and *vice versa* ? Ah, what a marvelous conspirator he makes ! Your emperor, I give you to know, will always be incorrigible : you see, I have known him so long ! At the present time he might go walking straight on, without concealment, directly to his destination. But no, he likes better the setting people on a wrong track, making them follow a false scent—in fact, conspiring, and always conspiring ! You see, my boy, it is the property of his nature, it is the trade of his choice : he exercises it as an artist and a lover ; and in this rôle he will always be the foremost and strongest of us all." While dissecting the arch-intriguer with the very indulgence of mental superiority, Cavour shows himself, for his part, above any suspicion of slyness. The Austrian minister of foreign affairs, M. de Bruck, wishes to introduce him into a rich railroad speculation : he surprises him with the telegraphic message, " Austrian roads sold : I have reserved to your Excellency's account, in order to be agreeable to you, a thousand bonds." Cavour's refusal comes back, also with the swiftness of the telegraph, and forms a lesson for those who think there is not much bad taste in a state dignitary's accepting such complimentary keepsakes : " I thank your Excellency for the offer, but since I am a minister I abandon all speculation." The close of Cavour's noble life forms a fine episode for our diarist, and he gives a scene as dignified as it is curious of the statesman assisting in an impersonal sort of way at his own dying-scene. An altar being arranged near the deathbed, the family, servants and visitors all attended with long, lighted candles in their hands, while the prayers for the dying were recited by the priest—Cavour taking part in the ceremony by giving the responses, in Latin and Italian, with a firm sonorous voice, and upon being signed with the holy oil on forehead and limbs, joining his own hands with a free and voluntary motion on his breast. In this style of mediæval decorum Cavour's lofty soul went up to join the heavenly senate of seraphim : with inferior essences it had little in common. Dumas, racing over to Turin on one of his escapades, refused an invitation from Cavour's niece, the marquise d'Alfieri, with a comical self-conscious shrug : " I will not see him at any price ! In three days I shall be with

Garibaldi. We are not acquainted, but I have written, and he is looking for me. That man is a hero, a sublime adventurer, a man out of a novel. Near him, sketching him, I shall make something. He is a lunatic, a *niais*, what you choose: he is a heroic fool, and we shall understand each other very well. What do you suppose I could do with Cavour? Cavour is a great statesman, a consummate politician, a genius. He is stronger than Garibaldi—do I not know it?—but he wears no red shirt, he dresses like a lawyer. I am an artist, and it is only Garibaldi who attracts me." The *Re Galantuomo* appears a few times, never too prominently, but always in a bluff, Harry-the-Eighth style, easy and familiar in a dialogue, but cross and taking no mouthful at state banquets. In the beginning of D'Ideville's career, in a talk with D'Ideville's first chef de ministère, Prince Tour d'Auvergne, the king is heard idly saying, "If there shall be any question of going to Rome, it is to Humbert alone, I swear to you, that I shall leave the task. I shall not put my foot there for anything in the world." His best attention is not given to statesmanship, but is lavished upon hunting-scenes or upon the Rosamund's bower called *La Mandria*, in which seclusion he loves to dandle the sturdy children presented to him by "*Rosina*." "Look, mon cher," he said one day to M. Tourte, the Swiss minister, whom he received at *La Mandria*, pointing out the little stubby, peasant-like rascals who were playing about, "what fine blood! what vigor! There is what results from the alliance of the daughter of the people, while the children whom the archduchess of Austria has given me are, alas! far from being so robust." As a pendant to this scene of impudent cheerfulness there is a tenderer one, where the sad queen, before her death, steals through the groves of *La Mandria*, catches up one of these same ruddy urchins and bathes it with her tears. (A like story, by the way, is told of a duchess of Lorraine, wife of the duke Raoul, in a letter from his amiable mistress, *la belle Alix*.) The count d'Ideville was recalled, apparently because he was not enough of an intriguer, in 1862, while his monarch's empire, in apparent vigor, was progressing under the policy which has now lost France her two Rhenish provinces, and may have effectively lost her, in the near future, those of Savoy and Nice.

Books Received.

- Excelsior; or, Essays on Politeness, Education and the Means of Attaining Success in Life. By T. E. Howard, A. M., and a Lady (R. V. R.). Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.
- Thermal Paths to the Pole, the Currents of the Ocean, and the Influence of the Latter upon the Climates of the World. By Silas Bent. St. Louis: The R. F. Studley Co.
- Ancient America, in Notes on American Archæology. By John D. Baldwin, A. M., author of "Pre-historical Nations." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The First German Reader. To succeed the First Book in German. By George F. Comfort, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Rival Collection of Prose and Poetry. For the Use of Schools and Public Readers. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.
- The Woman's Kingdom: A Love Story. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Little Pierre, the Peddler of Alsace. Translated from the French by J. M. C. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.
- The Sun and the Phenomena of its Atmosphere. By Professor C. A. Young, Ph. D. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.
- Sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge, Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Five Hundred Majority; or, The Days of Tammany. By Wyllis Niles. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- At Home and Abroad: A Series of Essays. By John P. Kennedy. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- Life and Times of John Wesley, M. A. By Rev. L. Tyerman. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- Grif: A Story of Australian Life. By B. L. Farjeon. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Lord Kilgobbin: A Novel. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Desert of the Exodus. By E. H. Palmer, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Captain Russel's Watchword; or, "I'll Try." Boston: Henry Hoyt.
- Grace Martin; or, Poor, not Friendless. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

